Nov. 5, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

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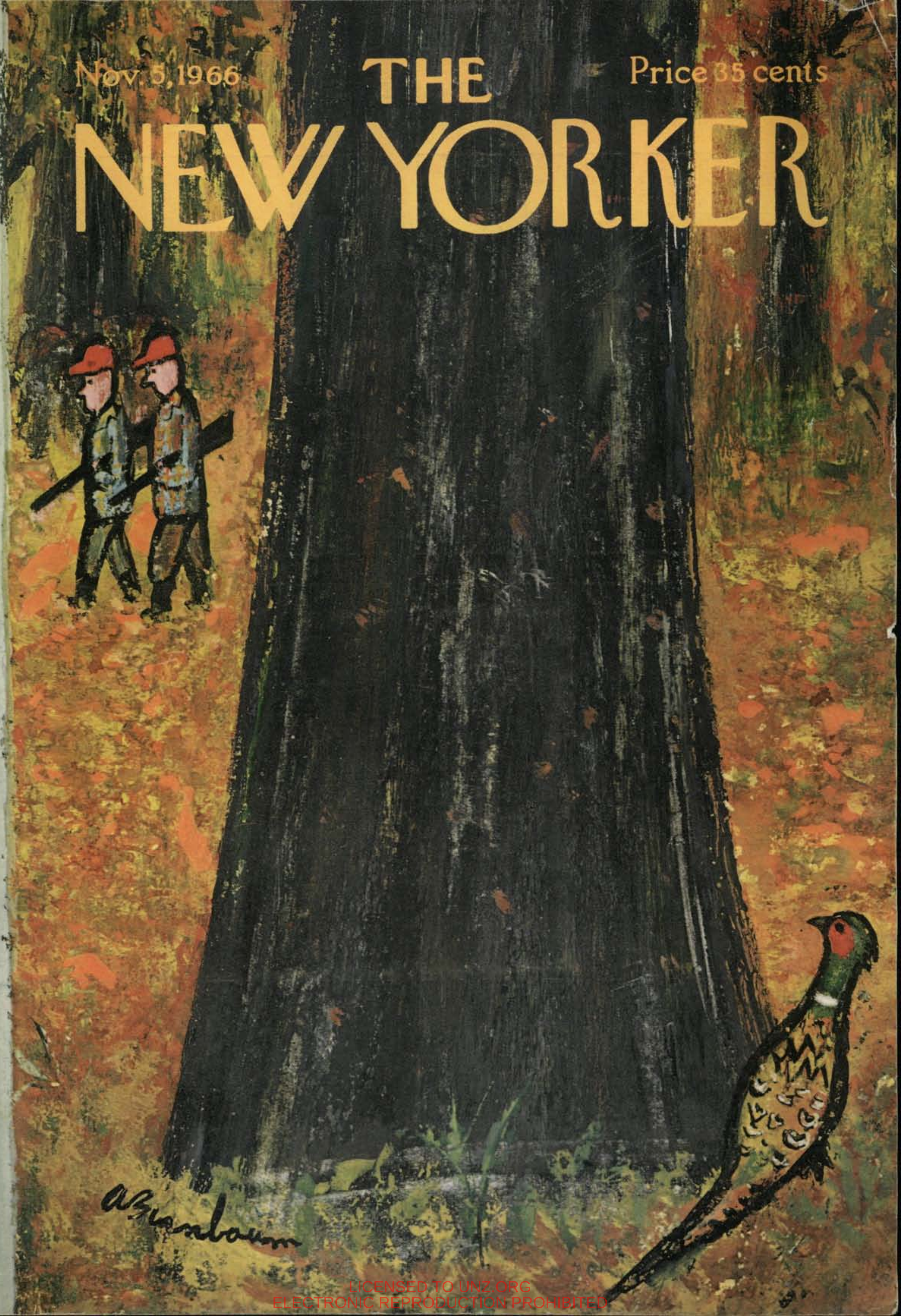

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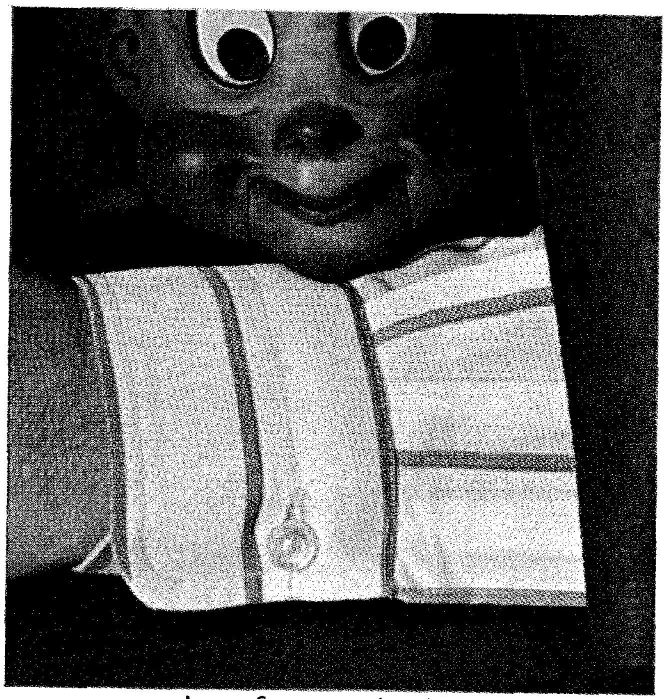

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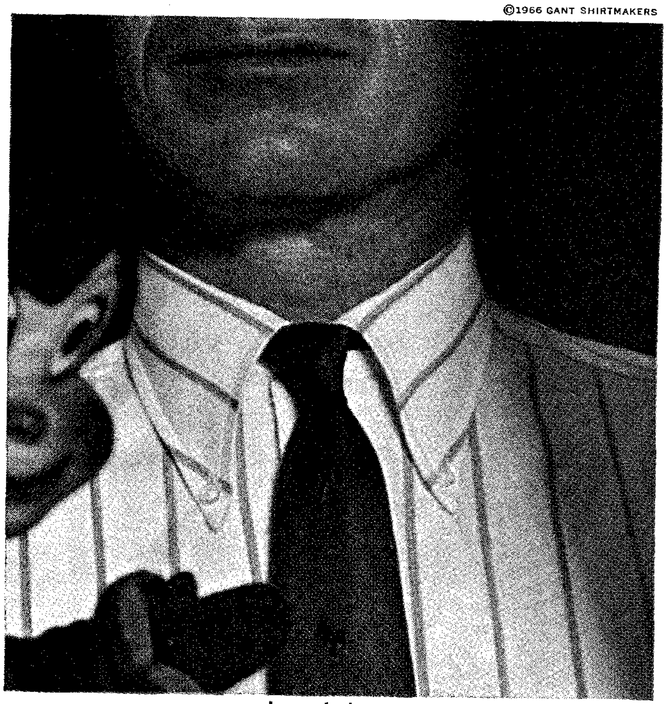

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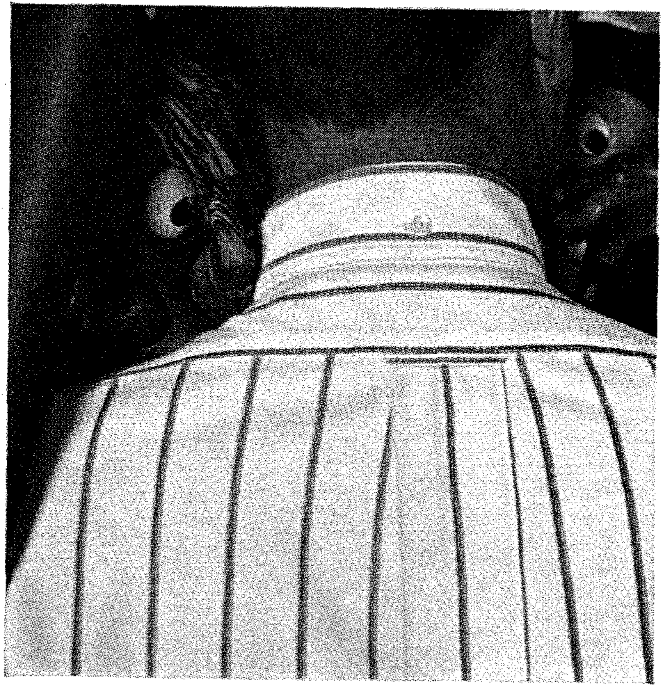

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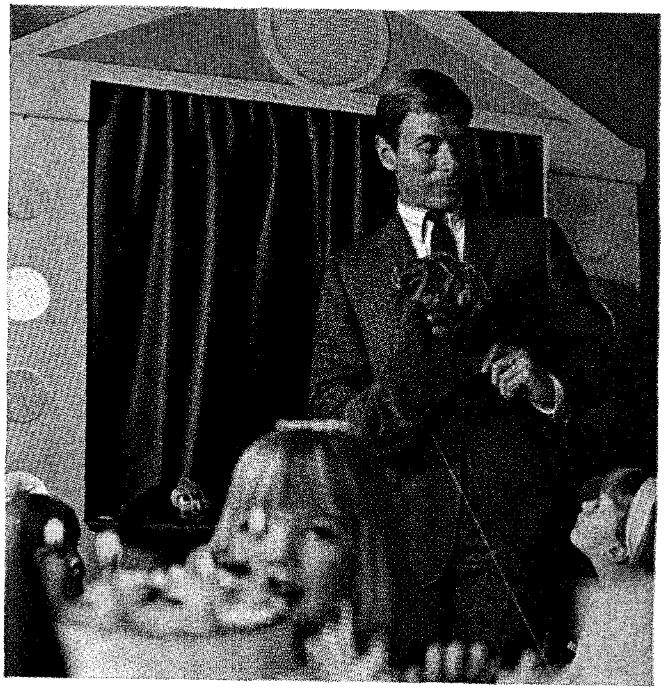

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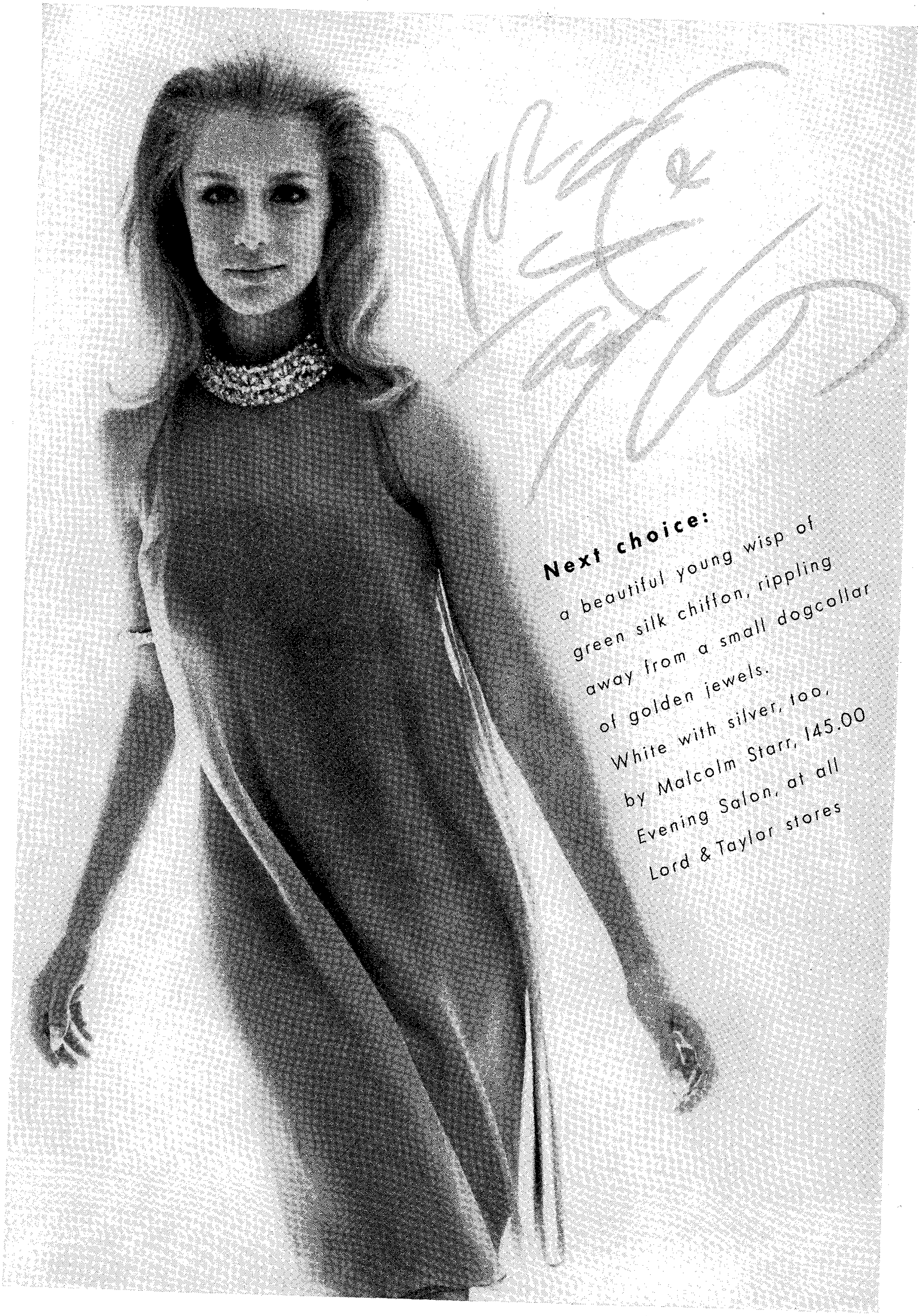

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A Delicate Balance—Edward Albee on the difficulty of being a neighbor's keeper in suburbia. The play does not burn with a gemlike flame. Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, and Rosemary Murphy lead the players. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dinner at Eight—No expense has been spared to make this a gala revival of the Kaufman-Ferber drama about the depressed early thirties, but, alas, the enterprise is pretty creaky. Twenty-four performers figure in the cast, among them Walter Pidgeon, June Havoc, Jeffrey Lynn, Darren McGavin, Phil Leeds, and Blanche Yurka. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How's the World Treating You?—Twenty years in the life of a benighted Englishman who goes from a wacky demobilization camp into a civilian career that is even wackier. The humor is broad—very broad—but if you like music-hall slapstick, you may be entertained. Patricia Routledge and Peter Bayliss contribute fine knockabout performances. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Investigation—Peter Weiss's arrangement of the minutes of the fairly recent Frankfurt trial of some of the operators of the Auschwitz concentration camp. Documentary rather than dramatic, but not without its stirring moments. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Killing of Sister George—An English importation that deals witlessly with Lesbianism and B.B.C. soap-opera characters. Beryl Reid plays the lead. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's beguiling description of a romantic young Irishman about to leave his village for life in the New World. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb in projecting some facets of the youth, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, and the others in the cast are laudable. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rose Tattoo—Maureen Stapleton and Harry Guardino in a revival of the Tennessee Williams play. A recent offering of the City Center Drama Company, it will appear on Broadway starting with a preview on Tuesday, Nov. 8. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 7:30. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:15.)

Under the Weather—Three one-act plays by Saul Bellow in which Shelley Winters and Harry Towb figure as frustrated and generally woebegone types. Mr. Bellow's dialogue and themes are often gamy, and though the evening was designed for laughter, the comic content is not high. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **CACTUS FLOWER:** A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** Sam Levene plays a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)... **LUV:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder as three lively, and rather muddled, neurotics. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **WAIT UNTIL DARK:** A drama by Frederick Knott involving a blind girl, a doll full of heroin, and three bad men. Lee Remick is the put-upon young lady. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Annie Get Your Gun—Ethel Merman in a ten-week engagement of Irving Berlin's musical. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 26.)

The Apple Tree—Short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer provide the basis for the three sketches that make up this musical, and they have resulted—particularly in the case of Mark Twain—in an entertaining show. The book, music, and lyrics were provided by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, and the enterprise was directed by Mike Nichols. Barbara Harris is delightful as the principal performer, and Alan Alda supports her valiantly. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mame—A high, wide, and handsome musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is fetching as the lady in question, and her supporting cast is admirable. The book, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, has its funny moments, and the music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are quite spirited. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa that is fresh and bracing and has a buoyant cast of eight, which sings assorted folk songs from all over the world, dances, and makes merry with all kinds of verve. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Miss Alice B. Toklas. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **SWEET CHARITY:** A tale about a dance-hall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Gwen Verdon is the girl with lots and lots of heart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**CITY CENTER DRAMA COMPANY:** Judith Anderson, Donald Davis, William Roerick, and Anne Meacham in a revival of Maxwell Anderson's **ELIZABETH THE QUEEN**. The last in a series of plays by American playwrights. Opens Thursday, Nov. 3, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 13. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Michael O'Sullivan, Robert Symonds, Nancy Marchand, Aline MacMahon, George Voskovec, and Philip Bosco in Ben Jonson's comedy **THE ALCHEMIST**. The first in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 26.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **DON**

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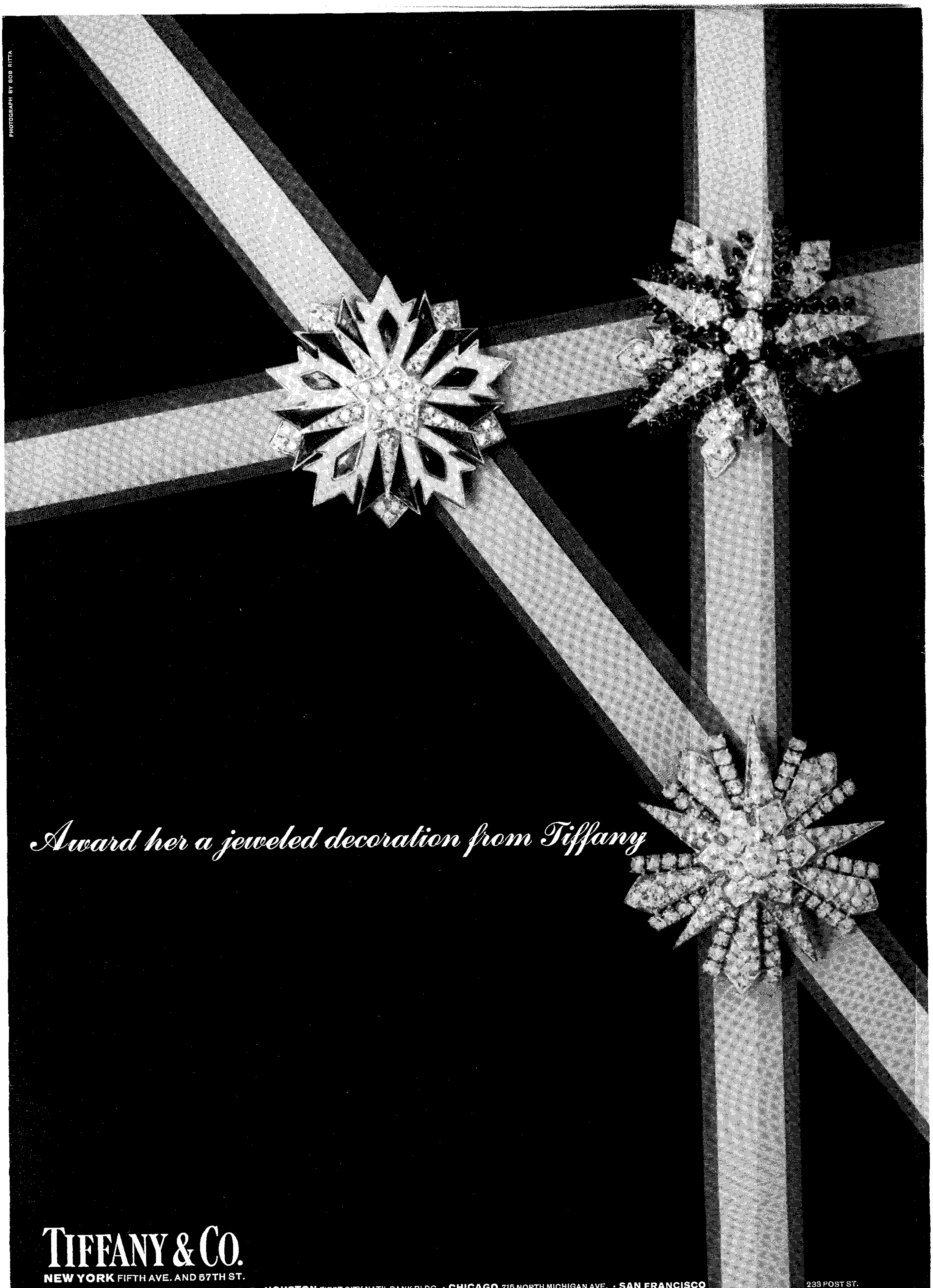
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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PASQUALE. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

AUTUMN'S HERE!—A musical adaptation, by Norman Dean, of Washington Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN—A merry revival, suitably cast and suitably directed by Burt Shevelove, of George S. Kaufman's forty-year-old comedy about show business. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays, except Nov. 8, through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

EH?—Monkeyshines, verbal and visual, in the boiler room of a British factory. This loony comedy was written by Henry Livings and directed by Alan Arkin; its cast includes Dustin Hoffman, Alexandra Berlin, Dana Elcar, and Elizabeth Wilson, among other splendid actors. Hooray for everybody! (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HAPPY ENDING and **DAY OF ABSENCE**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HOGAN'S GOAT—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

THE MAD SHOW—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Joan Diener, Ray Middleton, and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE POCKET WATCH—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THIS HERE NICE PLACE—George Mitchell and Katherine Squire in a play by Howard Otway. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A WHITMAN PORTRAIT—Paul Shyre's dramatization of selected works by Walt Whitman, including letters, poems ("Leaves of Grass" and others), conversations, and anecdotes. With Alexander Scourby, Carolyn Coates, Wayne Maxwell, and Alan Mixon. Mr. Shyre is also the director. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE WORLD OF MY AMERICA—Recitations by Paulene Myers, including poems of Negro life by Langston Hughes and Paul Laurence Dunbar. Weekends only. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

GILBERT BÉCAUD ON BROADWAY—A solo show of French and English songs. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. CI 6-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Final performances Saturday, Nov. 19.)

STOCKHOLM MARIONETTE THEATRE OF FANTASY—The Brecht-Weill-Blitzstein version of **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** performed (in English) by a combination of men, marionettes, sculpted figures, wooden cutouts, and giant papier-mâché puppets. (Billy Rose, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 6.)

JEROME KERN'S THEATRE—A benefit program of songs (with chorus and orchestra), presented by the Music Theatre of Lincoln Center. With Florence Henderson, Eileen Rodgers, Phyllis Newman, Vic Damone, Gordon MacRae, Gilbert Price, Garry Moore, and others. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

LET'S SING YIDDISH—A Yiddish musical adapted from Jewish folklore by Ben Bonus and Wolf Yunin, and directed by Mina Bern. Preview Tuesday, Nov. 8. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 7:30. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

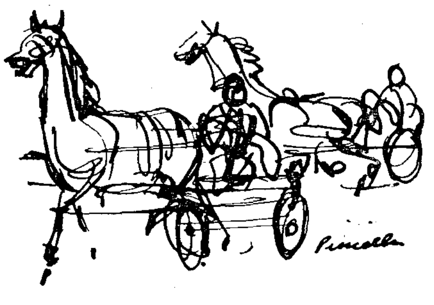
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The record for long-distance gliding is broken twice a night in the Royal Box, where Hal and Barbara Loman do their dances. Also present: Jack Carter, and everyone knows how hard it is to get him to stop talking. On Monday, Nov. 7, they will be replaced by Wayne Newton, a singer just old enough to be outside the curfew law, and by Jackie Kahane, who is the funniest Canadian dealer in words since Stephen Leacock. The orchestra of Lee Evans looks after the customers. Closed Sundays.

BARBERRY, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—In the trophy room of this borough hall are the candy-striped walls of the old Little Club, along with the non-striped *padrone,* Billy Reed, of the same enterprise. Except on Sundays, the small band of Horace Diaz gallops from nine until two or even three.



DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The dance floor of the restaurant, where George Anaya's clutch of musicians performs, is not quite still-pond, no-moving, but it is fairly sedate all the same. The music happens Mondays through Fridays from seven to one, and Saturdays from eight to two.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The old private-school playground looks the same as it did before the war (French & Indian), even if the potted palms and the blue aurora borealis and plenty of the house guests are new. Two bands lay music end to end all night long. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One part *bon* and one part *vivant* is the formula for Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen, whose domicile is the snug little Café Pierre. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Matt Monro, one of the means by which Britannia rules the airwaves, is being untense and tenor in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Burt Farber's band and Mark Monte's crew make the rest of the sound. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight every night but Sunday, the Court becomes a town house in the Promised Land, alive with handmaidens bearing mead and viands, alive with the swashbuckling violin of Gunnar Hansen. The coach comes for Cinderella at one.... ¶ There is dinner music from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room, except on Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—A well-remembered crew of hard-driving night riders, Bob Crosby and His Bob Cats, has the floor on what by local standards is the top of the world. Bob Haggart, Yank Lawson, and Matty Matlock, three of the original Cats, are still on hand. They carry on from mid-evening until well after the theatre. Closed Sundays.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Not the perfect vessel for a good night's rest, because Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, commanded by Lee Castle and sung along with by Helen Forrest and Bob Eberly, is cheerfully savoring a not easily forgotten past. On Wednesday, Nov. 9, they will be succeeded by Ella Fitzgerald and the band of Earl Hines—a real royal flush. She will appear at nine-fifteen and twelve-fifteen. Eight until two, except on Sunday, is the schedule for the sound track.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, a ranking member of the nobility, well-being flows like wine; so, for that matter, do George Cort's brisk dance band and Quintero's Latinos. At dinner and supper, there are songs by a new Italian wisp of a girl, solitarily named Milva. Closed Sundays.... ¶ La Boite, a quiet glade next door, has Walter Kay at the piano and Janì Sarkozi on the violin from six until two. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Benny Goodman is having two show times a night (nine-thirty and eleven-thirty) in the Empire Room, with the assistance of several musicianly cronies. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo decks the rest of the evening with milk and honey. Closed Sundays. ... ¶ In Peacock Alley, Ray Hartley's piano has special prescriptions for the well-chosen airs it has under treatment. He works out from five to eleven Sundays through Thursdays. A trio plays for dancing on Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Whosoever would not be mowed down by a Frugger out of control should embark upon this limitless ocean of hardwood. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the two extensive bands. Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty; the dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Some people of our town not only have their mail sent here but come every evening to col-

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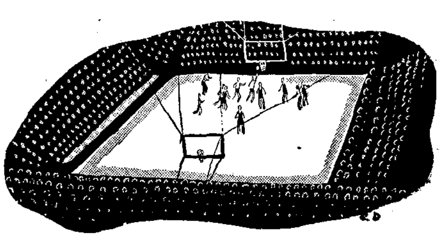
lect it, as well as the news of the day and the night. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends in the smaller hours. Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself man the keyboard at one time or another, and they double-team it after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Bobby Short, who goes around the world every eighty days, is resting up for his next voyage by sitting at his piano with his inner-world songs and his trusty sidearms, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Their run ends on Sunday, Nov. 6. The surroundings are not altogether what you'd want on an around-the-world cruise. . . . **LA GALERIE,** 798 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St. (752-0520): The glossy pictures on the wall of the museum are pastoral; what goes on underneath them is much, much more urban-nocturnal. The moderator is Ralph Strain, whose great rashers of piano and snatches of song occur between nine and whatever is necessary. He takes Sundays off. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Rumpus-bumpus, and bumpus-to-bumpus, is the way of life. Laurie Brewis and his piano get rolling in this, the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. A happy islander chants those Basic English ditties of the West Indies from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the enormously vibrant work of Cecil Young's new-thought threesome. It is distributed until late at night every evening but Sunday, when another squad makes music between five-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): On this saints-and-sinners boulevard, little is worth noting aside from this bar-and-grill. Charles De Forest sings the moment-of-truth songs that are the rightful due of everyone who stays up all night; Marian McPartland's trio shuttles between dream-world and damn-the-torpedoes jazz. They are marked absent on Sundays. . . . **JANSSEN'S,** 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): The voice of Aldo Bruschi flourishes like the green bay tree as it wends its way through the Italian book of words and music; his piano, oboe, and concertina help along his brace of fellow-carollers. This takes place between Wednesday and Saturday every week, and so does dance music. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All the world's a stage when your waiter suddenly decides that he is a reincarnation of Enrico Caruso. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): It's-all-in-the-family is how Rita Dimitri looks upon the song recital she does in the middle of her well-upholstered kitchen, and 'tis folly to judge her otherwise. She chants at dinner during the week, and twice Fridays and Saturdays. The dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): In this restoration of the Hungarian monarchy, the zimbalon is king. Violin, soprano, band music (this from Béla Babai's men), and tenor (the gallant Tibor Rakossy) are court favorites. Every night but Monday.

NOTE—The discothèque is a fact of life, and if it is to be learned at anybody's knee, let it be one of these: **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Those without visas cannot always pass the pearly gate; those who do abandon all decorum in their youthful concept of what semi-detached and wholly detached dancing should be. Music is created by a variety of means, some of them quite human, such as the Wild Ones. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Only Houdini could escape from the knots the participants, mostly j.g., tie themselves into. Tanya Everett, the principal house dancer, is, though, an escapist far more expert than even Mr. H. The sound is compounded of strange devices, all of them mechanistic; the food provided by the management is mostly for thought. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Some of the dance tunes issue from a jukes & kallikaks box; some if it issues from living, breathing people—the Other Ones. Fancy it's not, cheerful it is, and dress uniforms are not required. You'll never get fat on the menu. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Beneath its jolly open-air sidewalk café lies the heart of the matter—a small *palais de danse* whose *monde* is rather *haut,* whose music is commendably *bas,* whose recording angel keeps switching tempos to test the ingenuity of the boy and girl Mod-fashion plates who decorate the floor. Nine-thirty to three-thirty every night is the extent of the seemly furor. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A darkened dell whose mechanized music has a decidedly French accent, whose chairs (and this is setting a precedent) are comfortable, and whose kitchen rustles up a fairly late dinner. Nine is starting time; Sunday is void.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the emeritus occupant of the chair of drawing-room piano in this sumptuous greenroom, receives from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one. Sundays, instead, there is piano by a newcomer, Allan Haig. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Horatio at the drawbridge of the comfortable old castle is Norbert Faconi, who has been kissing hands and fiddling to the King's taste since the early days of our republic. He goes into retreat on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's playhouses, also planned to bemuse the eye. George Cardini, whose fiddle is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The glory of Rome. The musicians know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best of all possible reasons for believing in the entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to caprice. He is on duty in this ornate refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, there is piano from five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the best of its town-house days. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Enzio Lembo slings a vigorous guitar in the opulent bar-restaurant, and slings it until well past midnight. He does his homework, though, Mondays and Wednesdays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The grand old countinghouse offers the soufflé piano of George Feyer from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The august Herman Honigsberg has his violin and his violinists in slow but blithe motion around this industrious Roman piazza. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy staffs the soothing corner piano in this particular grazing ground of the Westbury Hotel. No music Mondays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The whippoorwills who sing a couple of times a night in the walled Florentine garden are mostly opera buffs. Additionally, after the theatre every Tuesday, Philip Huston serves for brief moments as everyone from Gunga Din to Casey at the Bat. Leonard Metcalf, new man around town, plays plenty of piano during the evening, and runs a calm trio for dancing each Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Closed Mondays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with the man from U.N.C.L.E. who dwells at UN 1-9494): The piano in the innermost of the sanctuaries in this aerie should be devoted to "Constantinople" and "Dardanella" in tribute to the owlish décor. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The piano in the courtly Casino-on-the-Park gets the V.I.P. treatment from Steven Weltner, who is on base between six-thirty and midnight, except on Sundays.



BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Peggy Lee, who represents both Eve *and* the Apple, is uncoiling those wonderfully sinuous songs of hers. The novitiate ballerinas are led by Bill Selby, a boy who knows exactly how to be song-and-dance. Hoofing for the guests, too. . . . ¶ In the apoplectic lounge, jingle-jangle (Helen Ferguson and the Personalities, plus Al Astare's trio) sets in on the podium at ten, and it's not turned off until four or so. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): No clothes for the little empresses—that is the sad story of the regal young ladies who cavort in the local extravaganza. Their leader is Lili St. Cyr, a no-clotheshorse who has been stripped many, many times of everything she has put on her back. On Tuesday, Nov. 8, she will be retired in favor of Mamie Van Doren, a middle guard whose principal aide should be a teleprompter, but Susan Clemm, a sort of climax of American girlhood, will remain on duty. Showtime is dinner and supper. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): What hath a pagan god overwrought? Whatever it is, our little ones, aboveground and underground alike, lap it up on the dance floor. Two incoherent bands keep pushing panic buttons; their hours are Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight, Sundays from three, and late in the morning is the limit. Silence on Mondays. No dining. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): A band for which Buddy Rich's pungent drumming is the catalytic agent makes the local thunderstorms; the troupe of Latin singers and instrumentalists called Los Vegas make our earthbound modern music sound heavenly. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

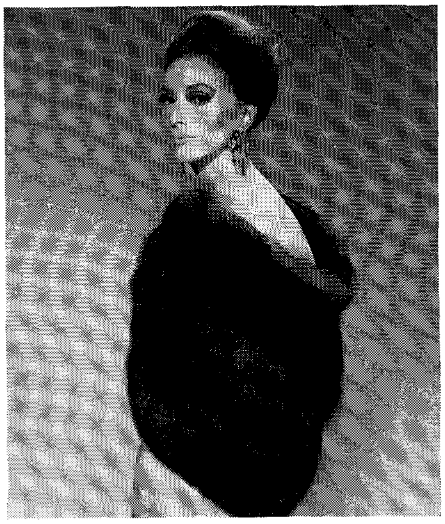
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Nancy Dussault graduates at the head of her class (how to be funny and yet feminine as a soprano is the curriculum) in Julius Monk's temple of the fine arts. Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra, political (or maybe spendthrift) economists, speak the Queen's (and Cantabrigian) English with rare clarity and candor, and Mr. Monk plays host and piano. His show people are also flanked by the supernal and double pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements. Nine-thirty and onward. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Up Dasher, up Prancer, and all the rest of Los Chavales de España, an army that would rather frolic than fight any day or any night. This just about all-male music festival (Luisita Sevilla *does* kick up several heels to their orchestrations) occurs at dinner and supper; the rest of the time, the customers take the floor the way Grant took Richmond. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and the tenor of Domingo Alvarado perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The manner, the milieu, even the materials of which "Mixed Doubles" is constructed sometimes recall the antics of several earlier miniature revues, but there is enough good (and sometimes original) humor to satisfy any mid-evening thirst. Judy Graubart, an innocent minx from the late Second

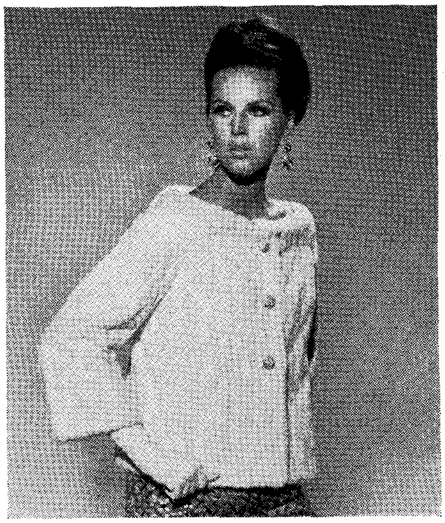
Merry Christmas furs discovered in the abundant preserve at **Neiman-Marcus**

Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

Empress Chinchilla poncho—(brightener added). Precious fur for a precious few.

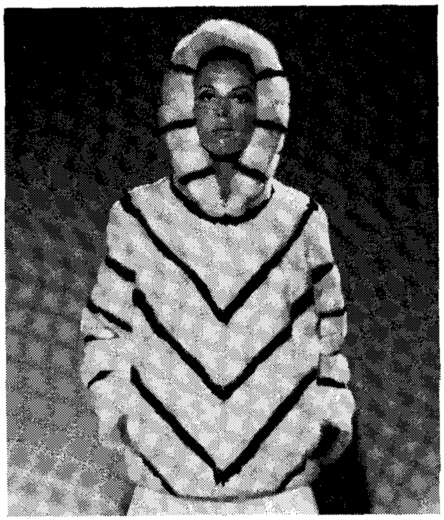


Russian sable — light tip-dyed horizontally worked in a luxurious wrap.



Russian ermine — bleached snow white cardigan closed with diamanté moorings.

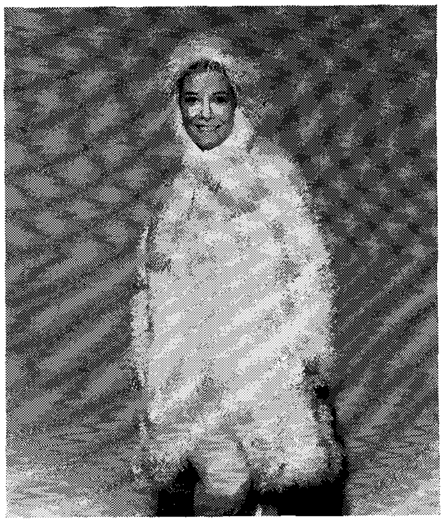
Saga mink — sumptuous natural pastel, elegant little all purpose jacket.



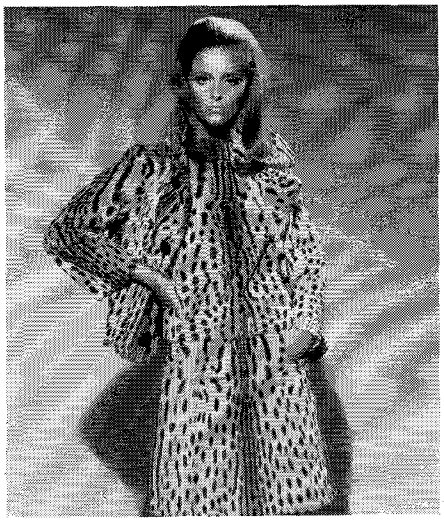
Mink abstraction—white Saga mink parka chevroned with black dyed Saga mink.

Argentine broadtail lamb — black dyed, bordered in black dyed mink.

Natural Indian tiger — cut with flare, trimmed in natural Russian golden sable.



Kalgan lamb—bleached white coat edged and hooded in white Mongolian lamb.



Natural Nigerian wildcat — suit snap sleekly tailored in three parts.

Fur products labeled to show country of origin of imported furs

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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City troupe, leads the ring, which also includes Robert Rovin and Larry Moss. Nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers has so much on her thyroid mind that she has to spill the beans and the pretty kettles of fish twice a night, and even thrice Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The idea is hors d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual amusement.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): On Thursday, Nov. 3, the quartet of the noble Coleman Hawkins calls it a night; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5, the ample Mel Lewis-Thad Jones Jazz Band has a bust-out and Carol Sloane's soprano gets in a few belts; Sunday, Nov. 6, the Hawkins quartet returns to action, and as early as four-thirty in the afternoon; Monday, Nov. 7, Miss Sloane and the Lewis-Jones crew will rock the boat; Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 8-10, the Hawkins quartet will do one more reprise; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, Miss Sloane and the Lewis-Jones bunch will be working again. Got it? . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A double-decker operation—ground-floor dining pavilion and a grotto below. In the pavilion, which takes Mondays off, there are late-evening sessions by Teddy Wilson (gentle, precise, enhancing solo piano) and the firm of Chuck Israel and Don Freeman. Sunday afternoons, five to nine, the Jazz Interactions play restless coffee-and-cake music. . . . ¶ The grotto: Mondays, Symphony Sid and some Latin bandsmen go south of the border; Thursdays through Sundays, Jimmy Smith's organ-grinder trio, plus, Fridays and Saturdays, Gloria Lynne's turbulent songs. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Less sound (fewer and fewer records are being given the discothèque needle) and more sight (Dorothy Donegan and her mink stole, playing, or pounding, double piano) is now the rule of the night. She and her sidemen operate five or six times an evening; the chef is an even steadier worker. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The pristine and puissant Bobby Hackett, whose horn has never gone off the silvery standard, is unexpectedly in residence with an entourage of four, working alongside Zoot Sims' quartet, which is in its permanent state of good humor. On Tuesday, Nov. 8, a change of cast: Chris Connor's involute soprano and some new names—Richey Kamuka, Michael Abennie, and a brace of sidemen. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Betty Carter is the meadow lark; George Coleman, John Hicks, Leo Morris, and Roland Wilson are her men of music. On Mondays, other players stand in. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The fastest guns in the East—that is, Mr. Condon and the likes of Buck Clayton, Cutty Cutshall, Bob Wilber, Cliff Leeman, and Dave McKenna. Dining and dancing as well as just listening. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio is within the oval bar. Adhering to ground rules, it wafts softly during the late-dinner hour, then works up to a brisk breeze after the theatre. Between sets, Eddie Thompson disports himself on the piano. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Cliff Jackson, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) and the clatter know no bounds. Nine until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band puts the establishment in an uproar; then the washboarders take over. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): A youth headquarters plain as a board fence. Lou Donaldson's quartet is bleating now; on Tuesday, Nov. 8, a new threesome—the Turrentine-Scott trio—takes over. Mondays are always assigned to a free-lance group. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Whooping it up at another of Jack London's Malamute Cafés. The band is tinpanny tympani, the singing (Ruth Crews) is hit-them-again, the beer flows like Wurzburger. Movies, too, also with the patina of years. From nine all week, from four on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JEAN ARP—Small works in a variety of mediums; through Nov. 15. (Weintraub, 1193 Lexington Ave., at 81st St.)

MANUEL AYASO—Haunts of the mind seen in drawings and bronze reliefs by a young Spanish-American artist; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St.)

DARBY BANNARD—Paintings; through Nov. 17. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROSEMARIE BECK—Interiors and beach scenes with figures, composed of dashes of color that give the final effect of a puzzle; through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

JULIUS BISSIER (1893-1965)—Monotypes; through Nov. 26. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEE BONTECOU—Abstract sculptures, along with several of her drawings; through Wednesday, Nov. 9. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-98)—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, pastels, and drawings; through Nov. 26. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRY COHEN—Painting constructions in a carnival of colors; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARTHUR B. DAVIES—A retrospective of etchings and lithographs; through Nov. 26. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

JIM DINE—Drawings, sculptures, and paintings; through Nov. 26. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

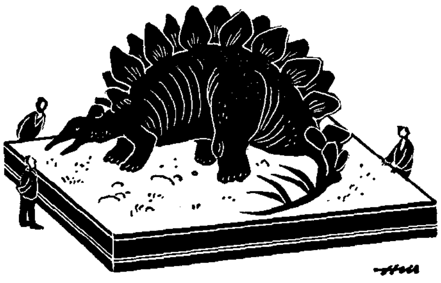
STEPHEN ETNIER—Paintings of Maine; through Nov. 19. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRI FANTIN-LATOUR (1836-1904)—A benefit exhibition of flower paintings; through Dec. 3. (Acquavella, 119 E. 57th St.)

PAUL FEELEY—Paintings and sculptures; through Nov. 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LYONEL FEININGER—Paintings (1909-55); through Dec. 10. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAMILTON FRASER—Seascapes, still-lifes, and scenes through windows—all done with a bold, colorful assurance; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)



PETER HAYWARD—Street scenes of New York and seascapes of Hawaii; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

ROBERT HUOT—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL JENKINS—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROCKWELL KENT—Landscapes; through Nov. 19. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA—A benefit retrospective of oils and watercolors by an artist now eighty; through Nov. 19. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD LEAR (1812-88)—Landscapes by the English nonsense poet; through Nov. 19. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

AGNES MARTIN—Subtle variations of patterned line on pale canvases; through Nov. 18. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK METZ—Fragmented landscapes in a serene blend of colors; through Wednesday, Nov. 9. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

AMEDEO MODIGLIANI (1884-1920)—A benefit loan exhibition of sculpturesque, nut-brown nudes, with gouaches and drawings of the same subject; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Five monumental sculptures, as well as drawings and small bronzes; through Nov. 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

PICASSO—Paintings, all done in the sixties, in a show arranged in celebration of the artist's eighty-fifth birthday; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAURICE PRENDERGAST—A loan exhibition of paintings (1892-1920); through Nov. 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

HOWARD ROGOVIN—Paintings. First one-man show in New York; through Nov. 26. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEE SAVAGE—Paintings and life-size drawings of partially blurred figures; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

ALFRED SISLEY (1838-99)—A benefit retrospective of paintings by the French Impressionist; through Dec. 3. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

RACELLE STRICK—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 26. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANTHONY TONEY—Semi-abstract paintings; through Nov. 19. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

JOYCE TREIMAN—Sculptures and paintings; through Nov. 18. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAURICE DE VLAMINCK—Paintings; through Nov. 15. (Beilin, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

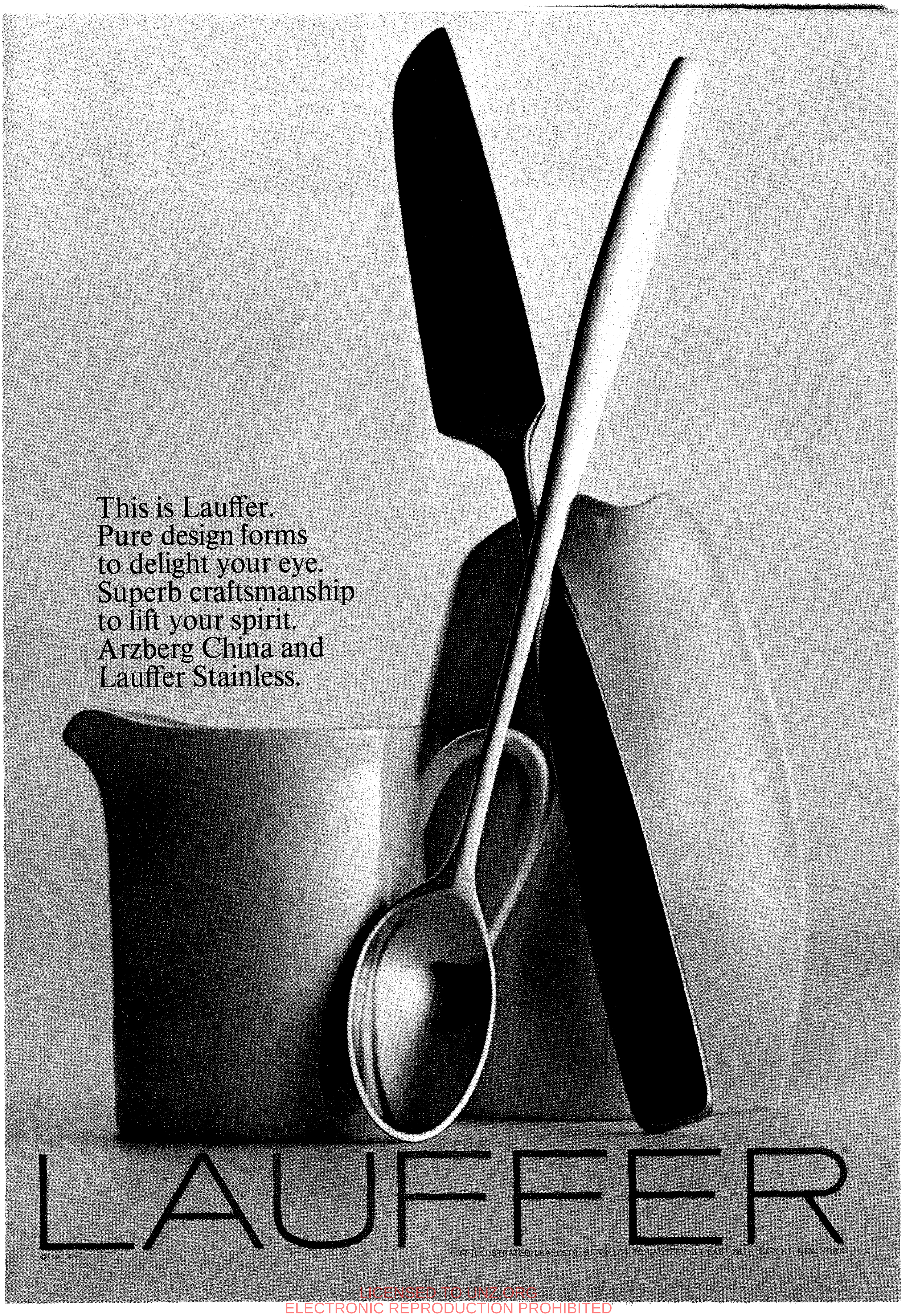
JERRY WERNER—Plexiglass constructions, combining a clarity of design and medium; through Thursday, Nov. 10. (Westerly, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

TREASURES OF EL DORADO—A bright array of Colombia's pre-Hispanic gold art—small figures and animals, pendants, nose ornaments, and other objects; through Dec. 30. (Colombian Center, 140 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

SCULPTORS GUILD—Their annual presentation, containing items by sixty-seven members (including Herbert Kallem, Priscilla Pattison, and Bruno Lucchesi) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Nov. 20. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings, open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AFRICAN ART—Masks, statues, and utensils in wood, bronze, and ivory from European collections; through Nov. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.: A forty-first-anniversary exhibition of paintings and drawings by Stuart Davis, William Zorach,



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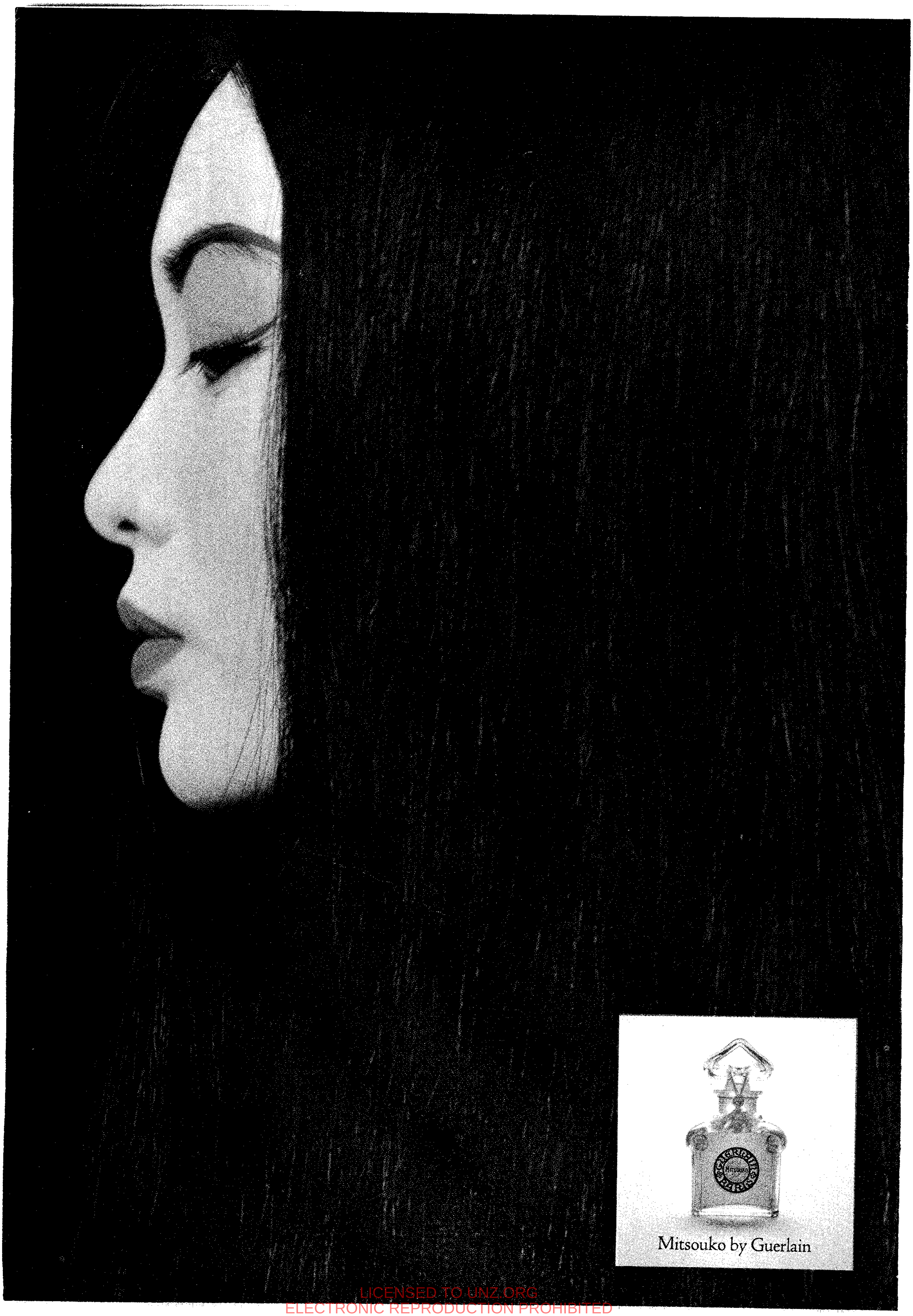
Mitsouko by Guerlain

Morris Broderson, and others; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GOLDOWSKY,** 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: A painting apiece by Alfred Leslie, Hans Hofmann, Kenneth Noland, Ad Reinhardt, and Morris Louis; through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Flower paintings by such artists as Roy Moyer, Jason Schoener, and William Palmer; through Saturday, Nov. 12.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—"Hommage to Silence or Metaphysica," comprising paintings and sculptures (dating from 1913) by, among others, de Chirico, Morandi, and Morris Louis; through Nov. 19. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BIANCHINI,** 50 W. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings by Pissarro, Toulouse-Lautrec, Sisley, and the like; through Nov. 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DURLACHER,** 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Fifteenth- to twentieth-century drawings by (for instance) Palma Giovane, Ingres, Gainsborough, and Tchelitchew; through Nov. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HAHN,** 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Impressionist paintings by Renoir, Degas, and Monet (to name a few); through Nov. 19. (Closed Mondays.)

ISRAELIS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings by Avigdor Arikha, David Lan-Bar, and Yeheskiel Streichman; through Nov. 26. (Sheskin, 119 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A short course (three chapters) in Roman history as seen in recently acquired murals by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. They are so big they overshadow the tidy scenes of Venice by Guardi and Canaletto and the commentaries on Venetian upper-class life by Longhi, which are part of the same exhibit. . . . ¶ Three fifteenth-century Flemish tapestries depicting the story of Helen of Troy, on loan from the Norton Simon Foundation. . . . ¶ Guercino, Salvator Rosa, and the Tiepolos are some of the artists represented in a showing of Italian drawings from the collection of Princeton University; through Nov. 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, Election Day, and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, sculptures, and assemblages by contemporary Japanese artists; through Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Lithographs and serigraphs by twenty young painters and sculptors, among them David Hockney, Jim Dine, and James Rosenquist; through Sunday, Nov. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Jean Dubuffet, 1962-66," an exhibition of oils, drawings, gouaches, collages, and sculptures; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Systemic paintings—by such systemists as Ellsworth Kelly and Al Held—the most immaculate and exact of them Robert Ryman's "Allied," which is one solid white canvas; through Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Veterans' Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Art of the United States: 1670-1966," the inaugural show at this new Cyclopean structure, reveals a great stock of paintings and sculptures that fills four floors and the sunken garden; through Nov. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, noon to 5.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Satirical prints and drawings—biting comments of the time—from Hogarth's "Beer Street," of 1751, to Mario Micossi's "Fantasia di Liturgie Romaniche," of 1962; through Jan. 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, Election Day, and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan exhibition of bronzes of India's gods and goddesses, created for three religious sects (Jains, Buddhists, and Hindus); through Dec. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"Six Centuries of Coptic Art–The Nadler Collection," composed of sculptures, textiles, ceramics, and bronze works; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Salvador Dali; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, Election Day, and Veterans' Day, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, along with a selection of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to mention a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish artistic and social history from 1870 to 1924; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Howard Kanovitz of families, New Yorkers, and partygoers, for the most part, caught, it seems, in the eye of a camera; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Court, painted stainless-steel industrial sculptures by Kosso Eloul; through Nov. 13. (Mondays, noon to 9; Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Old and New Testaments and other sixth- to sixteenth-century illuminated manuscripts; through Nov. 26. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masks and Sculptures from the collection of Gustave and Franyo Schindler," made up of examples from Africa, New Guinea, prehistoric Turkey, and the Greek Cycladic Islands; through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirtieth annual of the American Abstract Artists, consisting of paintings and sculptures by about eighty members and guests, including Ibram Lassaw, Will Insley, and Richard Anuszkiewicz; through Nov 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Nov. 3: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Mignon Dunn, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 4: "Faust," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Gianni Raimondi, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 5: "Antony and Cleopatra," with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Mary Ellen Pracht, Justino Díaz, Jess Thomas, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 5: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Regina Resnik, William Dooley, and James King. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 7: "Aïda," with Gabriella Tucci, Rita Gorr, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 8: "Faust," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Gianni Raimondi, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 9: "Turandot," with Anita Valkki, Teresa Stratas, James King, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 10: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Belén Amparán, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 11: "Antony and Cleopatra," with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Mary Ellen Pracht, Justino Díaz, Jess Thomas, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 12: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 12: "La Traviata," with Virginia Zeani, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Marguerite Willauer, Placido Domingo, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 4, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Frances Bible, Spiro Malas, Joseph Fair, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 2:15 (primarily for children): "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English), with Anne Elgar, Muriel Greenspon, Noel Jan Tyl, Michael Devlin, William Ledbetter, Herbert Beattie, and Edward Pierson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Joyce Blackham, Joan Patenaude, Placido Domingo, and

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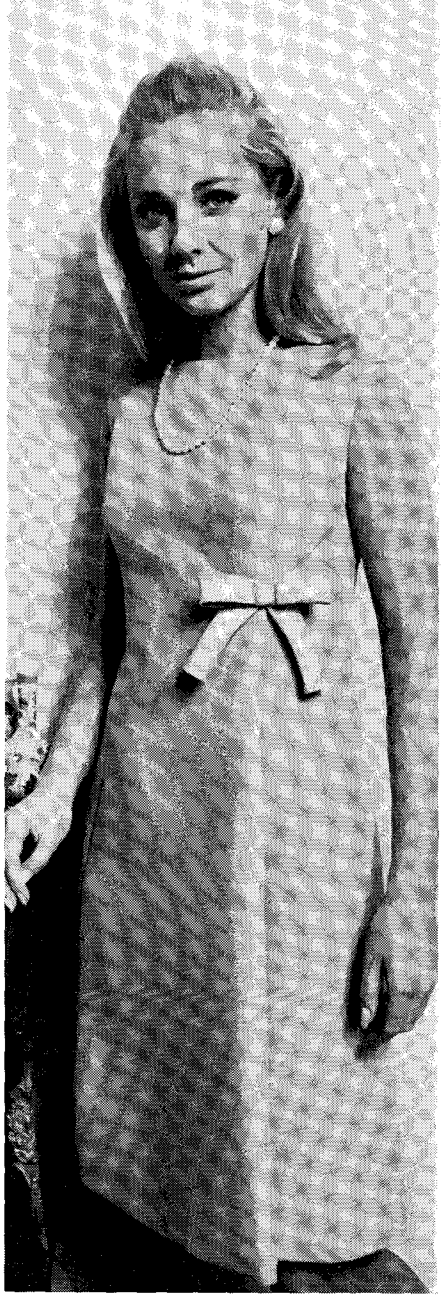

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 6, at 1:15: "The Tales of Hoffmann," with Beverly Sills, Kay Creed, Edna Mae George, Michele Molese, Norman Treigle, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 6, at 7:15: "La Bohème," with Joan Sena, Sylvia Grant, Jerry LoMonaco, Dominic Cossa, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Maureen Forrester, Beverly Wolff, Norman Treigle, Spiro Malas, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8:15: "The Tales of Hoffmann," with Patricia Brooks, Marguerite Willauer, Donna Jeffrey, Placido Domingo, Herbert Beattie, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Jeannine Crader, Joan Summers, Nolan Van Way, Placido Domingo, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 11, at 8:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Veronica Tyler, Donna Jeffrey, LaVergne Monette, Joan Summers, Michele Molese, Malcolm Smith, and David Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 2:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Muriel Greenspon, Placido Domingo, Seymour Schwartzman, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Anne Elgar, Muriel Greenspon, William Dupree, Herbert Beattie, Noel Jan Tyl, and Dominic Cossa. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY—Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:30: "Rigoletto." . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:15: "Carmen." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA NATIONAL COMPANY—Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8:30: "La Bohème." . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 11, at 8:30: "La Traviata." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Lorin Maazel conducting—A varied program on Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 4, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 7, at 7:30 (all with Arthur Grumiaux, violin); and a Bach-Beethoven program on Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 11, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 14, at 7:30 (all with Saramae Endich, soprano; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; George Shirley, tenor; Yi-kwei Sze, bass; and the Collegiate Chorale).

WASHINGTON NATIONAL SYMPHONY—Howard Mitchell conducting, with Christian Ferras, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3.)

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall, Jean Martinon conducting—Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8:30: With Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8:30: With Wilhelm Kempff, piano.

INDIANAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Izler Solomon conducting, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Karl Böhm conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3, and Monday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER SYMPHONY OF PHILADELPHIA—Anshel Brusilow conducting this new orchestra in a Handel-Mozart program, with Jan Peerce, tenor. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Pierre Fournier, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 12-13, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Joseph Rosenstock conducting a symphony orchestra with Daniel Barenboim, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

MANITAS DE PLATA—Flamenco guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 9.)

EUGENE ISTOMIN, ISAAC STERN, AND LEONARD ROSE—Piano, violin, and cello. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

LEONID KOGAN—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

MICHAEL RABIN—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

BEAUX-ARTS STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

WILLIAM DOPPMANN—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—A program of French medieval music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

THE CLANCY BROTHERS AND TOMMY MAKEM—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:40.)

IRINA ARKHIPOVA—Mezzo-soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—The first in a series of three chamber-music programs offering soloists from the Marlboro Music Festival, this one with Lilian Kallir, piano; Sylvia Rosenberg, violin; Samuel Rhodes, viola; Ko Iwasaki, cello; and Paula Sylvester, flute. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

EVENINGS FOR NEW MUSIC—The first in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss, this one devoted to the music of Maryanne Amacher, Anton von Webern, Charles Wuorinen, and Henri Pousseur. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

JOSEPH FUCHS—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

JANET BAKER AND THE MELOS ENSEMBLE—The first appearance here of this mezzo-soprano and chamber ensemble from London. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

PAUL A. MCGHEE WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS—The Beaux-Arts String Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

ARTHUR GRUMIAUX AND MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI—Violin and piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

SABICAS—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERT—The Swingle Singers of Paris. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 3, at 6:30: Boston vs. Chicago and Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 6:30: Philadelphia vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Baltimore.

BOXING—Emile Griffith vs. Joey Archer, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Nov. 10. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 5: Army vs. George Washington, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Manhattan, at Gaelic Park (Broadway and 240th St.), at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Duke, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 12: Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven, at 1:45.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. St. Louis. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 1:30.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 6, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Horse Show—Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Through Tuesday, Nov. 8.)

Hunt Racing—Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 5.) . . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 12.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays; last day Saturday, Dec. 10. Through Saturday, Nov. 5, post time will be 12:30; after that, it will be noon. The Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 5; the Vosburgh Handicap, Friday, Nov. 11; and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 12. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 12:30; last day Saturday, Nov. 12. The Trenton Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 8, and the Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 12. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Selima, Saturday, Nov. 5, and the Washington, D.C. International, Friday, Nov. 11 (for this day only, post time will be 12:20).

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Thursday, Dec. 15. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

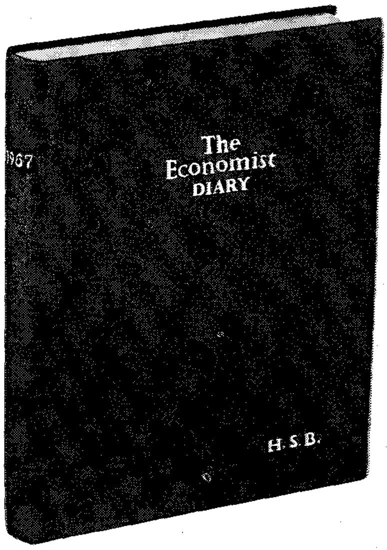
Opera—By the NEW YORK CITY OPERA: A performance, primarily for children, of "The Love for Three Oranges," in English. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 2:15.) . . . AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "Madame Butterfly," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Saturday, Nov. 5, at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "The Gingerbread Boy," Sunday, Nov. 6, at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS: "Magic in King Arthur's Court." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 1:30.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . MARA AND HER COMPANY: "Beyond the Milky Way." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Guffawhaw." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . STORYLAND THEATRE: "Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Adventures of Pinocchio." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Pinocchio," Election Day at 1. . . . ¶ "Wizard of Oz," Veterans' Day at 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500.) . . . LEA WALLACE PUPPETS: "Puss in Boots." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop–Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, Election Day, and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Night the Stars Fell." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Election Day and Veterans' Day, at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Election Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; and Veterans' Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every



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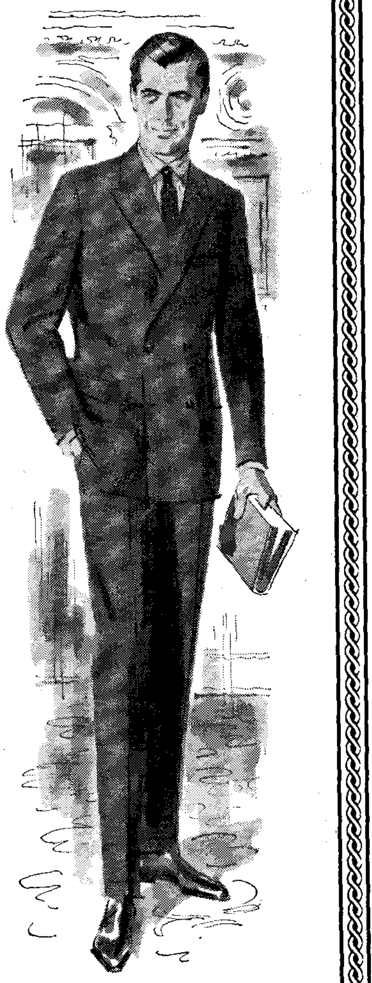

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday and on Election Day and Veterans' Day from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

Election Day—Tuesday, Nov. 8; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Sunday, Nov. 6: W. H. Auden and Marianne Moore reading from their own works.... ¶ Monday, Nov. 7: Louise Bogan and W. S. Merwin reading from their own works.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 9, and Saturday, Nov. 12: Yevgeny Yevtushenko reading from his own works, in Russian, accompanied by English translations. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Evenings at 8:30.)

Chrysanthemum Show—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Saturday, Nov. 5, through Sunday, Nov. 20. Daily, 10 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Nov. 3, at 1:45: Modern paintings and drawings by such artists as Buffet, Matisse, and Pascin; from the estate of Alfred M. Frankfurter and from other sources.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 10:30: American, European and Near Eastern manuscripts and autographs, belonging to the Art Institute of Chicago and other owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 4.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 1:45: St. Louis, Clichy, and Baccarat paperweights, owned by Leofredo Maba and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 5.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 10, at 10:30: Rare books and manuscripts, from the Bridwell Library of Southern Methodist University. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 4.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 10, at 1:45: Meissen, Worcester, Derby, and other porcelains; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 5.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Nov. 15, 19, 22, 26, and 29, and Dec. 3, 6, 10, and 13.

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Dec. 10.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, NOV. 19:** Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge; Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia; and Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton.... **SATURDAY, NOV. 26:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia.

Professional Football—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Giants vs. Atlanta, Nov. 20.... ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Dec. 11.... **SHEA STADIUM:** Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, Nov. 20.... ¶ Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs, Nov. 27.

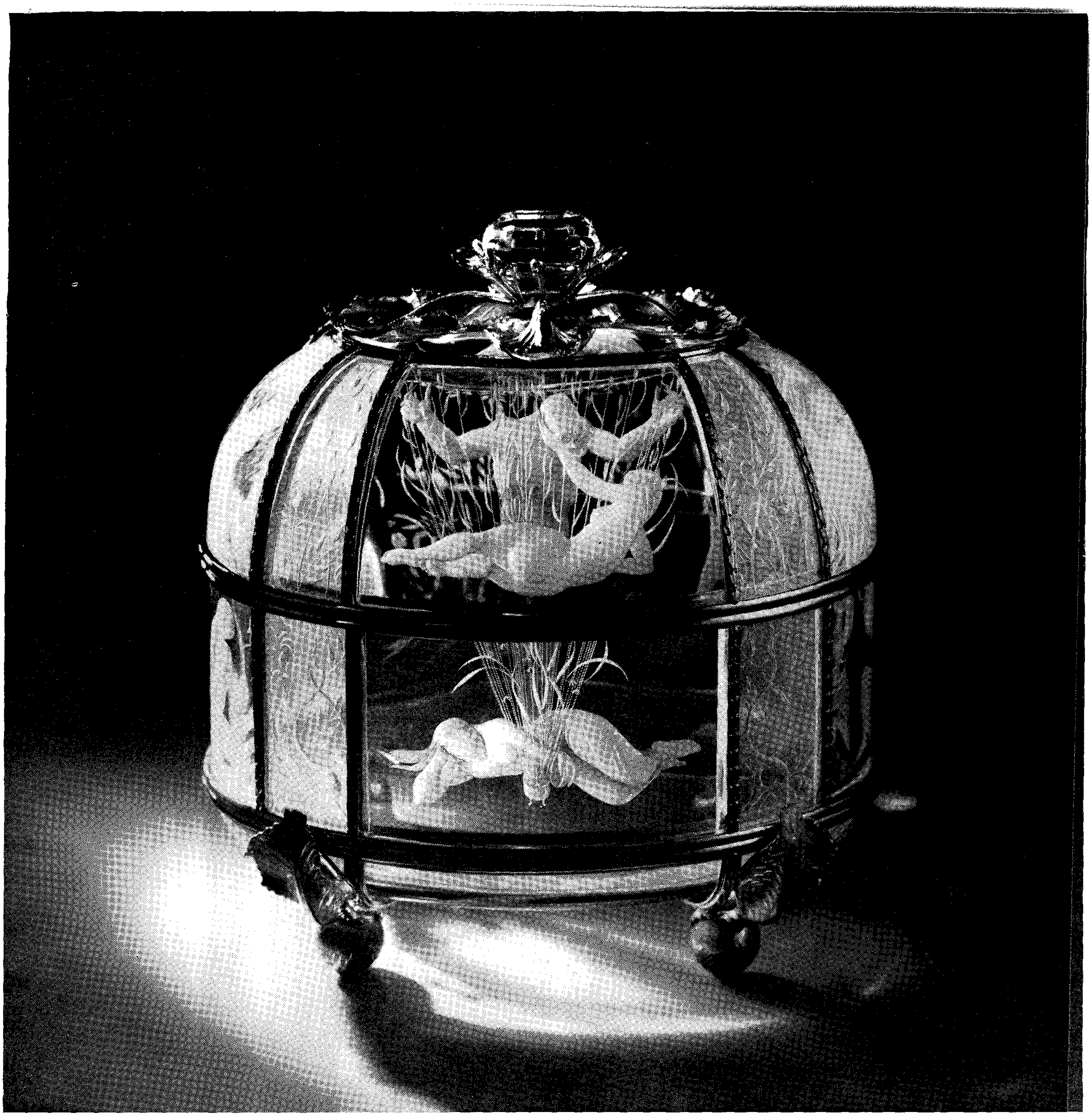
Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Nov. 13, 16, 20, 23, 26, and 27, and Dec. 4, 7, 11, and 14.

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA,** Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 15.... **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 20.... ¶ Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano, Nov. 13.... ¶ Munich Chamber Orchestra, Nov. 13.... ¶ Boston Symphony, Nov. 16 and 18.... ¶ Wilhelm Kempff, piano, Nov. 20.... ¶ Friedrich Gulda, piano, Nov. 20 and 23.... ¶ Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, Nov. 20.... ¶ Robert Casadesus, piano, and Zino Francescatti, violin, Nov. 23 and Dec. 2 and 4.... ¶ Late Late Concert Players, Nov. 26.... ¶ Washington National Symphony, Nov. 27.... ¶ Mantovani and an orchestra, Nov. 27.... ¶ Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia, Nov. 30 and Dec. 7.... ¶ New York Choral Society, Dec. 4.... ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Dec. 6.... ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 9.... **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, Nov. 13.... ¶ Julian Bream, guitarist and lutanist, Nov. 13.... ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 14.... ¶ American Opera Society, Nov. 15 and Dec. 6.... ¶ Robert Goldsand, piano, Nov. 16.... ¶ Boston Symphony, Nov. 17 and 19.... ¶ Irina Arkhipova, mezzo-soprano, Nov. 18.... ¶ Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, Nov. 19.... ¶ Manitas de Plata, flamenco guitarist, Nov. 19.... ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 20 and 21 and Dec. 4, 5, and 10.... ¶ New York Chamber Orchestra, Nov. 20, 23, 25, and 29.... ¶ Ali Akbar Khan, sarode player, Dec. 4.... ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 7.... ¶ Isaac Stern, violin, Dec. 8.... ¶ Emil Gilels, piano, Dec. 9.... **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Jan Gorbaty, piano, Nov. 13 and 20.... ¶ Lili Kraus, piano, Nov. 15 and Dec. 6.... ¶ Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, Nov. 18.... ¶ Boys Town Choir, Nov. 19.... ¶ Melos Ensemble, Nov. 19.... ¶ Judith Raskin, soprano, Dec. 4.... ¶ Bach Aria Group, Dec. 7.... **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (535-5350): Moscow Chamber Ensemble, Nov. 25.... ¶ Leonid Kogan, violin, Dec. 3.... **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Stephen Manes, piano, Nov. 26.... ¶ Teresa Berganza, mezzo-soprano, Dec. 3.

Ballet—The New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 15-Feb. 5.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Don't Drink the Water," a comedy by Woody Allen, with Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, and Kay Medford.... ¶ A four-week engagement of Gilbert and Sullivan by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, at the City Center.... ¶ A musical, "Cabaret," based on the play "I Am a Camera," by John van Druten, and "Berlin Stories," by Christopher Isherwood. The book is by Joe Masteroff, the music by John Kander, and the lyrics by Fred Ebb; in the cast are Jill Haworth, Jack Gilford, Bert Convy, and Lotte Lenya.... ¶ Three productions by the APA Repertory Company—Sheridan's "The School for Scandal," Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are," and Richard Baldridge's "We Comrades Three."... ¶ A comedy by Michael Stewart, "Those That Play the Clowns," starring Alfred Drake, Joan Greenwood, and Eduard Franz.... ¶ A musical, "Walking Happy," adapted by Roger O. Hirson and Ketti Frings from Harold Brighouse's 1915 play "Hobson's Choice." Sammy Cahn did the lyrics and James Van Heusen the music, and the cast includes Norman Wisdom, Louise Troy, and George Rose.... ¶ A British comedy by David Halliwell, "Hail, Scrawdyke!," in which Victor Henry and Tim Preece will appear.... ¶ "I Do! I Do!," a two-character musical version of Jan de Hartog's play "The Fourposter." Tom Jones wrote the book and lyrics, Harvey Schmidt composed the score, and Mary Martin and Robert Preston make up the cast.... ¶ David Westheimer's play "My Sweet Charlie," derived from his novel of the same name; Louis Gossett and Bonnie Bedelia head the cast.... ¶ The second production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center will be Lorca's "Yerma" (in a translation by W. S. Merwin), with Gloria Foster and Aline MacMahon.... ¶ John Raitt and Swen Swenson in "A Joyful Noise," a musical taken from Borden Deal's novel "The Insolent Breed," with a book by Edward Padula and music and lyrics by Oscar Brand and Paul Nassau.... ¶ Truman Capote's "Breakfast at Tiffany's" has been turned into a musical to be known as "Holly Golightly." Mary Tyler Moore and Richard Chamberlain have the principal roles; Abe Burrows wrote the libretto and Bob Merrill is responsible for the music and lyrics.... ¶ A comedy, "Agatha Sue, I Love You," by Abe Einhorn, with Ray Walston and Corbett Monica.... ¶ A three-week revival by the New York City Center Light Opera Company of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Carousel."

Other Dates—Thanksgiving Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Nov. 16.... ¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Nov. 18-20.... ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 24.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Any Wednesday—A better movie than it was a play, and it was a pretty funny play. With Jane Fonda, Jason Robards, Rosemary Murphy, and Dean Jones. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Bible—Glimpses of Genesis, painted in poster colors by John Huston. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Le Bonheur—A picture small in scale, delightful in tone, and less romantic than it looks at first glance, the subject being happiness. Written and directed with great intelligence by Agnès Varda and starring Jean-Claude Drouot, his wife, and two small children. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 8.)

Chushingura—A beautiful, stately rendering of the old Japanese epic. With Toshiro Mifune, the barking samurai. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Crazy Quilt—A charming and modest movie by a young California director, John Korty. With Tom Rosqui and Ina Mela as incompatible but lifelong lovers. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round—A clever account of how to hold up a bank, with James Coburn demonstrating that all it takes is brains, courage, charm, perseverance, and luck. Written and directed by Bernard Girard. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

Doctor Zhivago—A movie that is mostly settings, with such actors as Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie, and Omar Sharif milling about in what amounts to unemployment. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—California surfers take their boards to Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Tahiti. Out of sight. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

The Fortune Cookie—Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon in a sour, funny comedy about a crooked lawyer and his last-minute comeuppance. Directed by Billy Wilder. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—The Broadway musical, directed with characteristic hypomania by Richard Lester and starring Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Jack Gilford. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Georgy Girl—Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling in an excellent English tragicomedy. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Group—A long movie about some girls who got out of Vassar in '33 and were fairly miserable by '39. From the novel by Mary McCarthy and directed by Sidney Lumet, with Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Larry Hagman, James Broderick, Hal Holbrook, and a great many others. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Nov. 9.)

Hawaii—In which a deadly script crushes Max von Sydow, Julie Andrews, gorgeous scenery, history, and the director, George Roy Hill. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Loves of a Blonde—A charming tale of disorderly young love in Czechoslovakia. Directed by Milos Forman. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

A Man and a Woman—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

Morgan!—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about contemporary London, directed with great verve by Karel Reisz. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 8.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Shameless Old Lady—A stout-hearted octogenarian widow treats herself to a good time. Ably directed by René Allio. In French. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—A fine movie of that hard night's night. Mike Nichols, as director, and the cast, who need not be named here, do Edward Albee proud. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; through Nov. 7.)

The Wrong Box—Farce, in color, about murderous competition for money, with Ralph Richardson and John Mills as heads of the competing branches of a family whose other members include Michael Caine, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore. Peter Sellers as the doctor, Wilfrid Lawson as a butler. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 8.)

REVIVALS

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 7-8.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—A Western, which makes sport of Westerns, with Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 4-6.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey in an account of contemporary London life. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Nov. 6-8.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Nov. 5.)

La Dolce Vita (1961)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Nov. 9.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 4-7.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers again, this time in an academic setting. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Nov. 5.)

The Ipcress File (1965)—Double-crossing and maybe even triple-crossing in British Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing the not very heroic hero. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 7.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—A tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Directed by Federico Fellini, and with Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 4-7.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 8.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Nov. 8.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Nov. 9.)

The Moment of Truth (1965)—A picture about a Spanish matador by the Italian director Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 4-7.)

The Naked Night (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 8.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. Karl Malden and Katy Jurado are in the supporting cast. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Nov. 9.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Nov. 6-8.)

The Son of the Sheik (1926)—The antique, with Rudolph Valentino. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold (1965)—Richard Burton as the grubby and despairing hero of the le Carré novel. Also with Oskar Werner and Claire Bloom. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Nov. 8.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 7-8.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 8.)

Tea and Sympathy (1956)—An adaptation of Robert Anderson's play concerning a boys' boarding school, with Deborah Kerr and John Kerr. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Nov. 8.)

To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. With an English narration. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 4-7.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1965)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 8.)

The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Two junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. Peter Sellers, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Nov. 9.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Through Nov. 4: "Between Men" (1916), directed by and with William S. Hart. . . . ¶ Nov. 5-6: "The Toll Gate" (1920), with William S. Hart. . . . ¶ Nov. 7-8: "The Cradle of Courage" (1920), with William S. Hart. . . . ¶ Nov. 9: "Blind Husbands" (1919), directed by and with Erich von Stroheim. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series of Laurel and Hardy films entitled "A Tribute to Hal Roach." Nov. 3: "Second 100 Years" (1927), "Wrong Again" (1929), "Our Wife" (1931), and "County Hospital" (1932). . . . ¶ Nov. 4-5: "Sugar Daddies" (1927), "Their Purple Moment" (1928), "Another Fine Mess" (1930), and "Oliver the Eighth" (1934). . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 8: "The Finishing Touch" (1927), "Blotto" (1930), and "Tit for Tat" (1935). (Showings Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Election Day at 2 and 4.) . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE FORTUNE COOKIE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Nov. 7: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**
Nov. 8: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 9 at 8:30: "Is Paris Burning?" (*Opening night by invitation only.*)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
ANY WEDNESDAY.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Liquidator," Rod Taylor, Trevor Howard.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE WRONG BOX.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
THE SON OF THE SHEIK (*silent*); and "The Eagle" (silent), Rudolph Valentino, Vilma Banky.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 8: **LE BONHEUR** (in French); and **MORGAN!**
From Nov. 9: **THE GROUP**; and "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
THE FORTUNE COOKIE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
LOVES OF A BLONDE, a Czechoslovakian film.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE FORTUNE COOKIE.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
GEORGY GIRL.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hotel Paradiso," Alec Guinness, Gina Lollobrigida.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"10:30 P.M. Summer," Melina Mercouri, Peter Finch.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Nov. 3: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian), revival; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.
Nov. 4-6: **CAT BALLOU**, revival; and "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.
Nov. 7-8: **BREATHLESS** and **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (both in French and both revivals).
From Nov. 9: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**, revival; and another feature, to be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Liquidator," Rod Taylor, Trevor Howard.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Nov. 6: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**
From Nov. 7: "Cul-de-Sac," Donald Pleasence, Françoise Dorléac.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 8: **THE WRONG BOX.**
From Nov. 9: **LA DOLCE VITA**, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 7: "Picture Mommy Dead," Don Ameche, Martha Hyer; and "A Pistol for Ringo," Montgomery Wood.
From Nov. 8: "An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh; and "Terror in the City," Lee Grant.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
DEAD HEAT ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Nov. 3: "Contempt" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance; "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), revival, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Nov. 4-7: **8½** and **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (both in Italian and both revivals).
From Nov. 8: **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival; **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (in French), revival; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Nov. 5: **HORSEFEATHERS**, revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.
Nov. 6-8: **DARLING**, revival; and **THE SERVANT**, revival.
From Nov. 9: **ONE-EYED JACKS**, revival; and **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 7: **THE IPCRESS FILE**, revival; and "Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.
From Nov. 8: "How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole; and "Masters of the Congo Jungle," revival, a documentary film narrated by Orson Welles and William Warfield.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 7: **LE BONHEUR** (in French); and **TO DIE IN MADRID**, revival.
From Nov. 8: "The Killing," revival, Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray; and "Killer's Kiss," revival, Frank Silvera.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 7: **LA DOLCE VITA**, revival.
Nov. 8: **LUST FOR LIFE**, revival; and **TEA AND SYMPATHY**, revival.
From Nov. 9: "The Fighting Prince of Donegal," Peter McEnery; and "Destination Inner Space," Scott Brady.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"Up to His Ears" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Ursula Andress; and "He Who Must Die," Melina Mercouri, Jean Servais.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE CRAZY QUILT.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Loving Couples" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
CHUSHINGURA (in Japanese).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Romeo and Juliet," performed by Margot Fonteyn, Rudolf Nureyev, and the Royal Ballet. (Weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

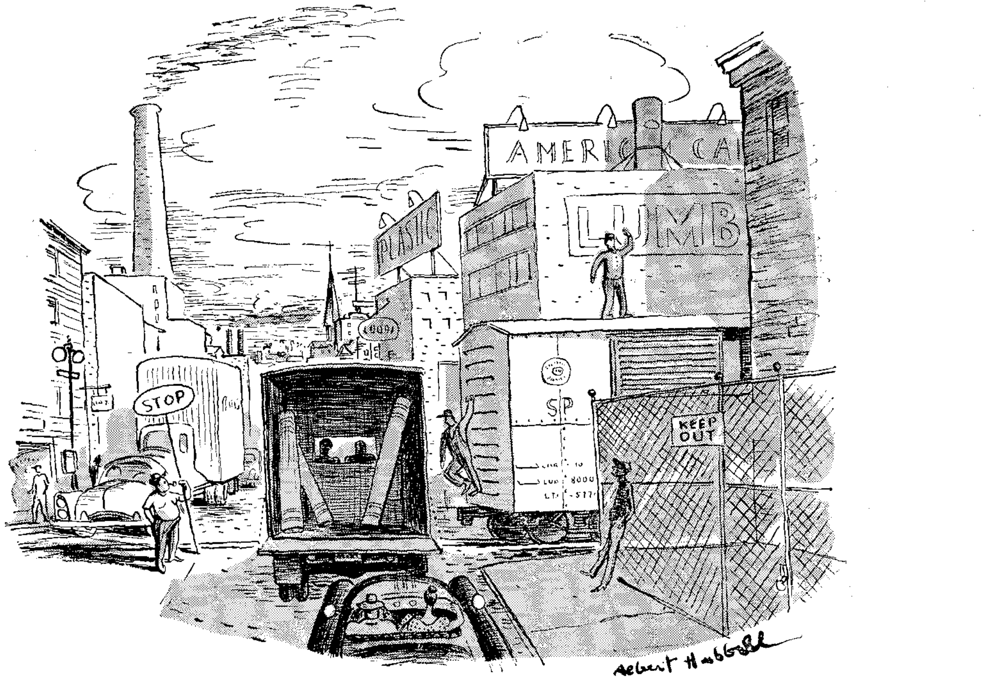
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 9: "Anna Karenina," revival, Greta Garbo, Fredric March; and "Min and Bill," revival, Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 8: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD**, revival; and "The Family Jewels," revival, Jerry Lewis.
From Nov. 9: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 3: "The Lady with the Dog" (in Russian), revival; and "My Name Is Ivan" (in Russian), revival, Kolya Burlaiev.
Nov. 4-7: **TO DIE IN MADRID**, revival; and **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian), revival.
From Nov. 8: **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival; and **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE WRONG BOX.



The American Macchinettas:

they make great espresso.

A *macchinetta* is an Italian coffee pot you make espresso in.

An American macchinetta is an *American* coffee pot you make espresso in.

And that's *any* American coffee pot you happen to have.

Put Medaglia d'Oro coffee in, and espresso comes out.

Because Medaglia d'Oro is espresso coffee.

The beans are roasted longer than the beans for American coffee.

That (and the *kind* of beans we use) is how we make Medaglia d'Oro extraordinary.

But then we make it ordinary.

By making it an *all-purpose* grind.

Which is why you can brew it like ordinary coffee. In any coffee pot.

Serve it smoking hot in demi-tasse cups, with sugar and a sliver of lemon peel. *Delizioso.*

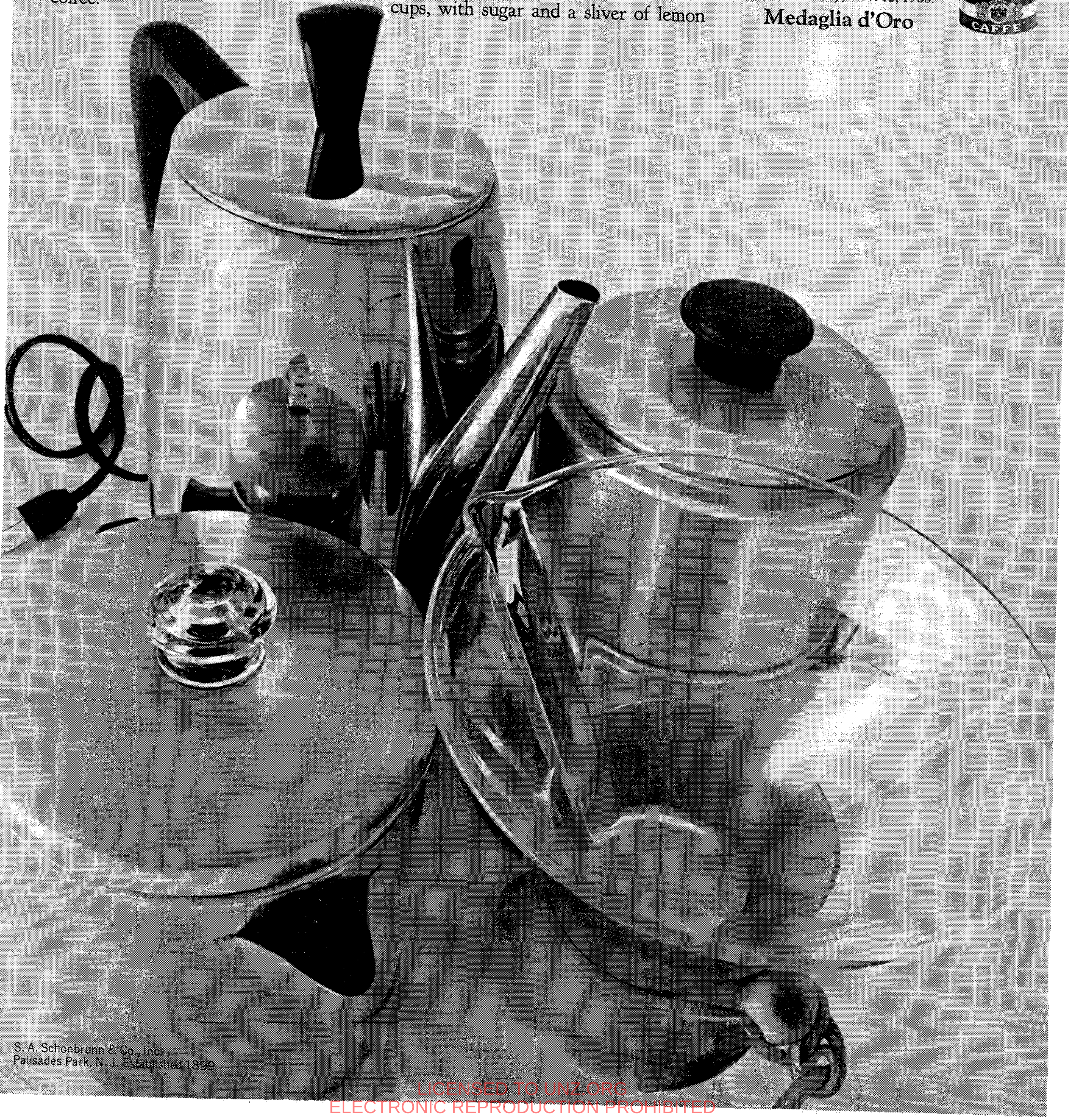
If you're really interested in making espresso, do it at our expense. Mail your name and address to Medaglia d'Oro, Ruby Ave., Palisades Park, N.J.

And get a sizable free sample. Then your percolator won't be a percolator.

But a *percoletta.*

Only 1 sample to a family. Offer ends midnight, Saturday, Nov. 12, 1966.

Medaglia d'Oro

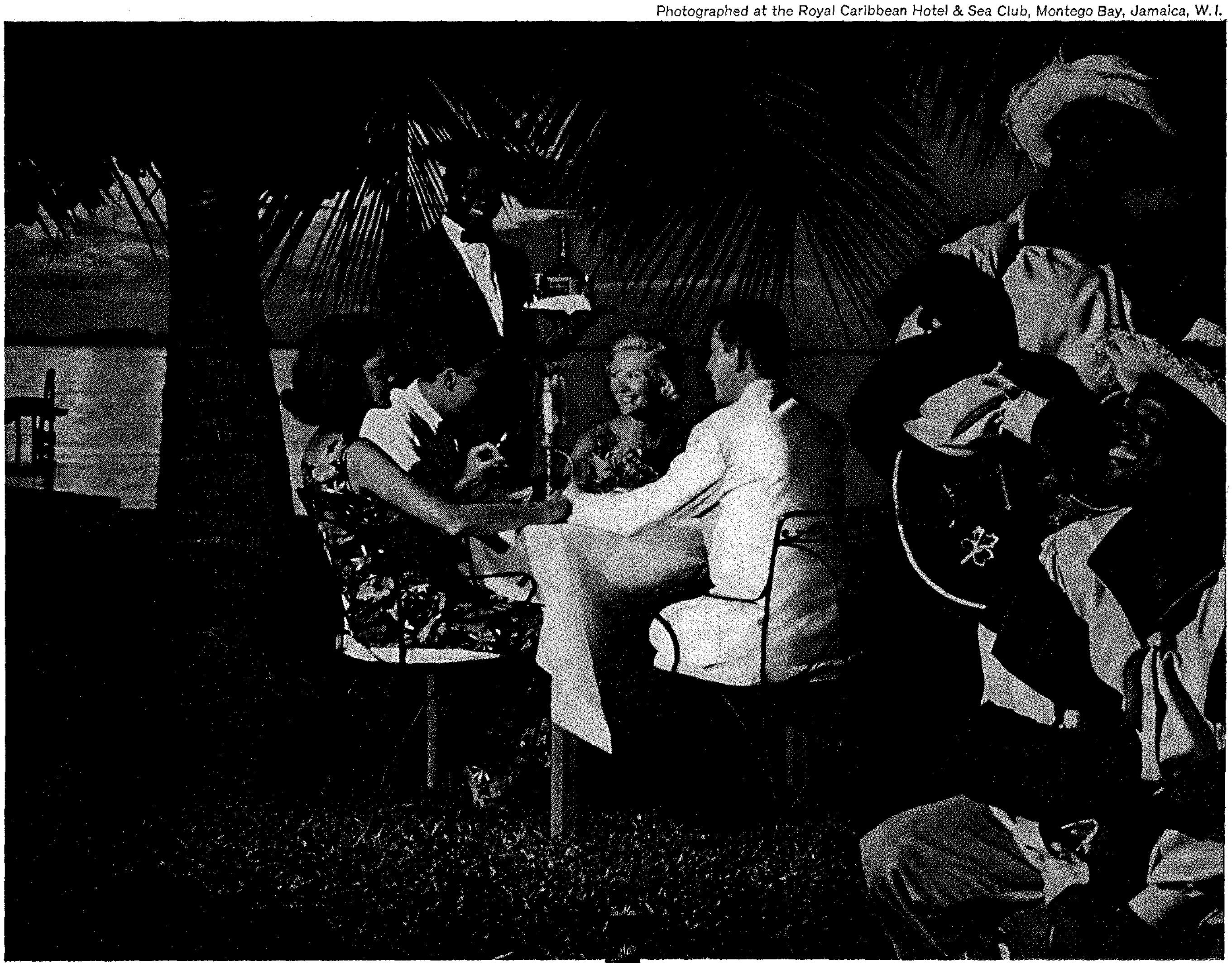


S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc.
Palisades Park, N. J. Established 1899

You can bask in the sun all day...
You can dance the Limbo till dawn...
You can raft miles down the Rio Grande...

but you haven't been to JAMAICA...

Photographed at the Royal Caribbean Hotel & Sea Club, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.

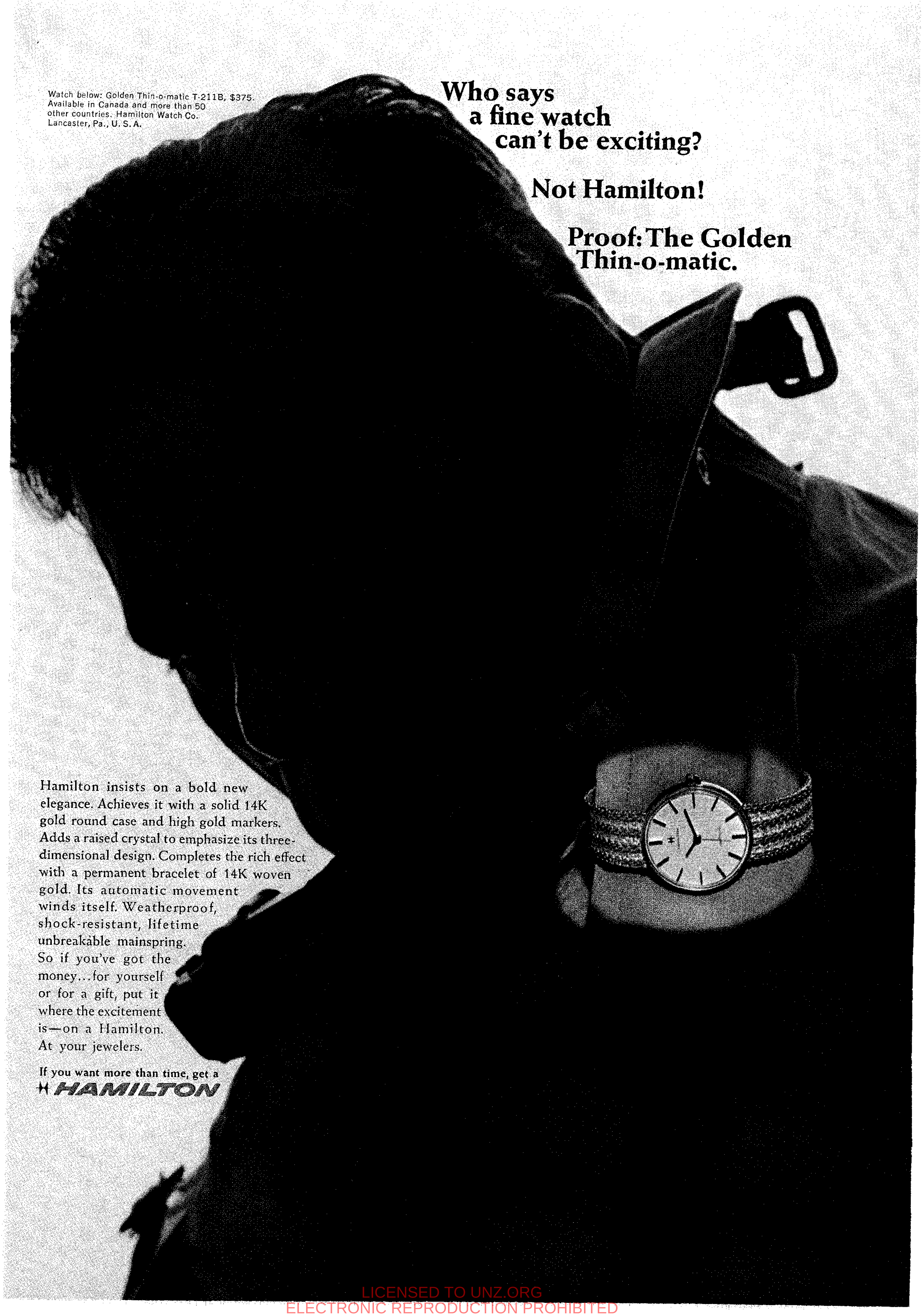


W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. • 63 PROOF

until you've tasted

Tia Maria
JAMAICA'S HAUNTING LIQUEUR

(EVEN IF YOU NEVER GET THERE, BUY TIA MARIA... AND DREAM)



Who says a fine watch can't be exciting?

Not Hamilton!

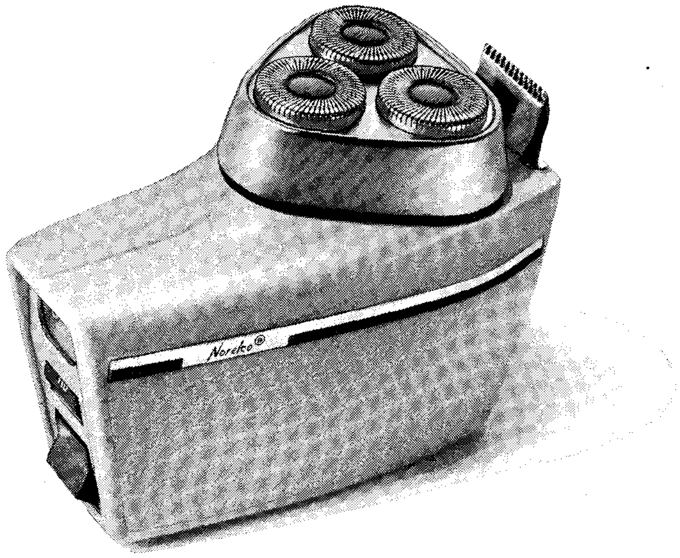
Proof: The Golden Thin-o-matic.

Watch below: Golden Thin-o-matic T-211B, $375.
Available in Canada and more than 50
other countries. Hamilton Watch Co.
Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.

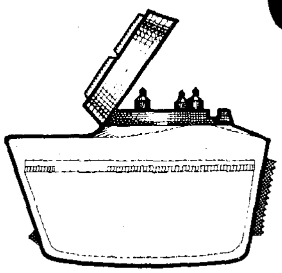
Hamilton insists on a bold new elegance. Achieves it with a solid 14K gold round case and high gold markers. Adds a raised crystal to emphasize its three-dimensional design. Completes the rich effect with a permanent bracelet of 14K woven gold. Its automatic movement winds itself. Weatherproof, shock-resistant, lifetime unbreakable mainspring. So if you've got the money...for yourself or for a gift, put it where the excitement is—on a Hamilton. At your jewelers.

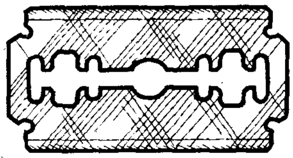
If you want more than time, get a
HAMILTON

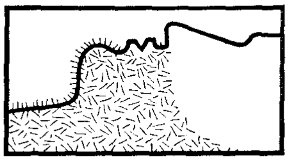
Norelco introduces the Tripleheader.



And suddenly you're finished shaving 40% faster than ever before.







Fastest shaver on wheels: the secret is under the hood.
The new Tripleheader has more features than any other shaver. Three floating heads. 18 rotary blades whirling away your whiskers at 77 miles an hour. That's speed! And you're finished shaving before you know it.

So close, we dare to match shaves with a blade.
The three Norelco very thin Microgroove heads do the job. They shave so close that we dare to match shaves with a blade. And the Tripleheader even has a pop-up trimmer for neat, even, razor-sharp sideburns.

Most comfortable ride over the toughest terrain.
Norelco rotary blades *stroke* away even the toughest whiskers. Without a nick or a pinch. Floating heads swing with every curve. This is the newest *comfort* Speedshaver®! On/off switch, 110/220 volts. Coil cord.

See the Norelco Rechargeable 40C, too. 2 weeks of shaves on a single charge! Or the Norelco 'Flip-Top' 20, perfect first shaver at a modest price. Also, Norelco Cordless 15C; shaves anywhere on penlight batteries.

Norelco® the fast, close, comfortable electric shave

©1966 North American Philips Company, Inc., 100 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017. **Other Products:** Hearing Aids, Radios, Audio-Video Tape Recorders, Dictating Machines, Electronic Educational Kits, Medical-Dental X-Ray, Electronic Tubes, Commercial Sound, Closed Circuit TV, TV Studio, Motion Picture, Cryogenic and Telephone Equipment.

What every bon vivant should know about carpet.

It's astonishing how many people who can taste the subtle differences between a *Paulliac* and a *St. Julien* wouldn't know a tweed carpet from an Axminster on a bet.

True, the average gourmet orders far more wine during his life than he does carpet.

But he's also got to *live* with the carpet he or his wife chooses. And a lot longer than he'll ever be stuck with a bad choice of wine. (Besides, you can't palm off a second-rate carpet the way you can a second-rate wine as a house gift to less knowledgeable friends.)

That's why we prepared our Painter Carpet Primer.

What does it contain, this 32-page insider's guide to carpet? *Information,* in many cases of a kind known to few people outside the carpet industry.

Like what the differences between the various types of natural and man-made carpet fibers *really* are. Not platitudes but *facts.* Including what's *wrong* with each fiber (even the ones we use) as well as what's *right* with it.

You'll learn, for instance, why carpets made of Chemstrand's Cumuloft® nylon are among our most popular styles. And why this fiber may be the very thing for you—*even if you choose a brand other than ours.*

You'll learn how to spot a shag or a tweed or a plush. And even be able to teach a professional carpet salesman a thing or two, our Primer is that good.

It's also free. Just write and ask for your copy.

Will our Carpet Primer make your life a lot richer? Not, perhaps, in the same way that a really great vintage wine might do. After all, a 1929 *Romanee Conti* it's not.

But the least we can promise you is that it will be worth far more than all the wines you own the next time you have to carpet a room.

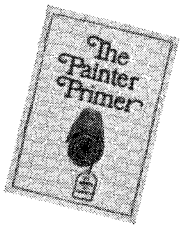
And you can store it standing up *or* lying down.

painter carpets

A SUBSIDIARY OF COLLINS & AIKMAN

CUMULOFT NYLON
fiber by
CHEMSTRAND®

Learn the whys and wherefores of carpet (including some heretofore closely guarded secrets — known only to carpet salesmen).
Get the free 32-page PAINTER PRIMER by writing Box 7766, Atlanta, Georgia.



We give our stainless muscles.

If you pick up a piece of our stainless, it'll just feel heavy. And nicely balanced.

But wait till you dig into frozen ice cream. That's when you'll feel our muscles.

What we do is roll the metal so it's thicker at the parts of a spoon or fork that take stress. We call it grade rolling.

It takes more time to make stainless this way. And more money.

But it works.

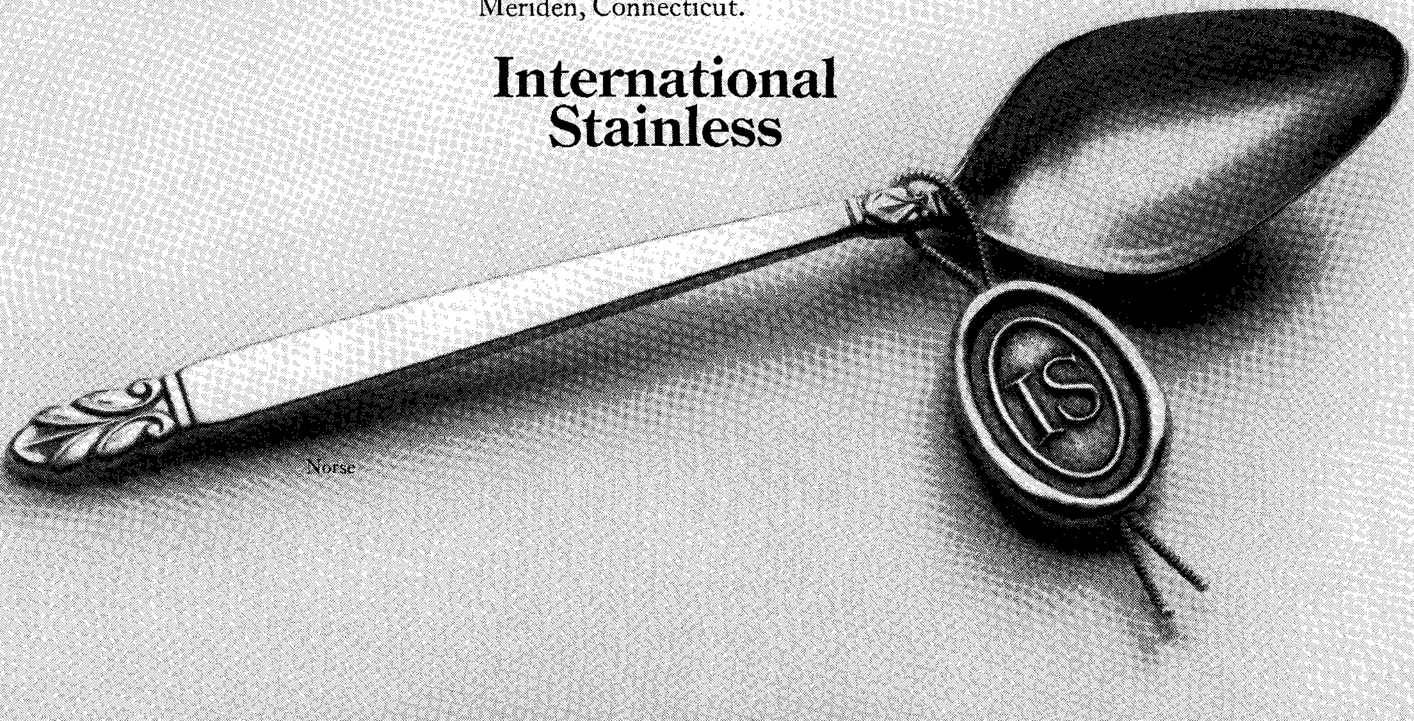
We stake our reputation on it. That's what our "IS" maker's mark stands for. It tells you you're getting stainless that can take just about anything you can dish out.

The pattern you see here is brand new. It even has a strong name: Norse.

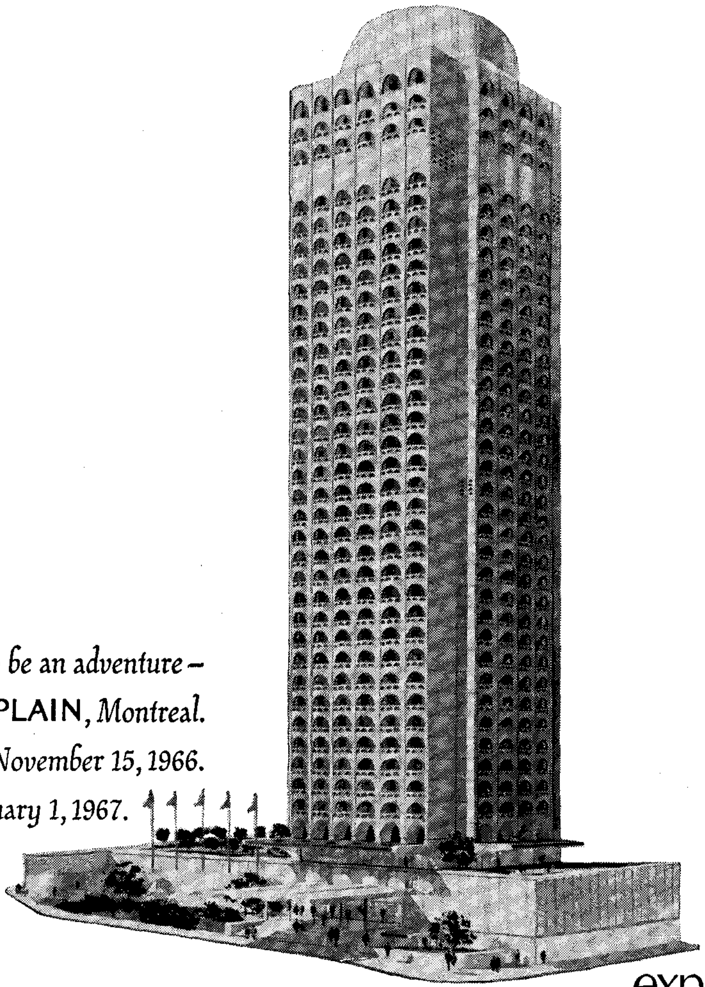
You pay only $79.95 for a 50 piece service for 8. At your jewelers or wherever fine silverware is sold.

We'd be happy to show you all our other patterns too. For a free color brochure write The International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

International Stainless



Le Château Champlain . . . destined to be one of the world's finest hotels with cosmopolitan atmosphere, serving Montreal's international clientele. Reservations are being taken now.

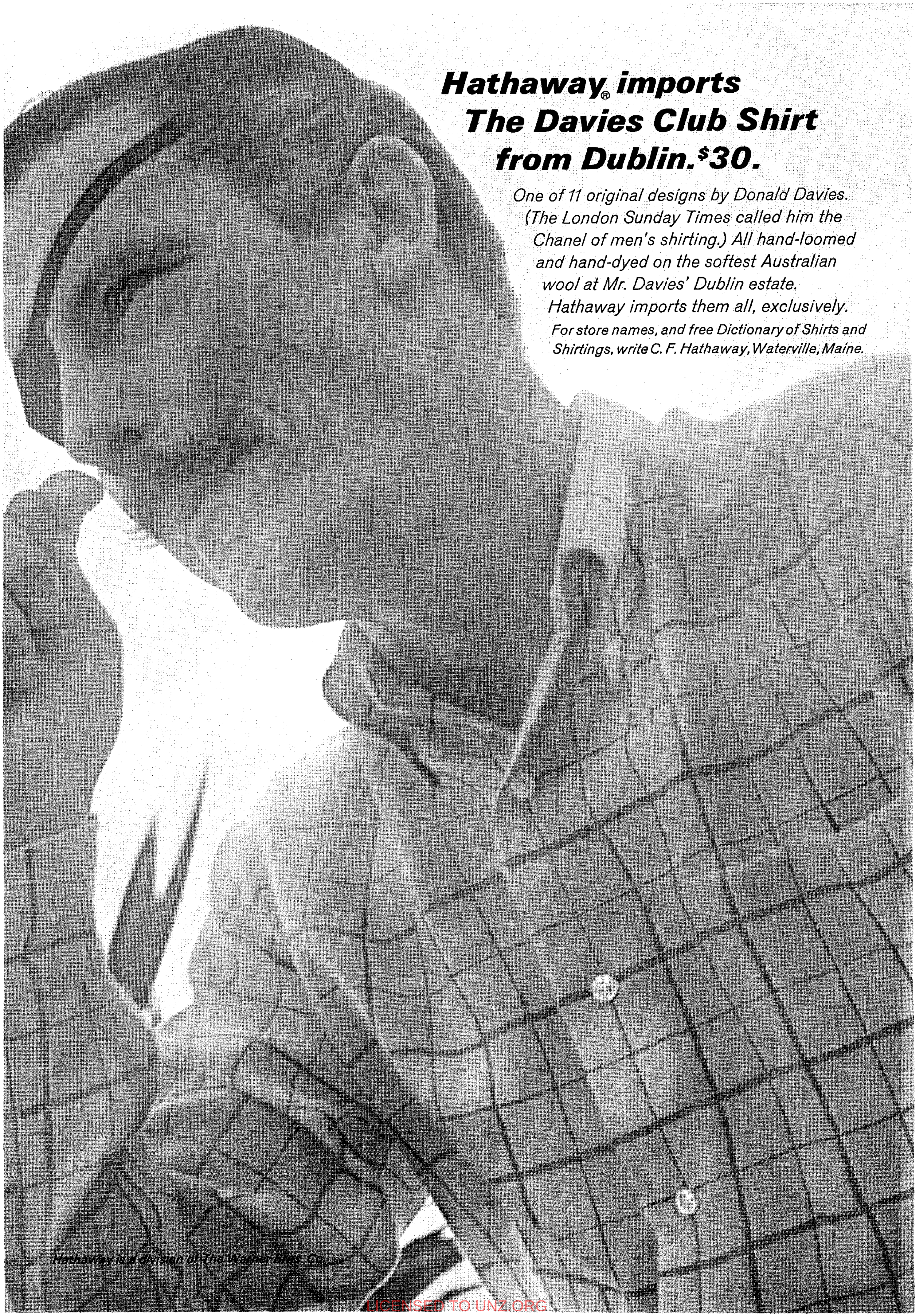


Intimate enough to be an adventure –
LE CHATEAU CHAMPLAIN, *Montreal.*
Limited reservations from November 15, 1966.
Full reservations from January 1, 1967.

expo67
CANADIAN PACIFIC
COMINCO PAVILION
MONTREAL • APR. 28 - OCT. 27, 1967

Canadian Pacific Trains / Trucks / Ships / Planes / Hotels / Telecommunications
WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

For information write Sales Director, Le Château Champlain, Place du Canada, Montreal, P.Q., Canada

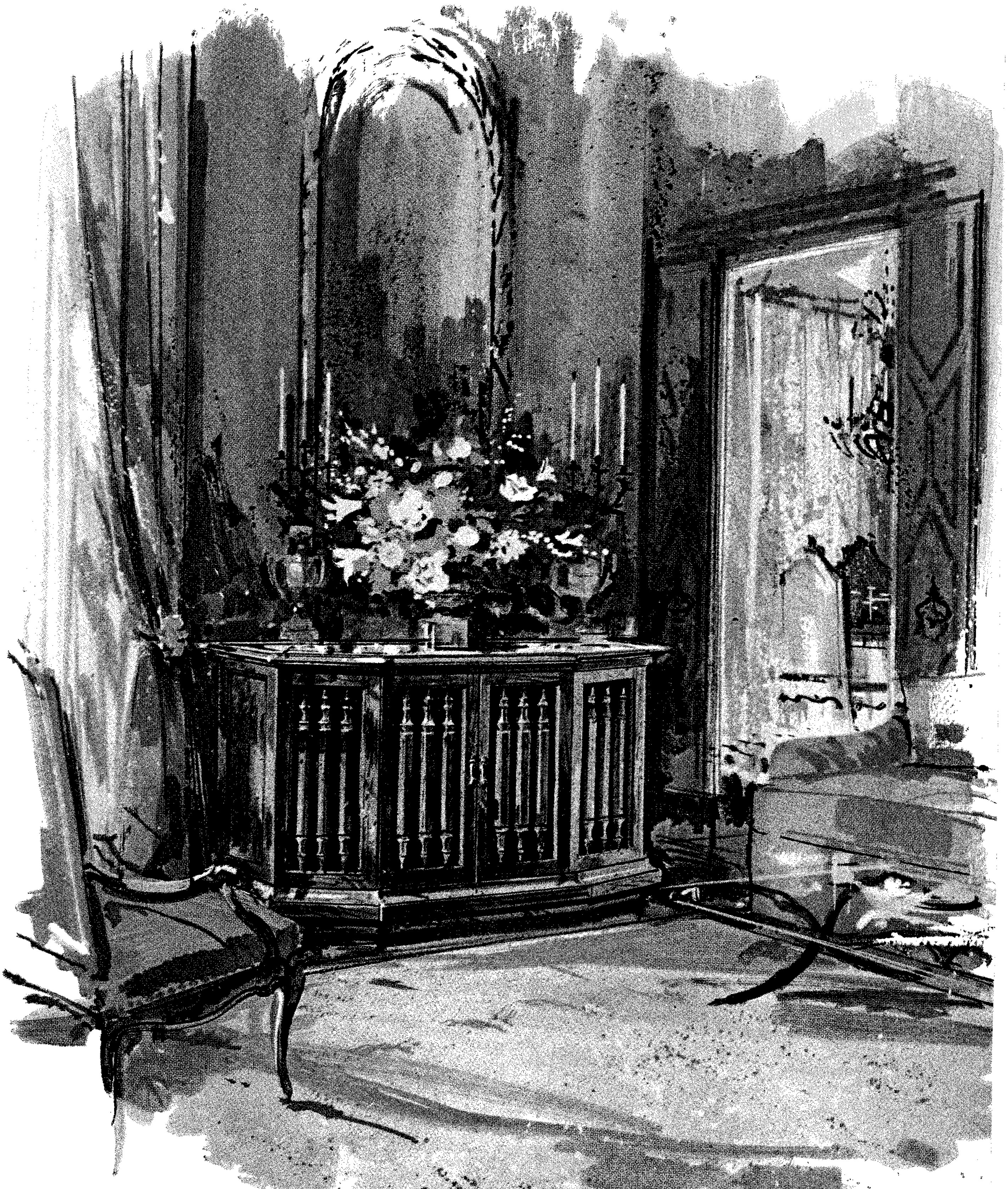


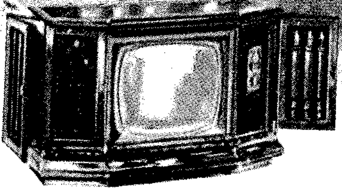
Hathaway® imports The Davies Club Shirt from Dublin. $30.

One of 11 original designs by Donald Davies. (The London Sunday Times called him the Chanel of men's shirting.) All hand-loomed and hand-dyed on the softest Australian wool at Mr. Davies' Dublin estate. Hathaway imports them all, exclusively.

For store names, and free Dictionary of Shirts and Shirtings, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine.

Hathaway is a division of The Warner Bros. Co.





Mediterranean Color Credenza with folding doors. Model 25LC138 fashioned in Pecan veneers and select solids. 25" rectangular picture tube is measured diagonally; 295 sq. in. overall viewing area.

Consider Sylvania color television *first.*
(A lot of excellent judges say it is.)

Here's why. We developed in our laboratories the color phosphor screen that produces the television picture. It contains rare earth Europium. It's much brighter and more faithful to the original color. Even though every other tube manufacturer has now begun to use a similar screen, you will find the Sylvania picture brighter . . . visibly better than others.

That's because we have a special way of air-spinning the phosphor onto the glass. And we have gone even further with a group of extra refinements, like tempering and prestabilizing the glass face of our tubes to assure better color purity during warm-up and throughout the picture tube's life.

We make our own tubes, of course. Our own electron gun, shadow mask and many of the other critical quality components. Make them so well, as a matter of fact, that every one of America's twenty-four television manufacturers buys some Sylvania tubes or parts for use in their sets.

But we use *all* of them.

That way, we're sure you'll be as proud to own Sylvania color television as we are to build it.

SYLVANIA

SUBSIDIARY OF
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS GT&E

ENTERTAINMENT PRODUCTS • ELECTRONIC COMPONENTS GROUP • PARTS DIVISION • CHEMICAL AND METALLURGICAL DIVISION

Slip, Sag, Bend, Yank are the rules of the game. Tired of playing? Try Top Brass 16″. It's *the* over-the-calf sock that's for real. It keeps its place all day long. No tugging...no shin-show.

No big secret to it either. We just use the best stretch yarns that are specially knit for more flexibility, assured stay-up. They hug firmly, hold stubbornly. To top it off, each sock is capped with an extra wide band using Lycra* spandex. So it can't possibly slip, bag or end up down around your ankles.

More than shin-security socks, Top Brass 16″ are fashion. As important to your appearance as the right tie. We prove it in 14 different styles ranging in price from $1.50 for stretch nylon to $4 for cashmere blends.

Wear Top Brass 16″ and you'll never be caught playing the stoop-and-tug game again. We promise.

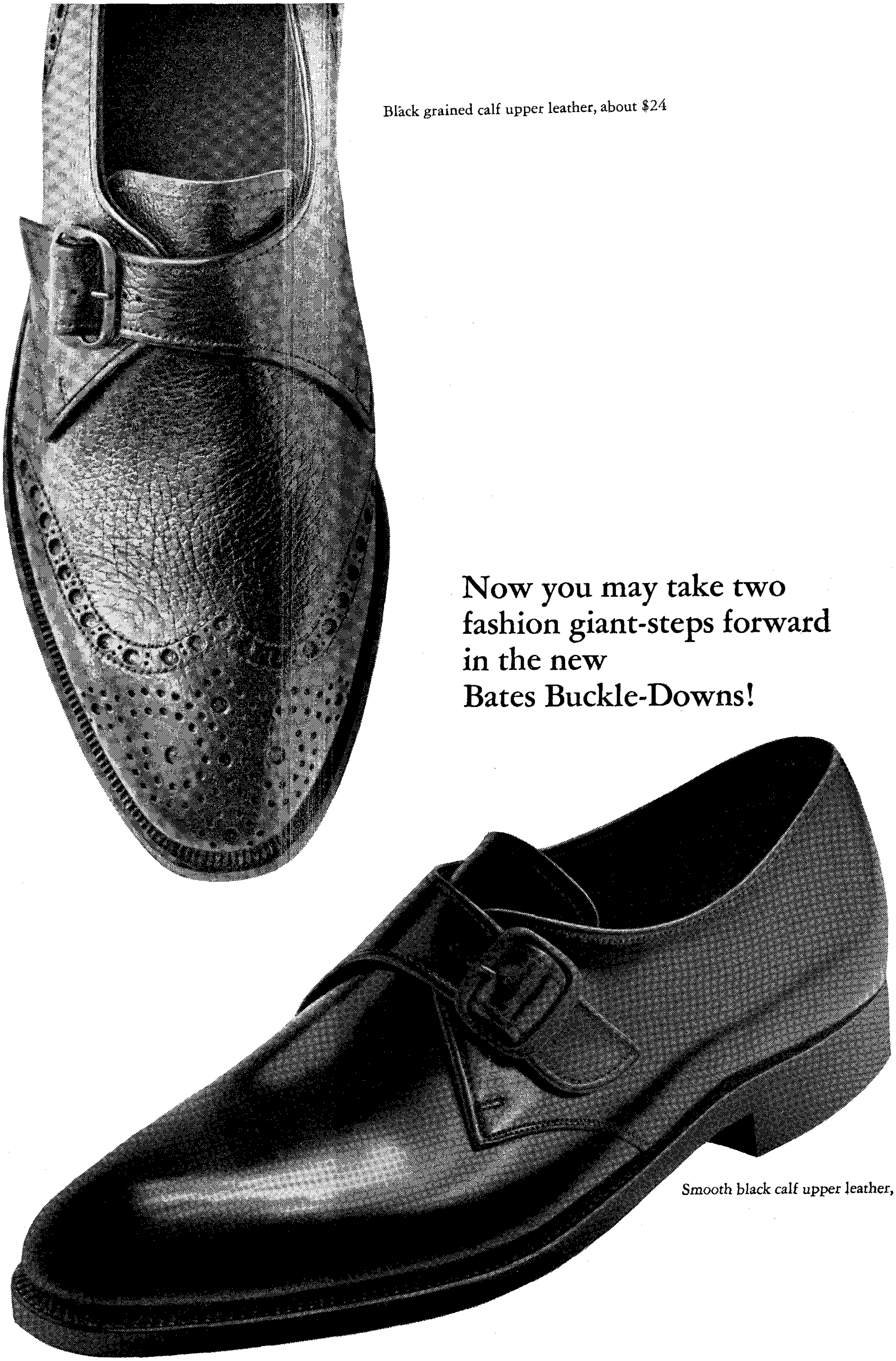
the Burlington sock.

Top Brass 16″®

The end of the stoop and tug game.

*DU PONT T.M.

Write to us for the store nearest you. BURLINGTON SOCKS, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019—Burlington Balfour Mills, A Division of Burlington Industries.

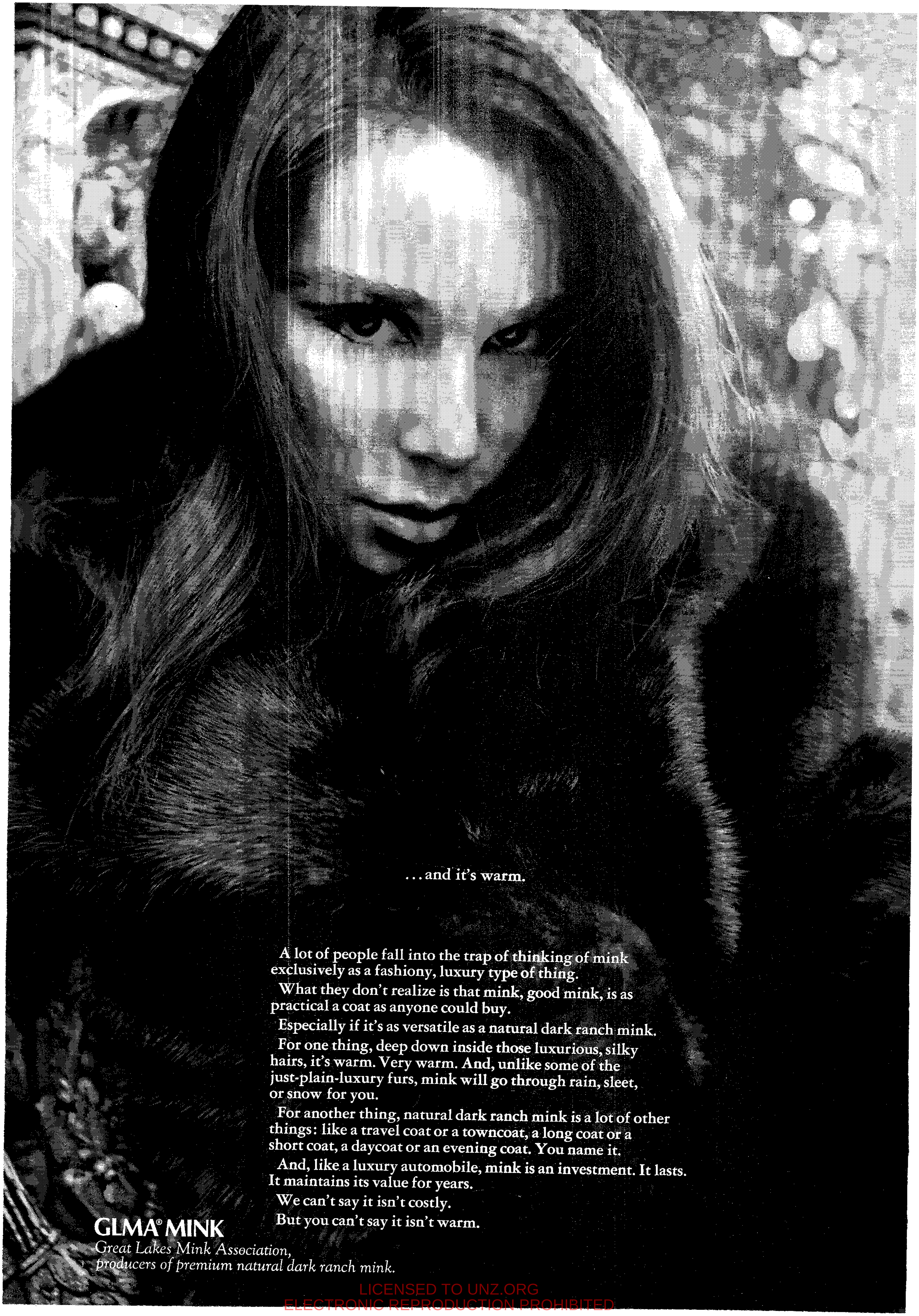


Black grained calf upper leather, about $24

Now you may take two fashion giant-steps forward in the new Bates Buckle-Downs!

Smooth black calf upper leather, about $24

BATES SHOE COMPANY · WEBSTER, MASSACHUSETTS



...and it's warm.

A lot of people fall into the trap of thinking of mink exclusively as a fashiony, luxury type of thing.

What they don't realize is that mink, good mink, is as practical a coat as anyone could buy.

Especially if it's as versatile as a natural dark ranch mink.

For one thing, deep down inside those luxurious, silky hairs, it's warm. Very warm. And, unlike some of the just-plain-luxury furs, mink will go through rain, sleet, or snow for you.

For another thing, natural dark ranch mink is a lot of other things: like a travel coat or a towncoat, a long coat or a short coat, a daycoat or an evening coat. You name it.

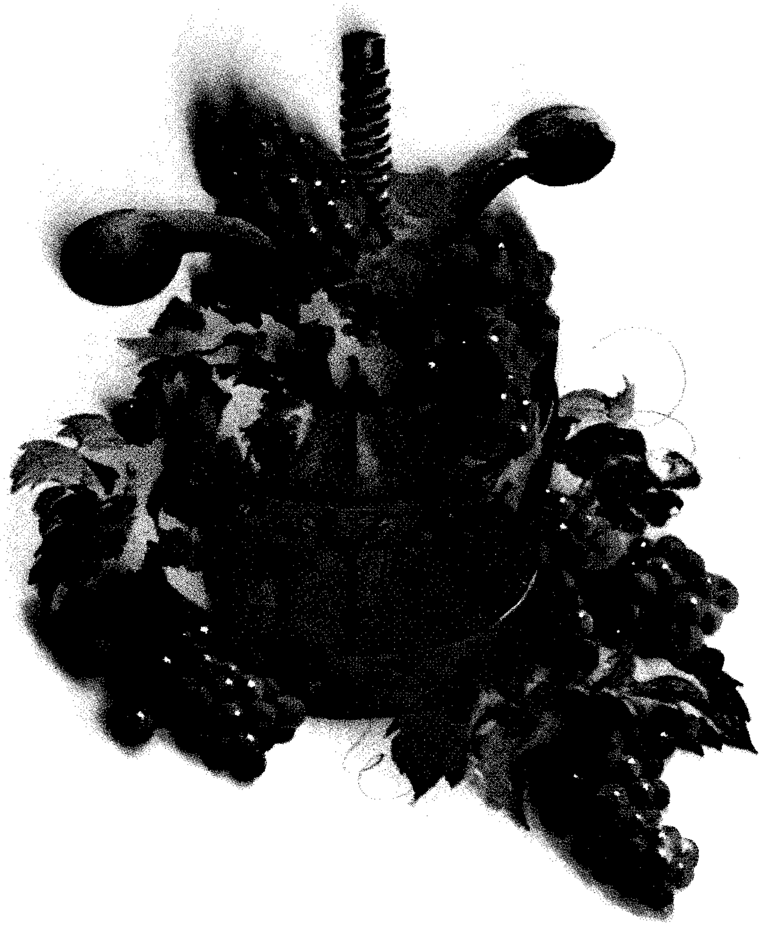
And, like a luxury automobile, mink is an investment. It lasts. It maintains its value for years.

We can't say it isn't costly.

But you can't say it isn't warm.

GLMA® MINK

Great Lakes Mink Association,
producers of premium natural dark ranch mink.



We have a crush on premium wine grapes

ALMADÉN
GRENACHE ROSÉ

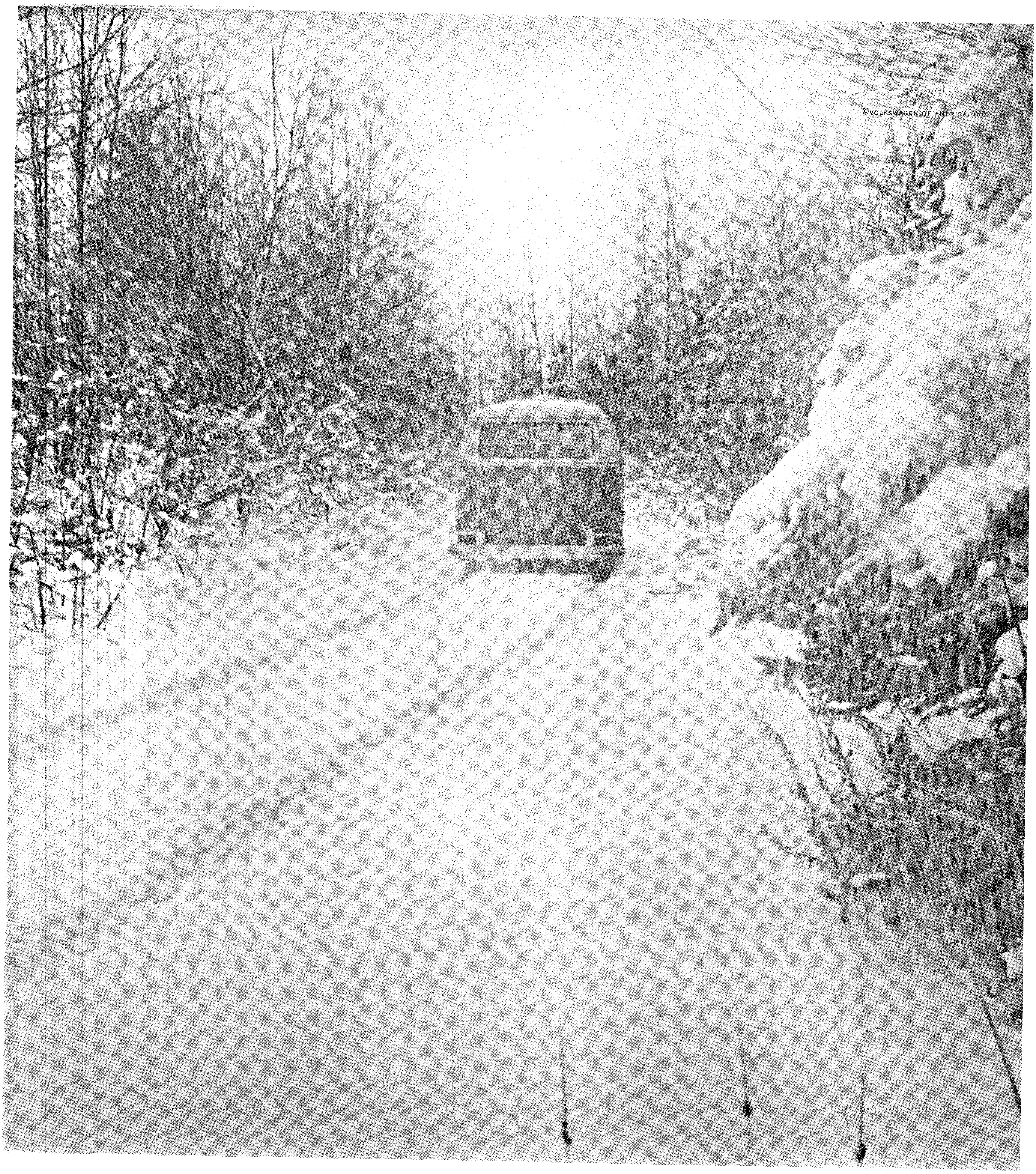
Our special love? Premium European varietal grapes... source of the finest wines. Trouble is, they're choosy about where they'll grow.

Yet we can grow *all* of these famous European grapes. Our secret? It's a rare combination of ideal soil, climate, elevation...high on the cool, sun-washed slopes of California's Gavilan Range... at Almadén's Paicines Mountain Vineyards. Here, at the world's largest vineyards of superior wine grapes, all European varietals prosper to our own high standards of quality. Quality that is evident in every Almadén wine.

So compliment your dinners, and your dinner guests. Serve Almadén. Your friends will develop a crush on your choice of wine...and you!

ALMADÉN

For our free News from the Vineyards, write Almadén Vineyards, P.O. Box 997-E, Los Gatos, California



©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

A beautiful day to own a Volkswagen Station Wagon.

On Monday, January 24, 1966, an estimated 262,825,033.74 tons of snow fell upon the United States of America.

In Fraser, Colorado, a VW Station Wagon that stood for days out in temperatures of 25 below, started up without a tremble.

In Scarsdale, a lonely VW was blazing a trail to the commuter station.

In Albany, a VW took 8 angry neighbors down to the local service station for 8 sets of chains.

In Moline, a VW woman was first in line at the A&P Steak Sale.

Up in Boston, a group of college kids were finding out how many toboggans they could stuff into 170 cubic feet of VW space.

A Milwaukee junior hockey team won its game by default.

On Monday, January 24, 1966, not too many Volkswagens were sold in the United States.

On Tuesday, things picked up.

How can anything 9 feet long save space?

It was no cinch combining a 65 watt solid state amplifier, an FM/AM/FM Stereo tuner, a turntable, a portable color TV or tape deck*, two comfortable end seats, a multitude of speakers plus storage space for albums. But G.E. did it and it's called the Executive 108.

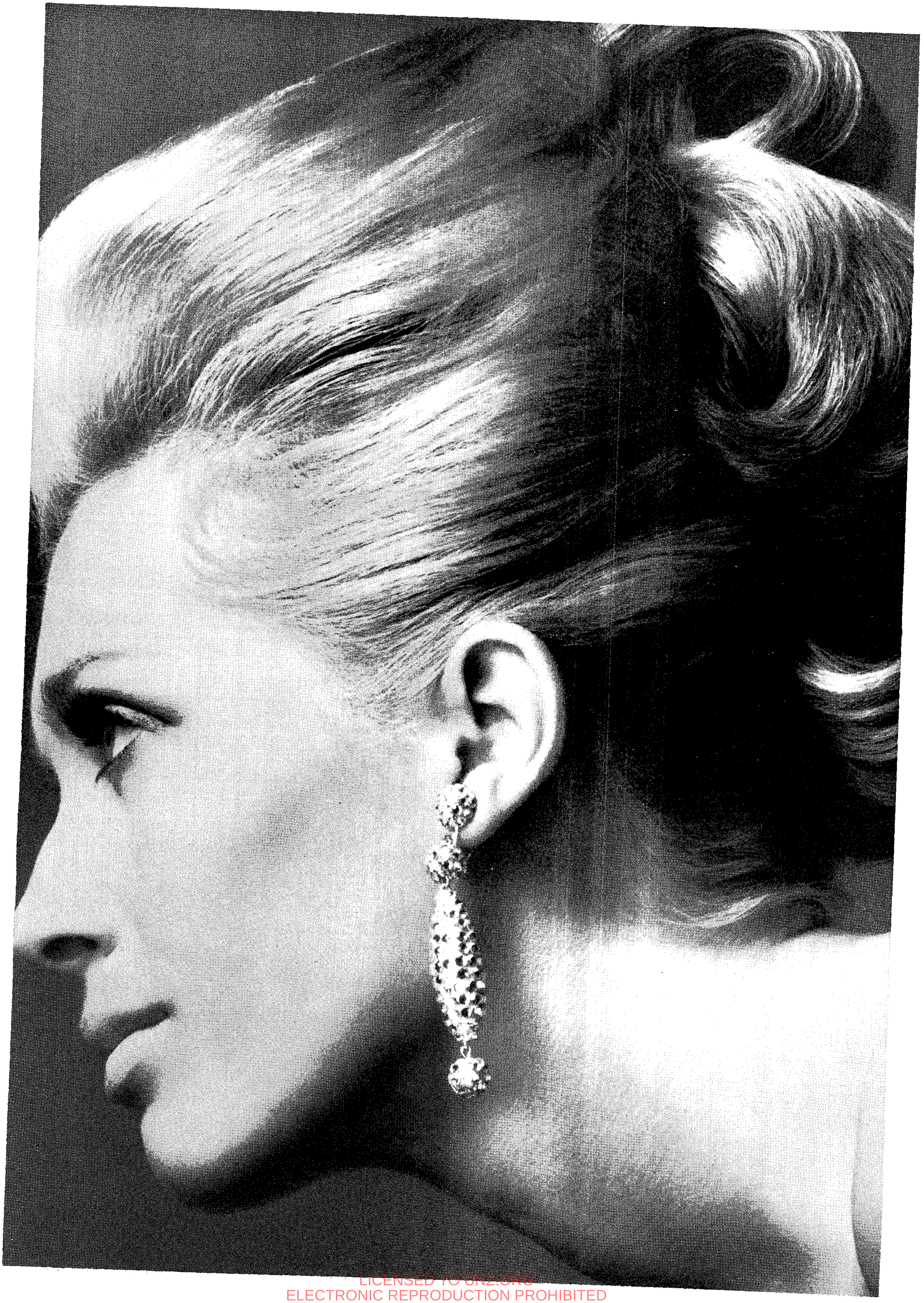
You don't have a wall nine feet long? No problem. The Executive 108 is actually two units, each 54″ long. And because they're completely finished on both sides, you can arrange them any way you want... from an "L" shaped set-up for that problem corner, to a nine foot room divider, or perhaps under that picture window. Don't worry about spoiling the view. The Executive 108 is only 18¾ inches high.

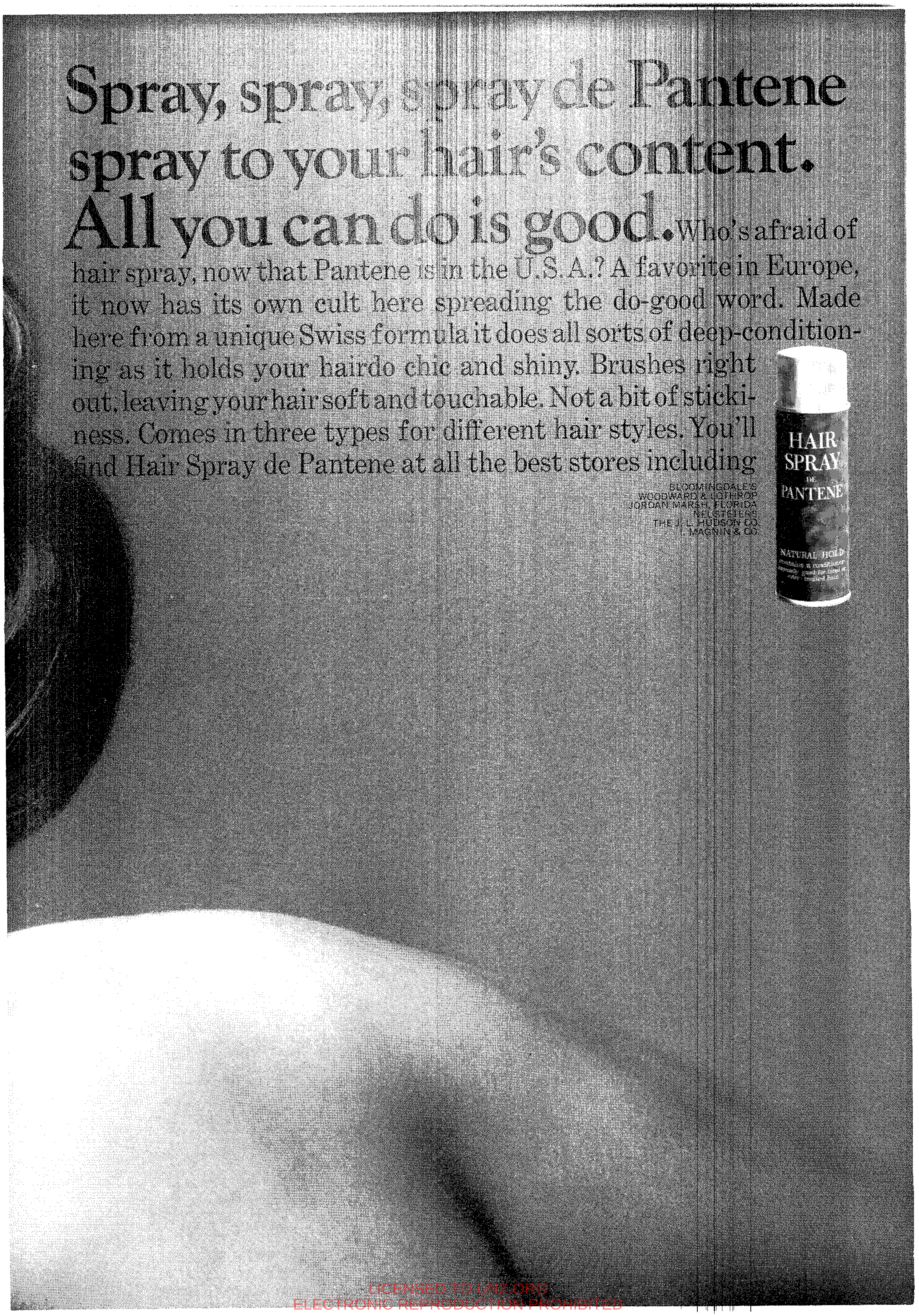
And who says "you can't take it with you"? With Porta-Fi, G.E.'s exclusive optional speaker system that plugs into any wall outlet, you can have sound anywhere in the house. There are no wires to follow you around. Just sound.

*Portable television and tape deck are optional.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Audio Products Department, Decatur, Illinois

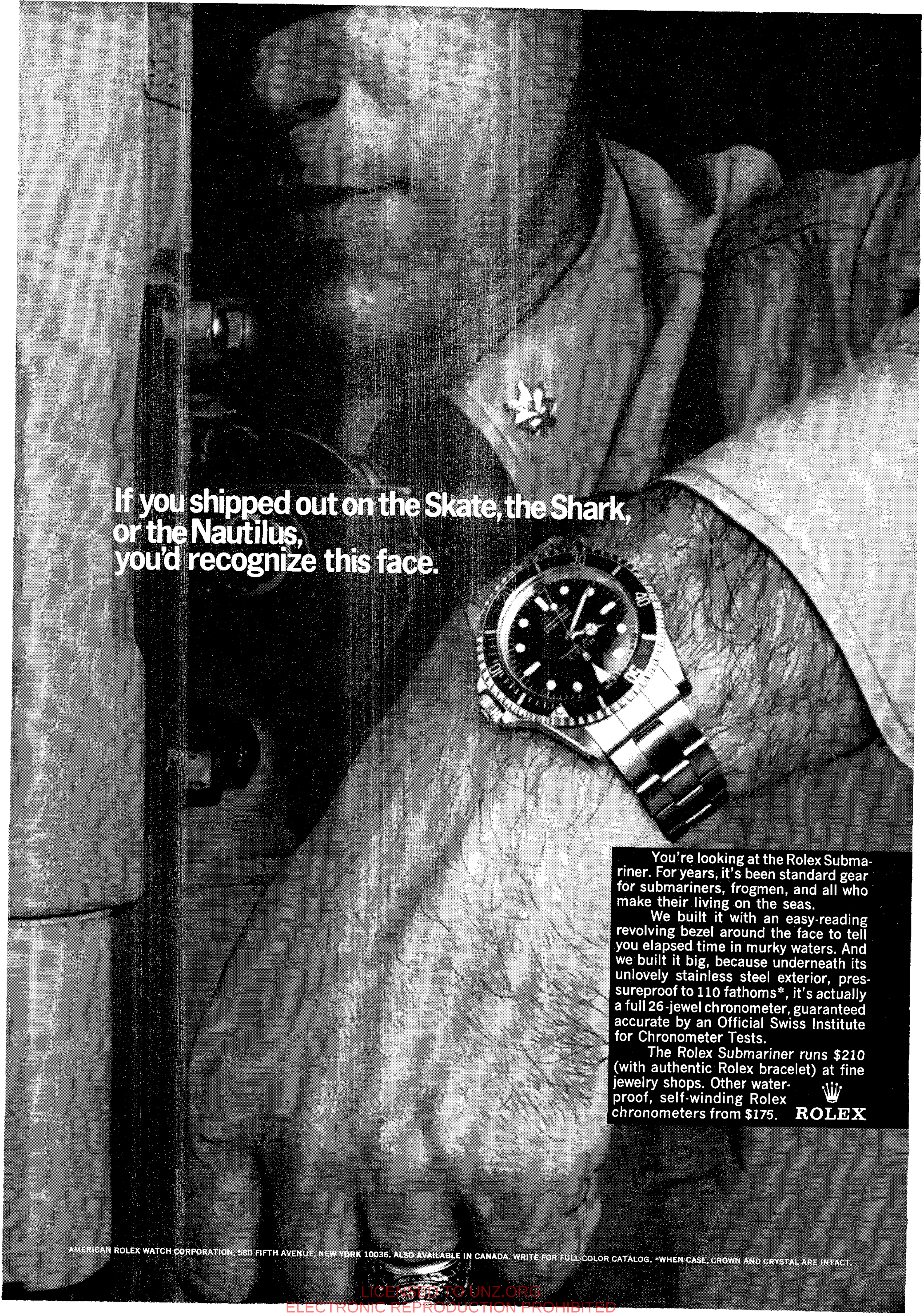




Spray, spray, spray de Pantene spray to your hair's content. All you can do is good.

Who's afraid of hair spray, now that Pantene is in the U.S.A.? A favorite in Europe, it now has its own cult here spreading the do-good word. Made here from a unique Swiss formula it does all sorts of deep-conditioning as it holds your hairdo chic and shiny. Brushes right out, leaving your hair soft and touchable. Not a bit of stickiness. Comes in three types for different hair styles. You'll find Hair Spray de Pantene at all the best stores including

BLOOMINGDALE'S
WOODWARD & LOTHROP
JORDAN MARSH, FLORIDA
NEUSTETERS
THE J. L. HUDSON CO.
I. MAGNIN & CO.


If you shipped out on the Skate, the Shark,
or the Nautilus,
you'd recognize this face.

You're looking at the Rolex Submariner. For years, it's been standard gear for submariners, frogmen, and all who make their living on the seas.

We built it with an easy-reading revolving bezel around the face to tell you elapsed time in murky waters. And we built it big, because underneath its unlovely stainless steel exterior, pressureproof to 110 fathoms*, it's actually a full 26-jewel chronometer, guaranteed accurate by an Official Swiss Institute for Chronometer Tests.

The Rolex Submariner runs $210 (with authentic Rolex bracelet) at fine jewelry shops. Other waterproof, self-winding Rolex chronometers from $175.

ROLEX

AMERICAN ROLEX WATCH CORPORATION, 580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10036. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA. WRITE FOR FULL-COLOR CATALOG. *WHEN CASE, CROWN AND CRYSTAL ARE INTACT.

Most people wouldn't dream of visiting the Difficult Countries alone.

It's not that you need a guide. You need someone to share your experiences with.

It's more fun that way, because The Difficult Countries are crowded with attractions for people with specialized interests.

If you're a ski nut, there's no reason to stow your gear when the slopes turn to grass. The seasons in The Difficult Countries work in reverse, providing the finest summer skiing in the world.

If you're a railroad buff, you can travel on some of the most interesting railroads anywhere. Many of them marvels of high-altitude engineering. Bring your group along and arrange for a private train, complete with steam locomotive.

If you're a hiking, camping or climbing enthusiast, welcome to the world's most varied terrain. Enjoy such novelties as spending the night inside a live volcano, sleeping in army jungle posts, and visiting places that have yet to be discovered.

Bird watchers can count on 1556 different species in one country alone (that's twice as many species as in the entire United States). Everything from Buff-Tailed Sickelbill to Gray-Breasted Moutain Toucan.

The list of specialized attractions is a long one.

Gourmets will find Curanto, Anticucho, Cebiche and the fabled Pisco Sour.

Art lovers will feast on Pre-Colombian works.

Archaeologists will have a field day roaming the Inca ruins.

Shoppers will overload their baggage at colorful indian markets...and in duty-free ports.

Flower lovers will wander through valleys dripping with orchids.

Fishermen will find White, Blue and Black Marlin.

Hunters will find jaguar.

And everyone will find his own particular brand of happiness.

That's how much The Difficult Countries have to offer.

When are you leaving?

The Difficult Countries
P.O. Box 2987
New York, New York 10017

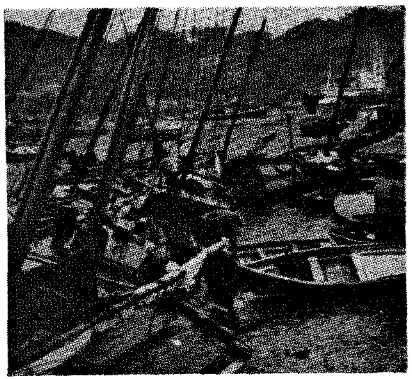
I realize that when you say "Difficult Countries" you mean "difficult" to tear yourself away from. Nevertheless, torment me with fascinating literature. My quarter (25¢) is enclosed.

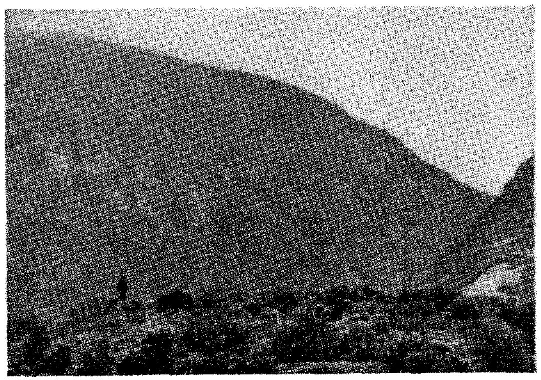
Name____________________

Address____________________

City________________State________

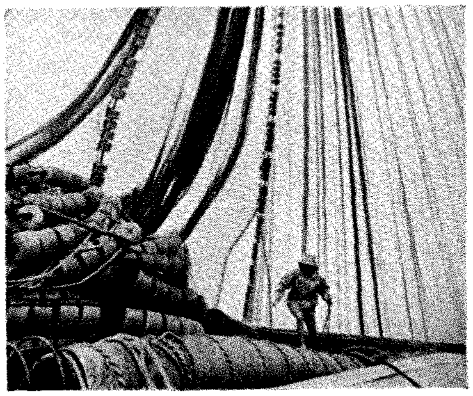
The Difficult Countries

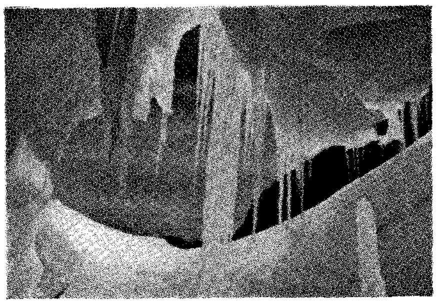

Chile

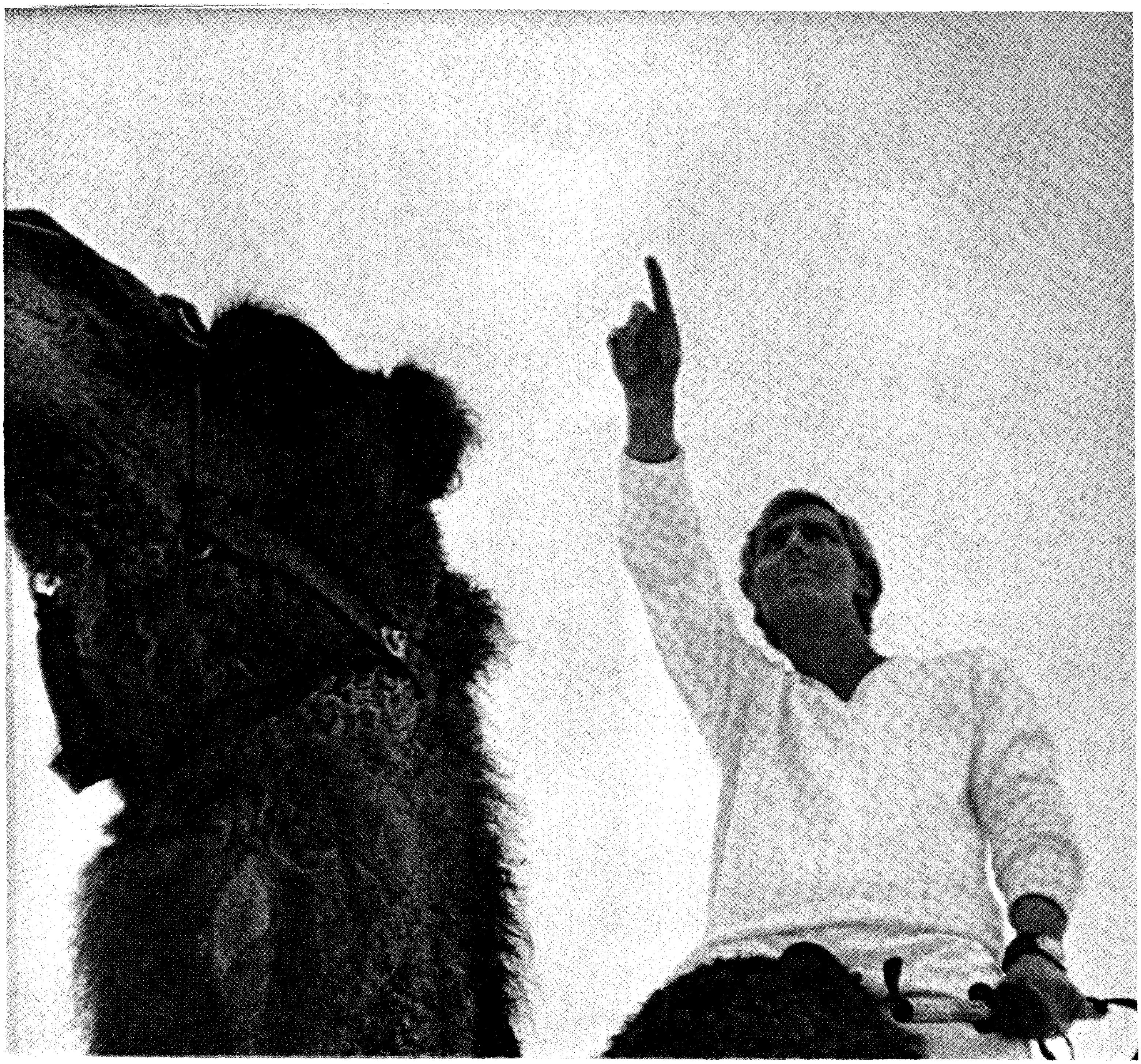

Colombia

Ecuador

Panama


Peru


Venezuela



"Lawrence"
by Bernhard Altmann,
those people you thought
knit only cashmere classics

A DIVISION OF McGREGOR DONIGER, INC., N.Y., N.Y. 10019

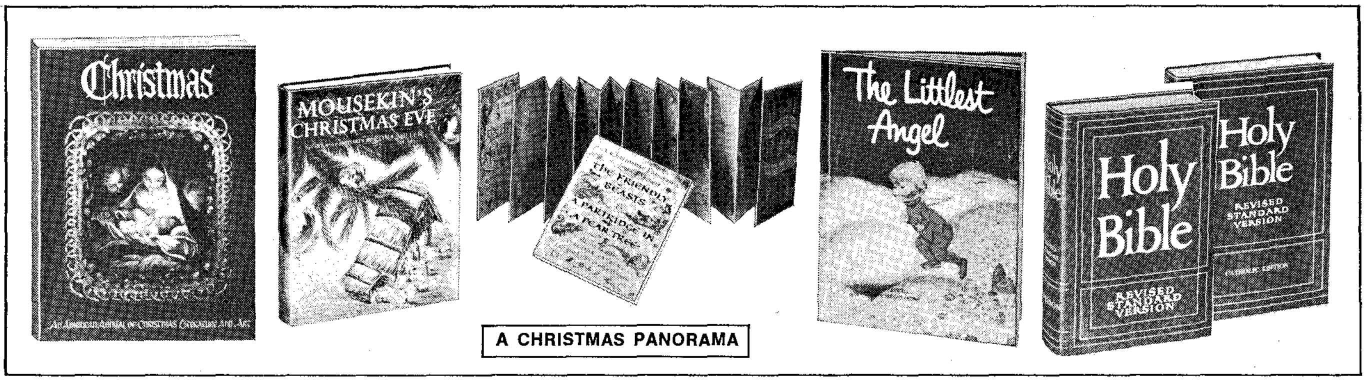
The most fabulous man you know should have the world's most fabulous sweater. Thick, rich cashmere, it's knit from the purest white yarns fine combed over and over to remove tiny black hairs, minute imperfections. Subtly patterned with fine precision cables few knitters have the know-how for, Bernhard Altmann has done this sweater in limited quantities. Its cost is about 40.00. To inquire about buying one, write Bernhard Altmann, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019.

Bernhard Altmann
THE LEGEND OF A GREAT KNITTER

The Spirit of Christmas

A book is
more than a gift . . .
it is a compliment

Hieronymus Bosch, THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Kennedy Fund, 1912.


Christmas
An American Annual of Christmas Literature and Art
Mousekin's Christmas Eve
The Friendly Beasts
A Partridge in a Pear Tree
The Littlest Angel
Holy Bible
Revised Standard Version
Holy Bible
Revised Standard Version
Catholic Edition
A CHRISTMAS PANORAMA

1A. CHRISTMAS: An American Annual of Christmas Literature and Art. Vol. 36. Ed.: R. E. Haugan. Adds fresh sparkle to the holiday with its literary, artistic treasures. 10⅜ x 13¾. Augsburg. Gift Ed. in envelope. $1.50. **1B.** Cloth Ed. $3.50

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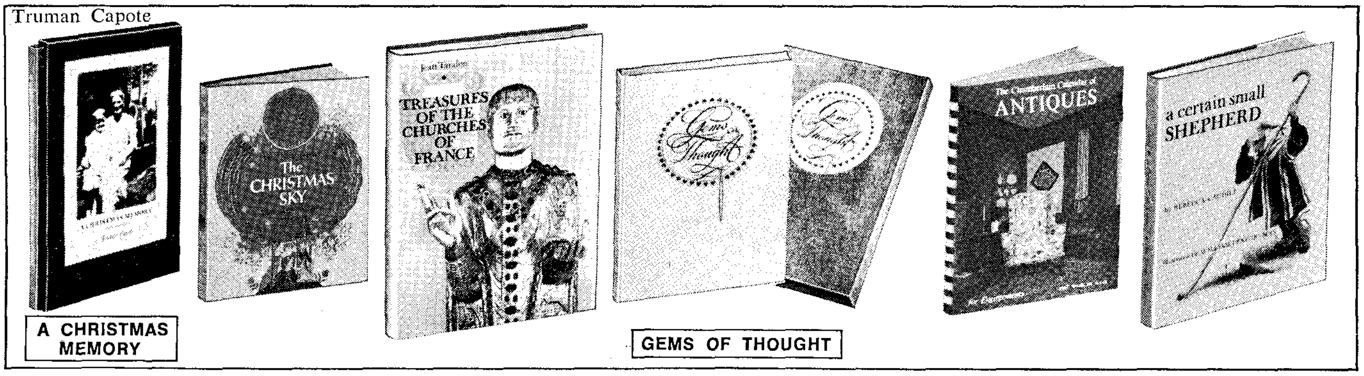
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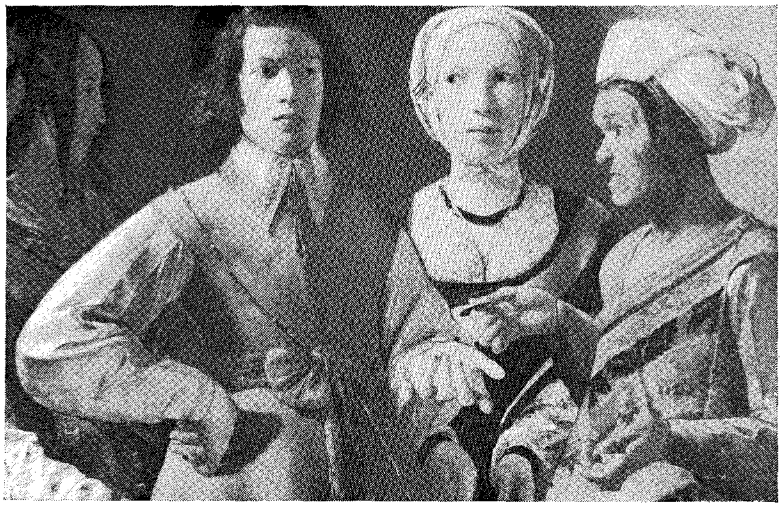
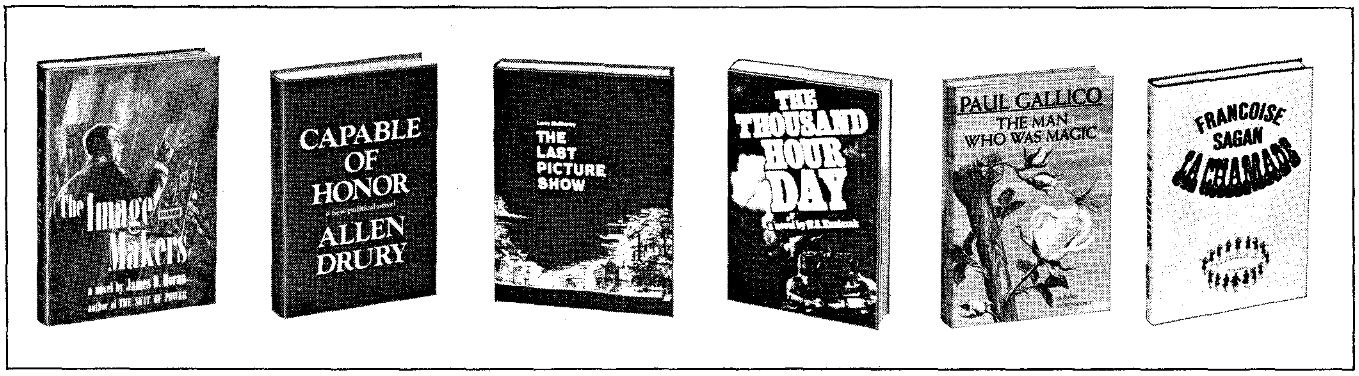


Georges de La Tour, THE FORTUNE TELLER. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Rogers Fund, 1960.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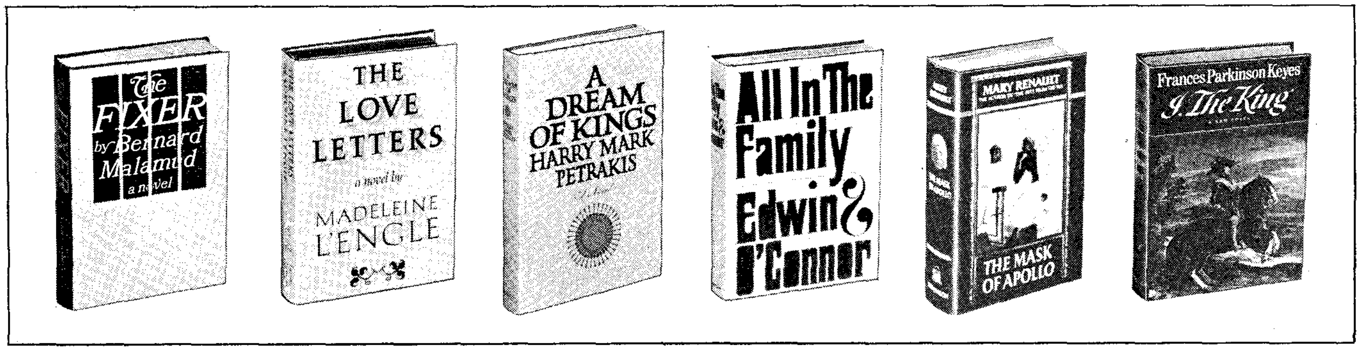
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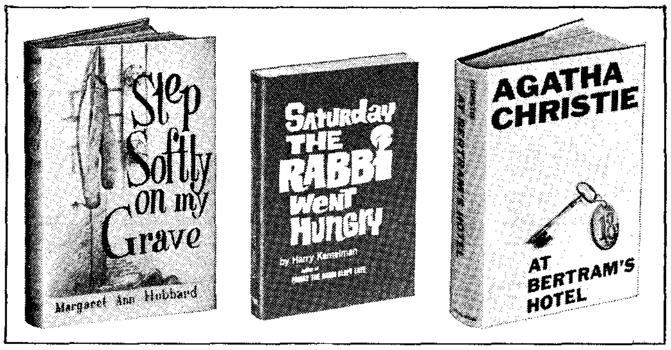
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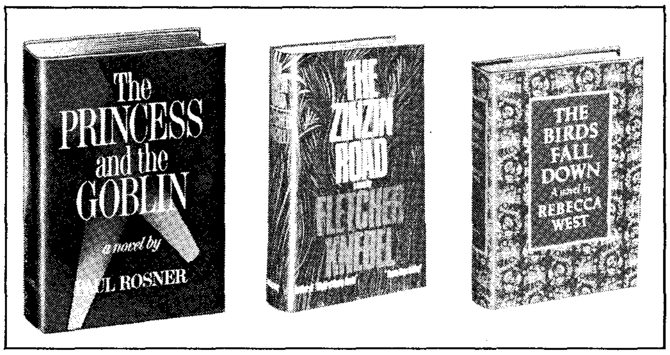
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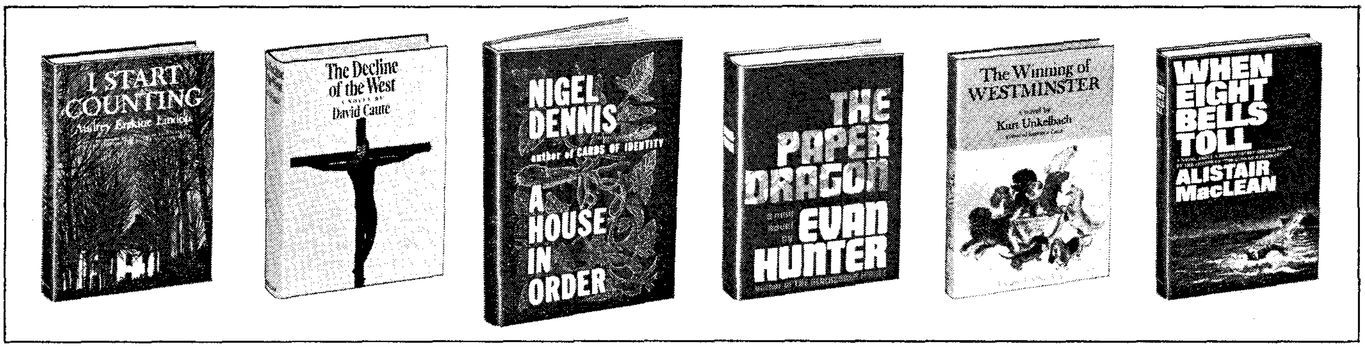
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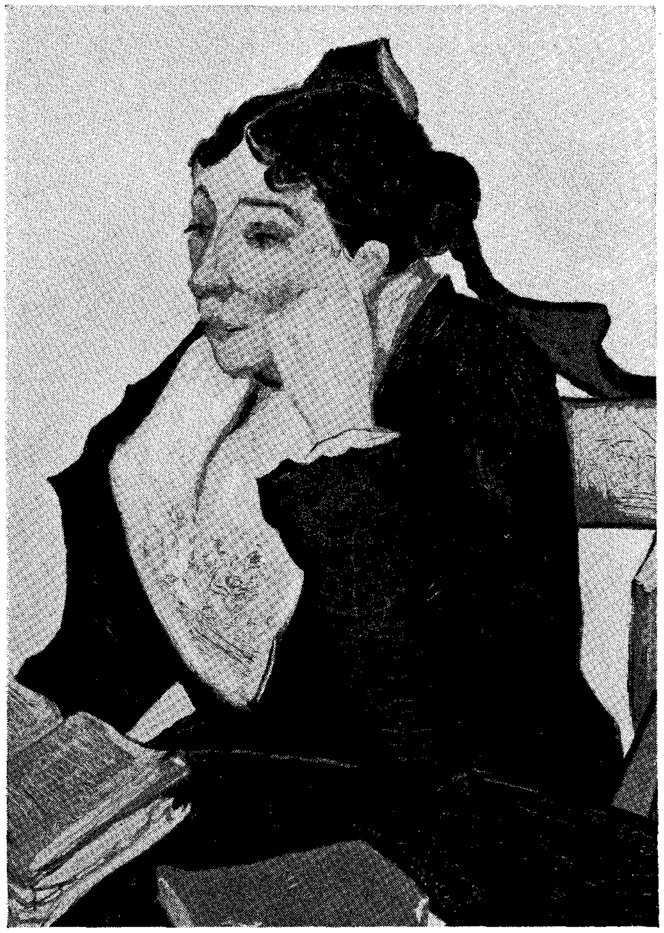

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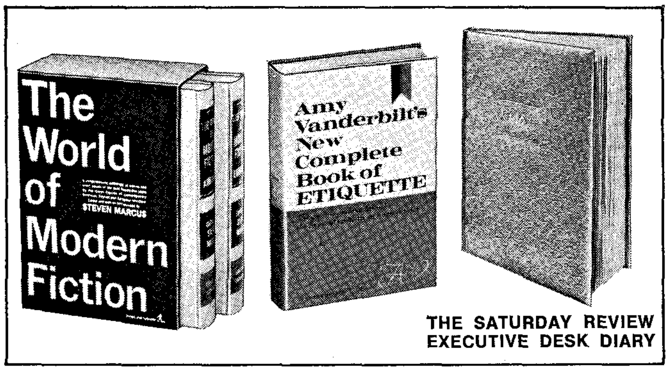
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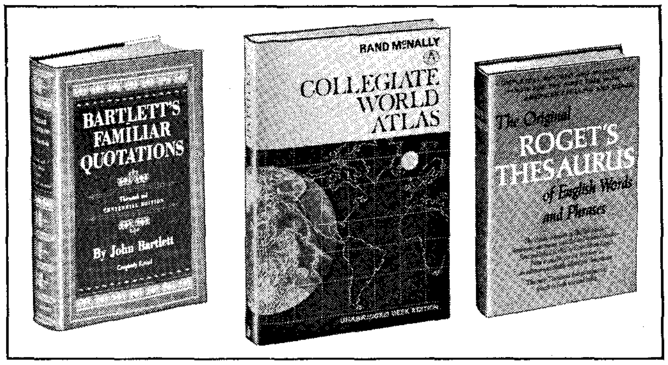
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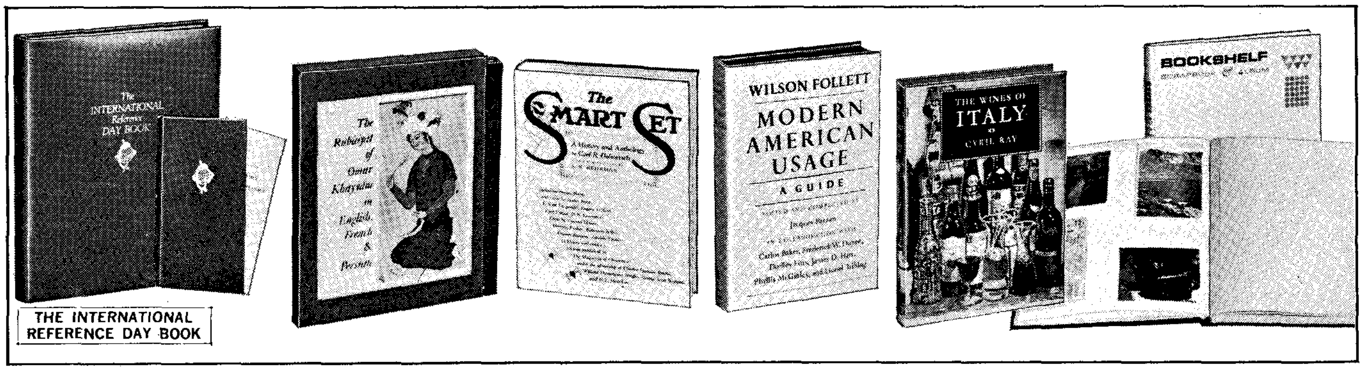
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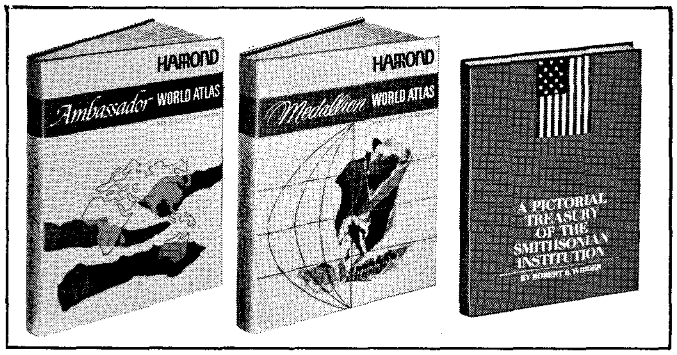

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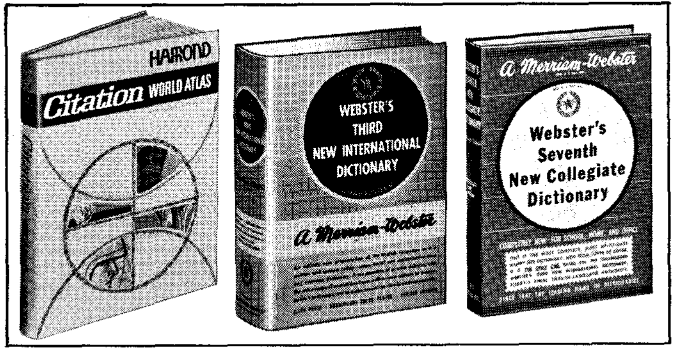
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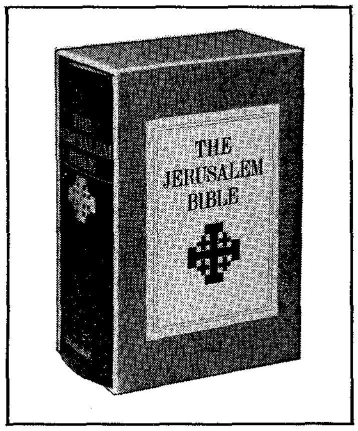

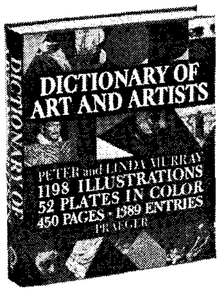

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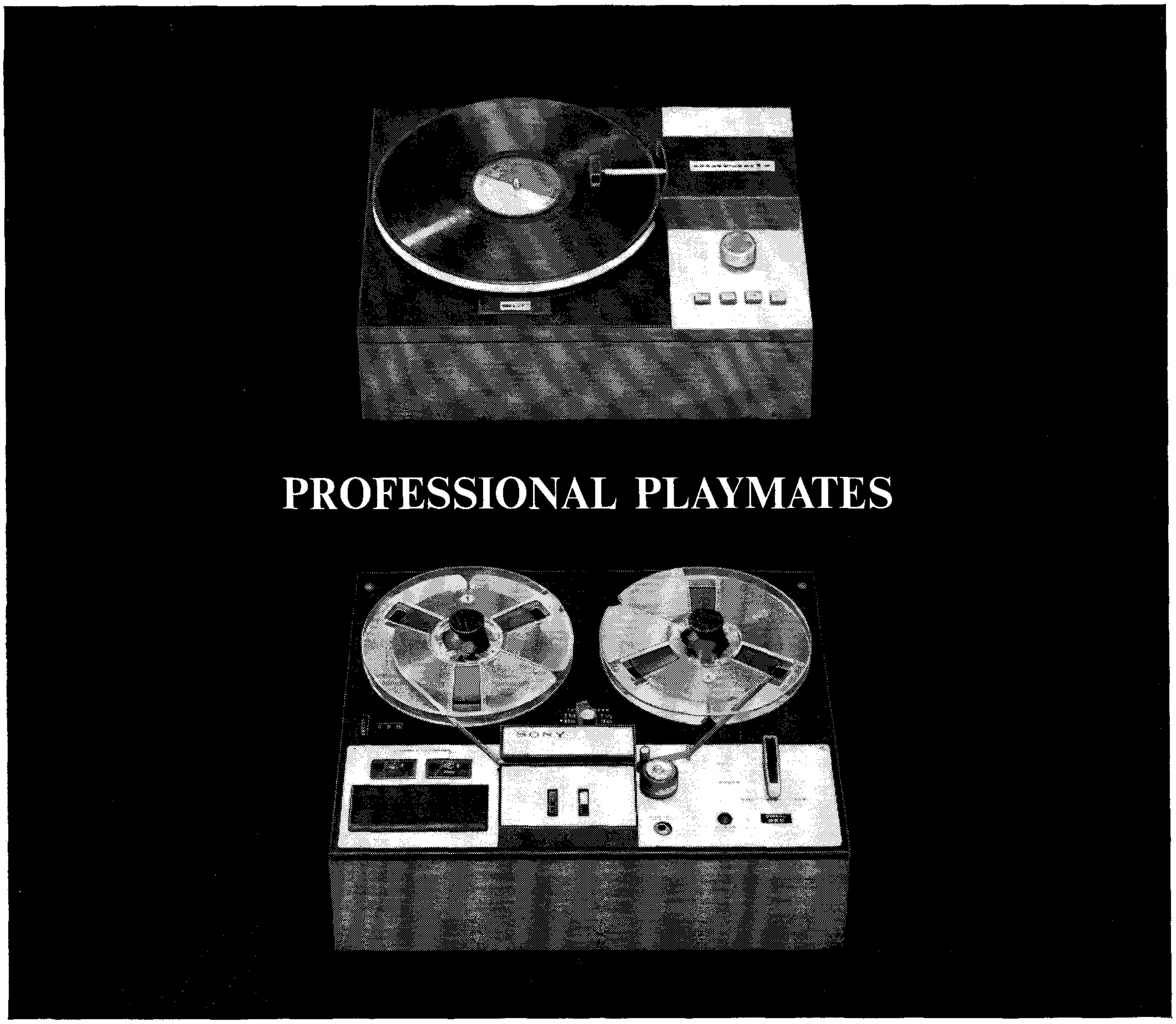

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Selecting the brilliant new Sony Solid State 350 to fulfill the stereo tape recording and playback functions of your professional component music system will also enduringly compliment your impeccable taste and passion for music at its finest. With an instant connection to your other stereo components, the versatile two-speed Sony 350 places at your pleasure a full array of professional features, including: 3 heads for tape and source monitoring. Vertical or horizontal operation. Belt-free, true capstan drive. Stereo recording amplifiers and playback pre-amps. Dual V U meters. Automatic sentinel switch. Frequency response 50-15,000 cps ± 2db. S.N. ratio plus 50db. Flutter and wow under 0.15%. Richly handsome gold and black decor with luxurious walnut grained low profile base. This remarkable instrument is yours at the equally remarkable price of less than $199.50. Should you want to add portability to all this, there's the Model 350C, mounted in handsome dark gray and satin-chrome carrying case, at less than $219.50. *For information write Superscope, Inc., Sun Valley, Calif.*

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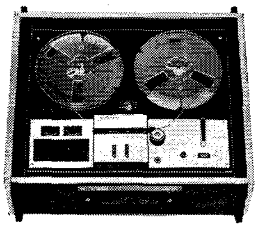

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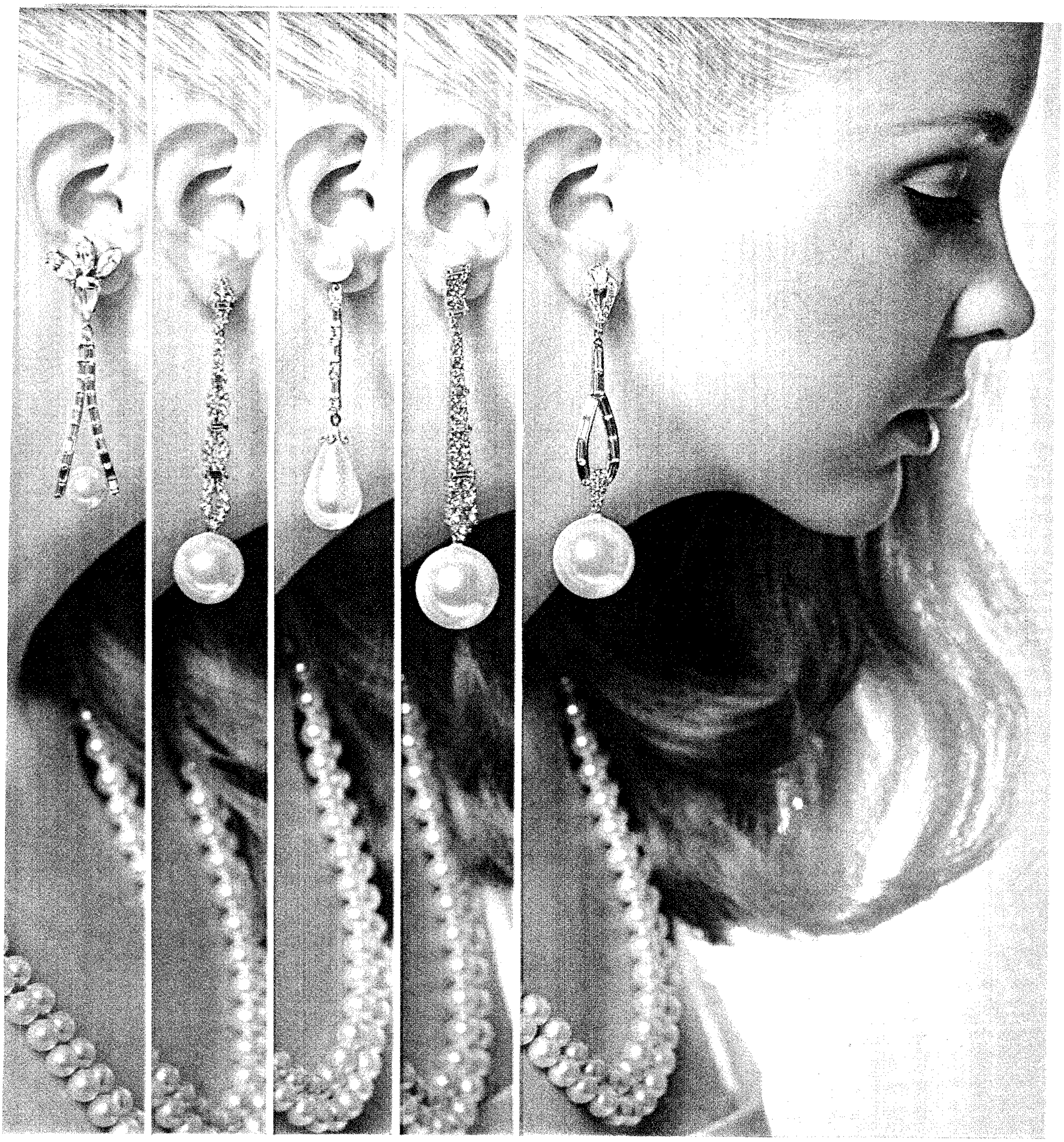

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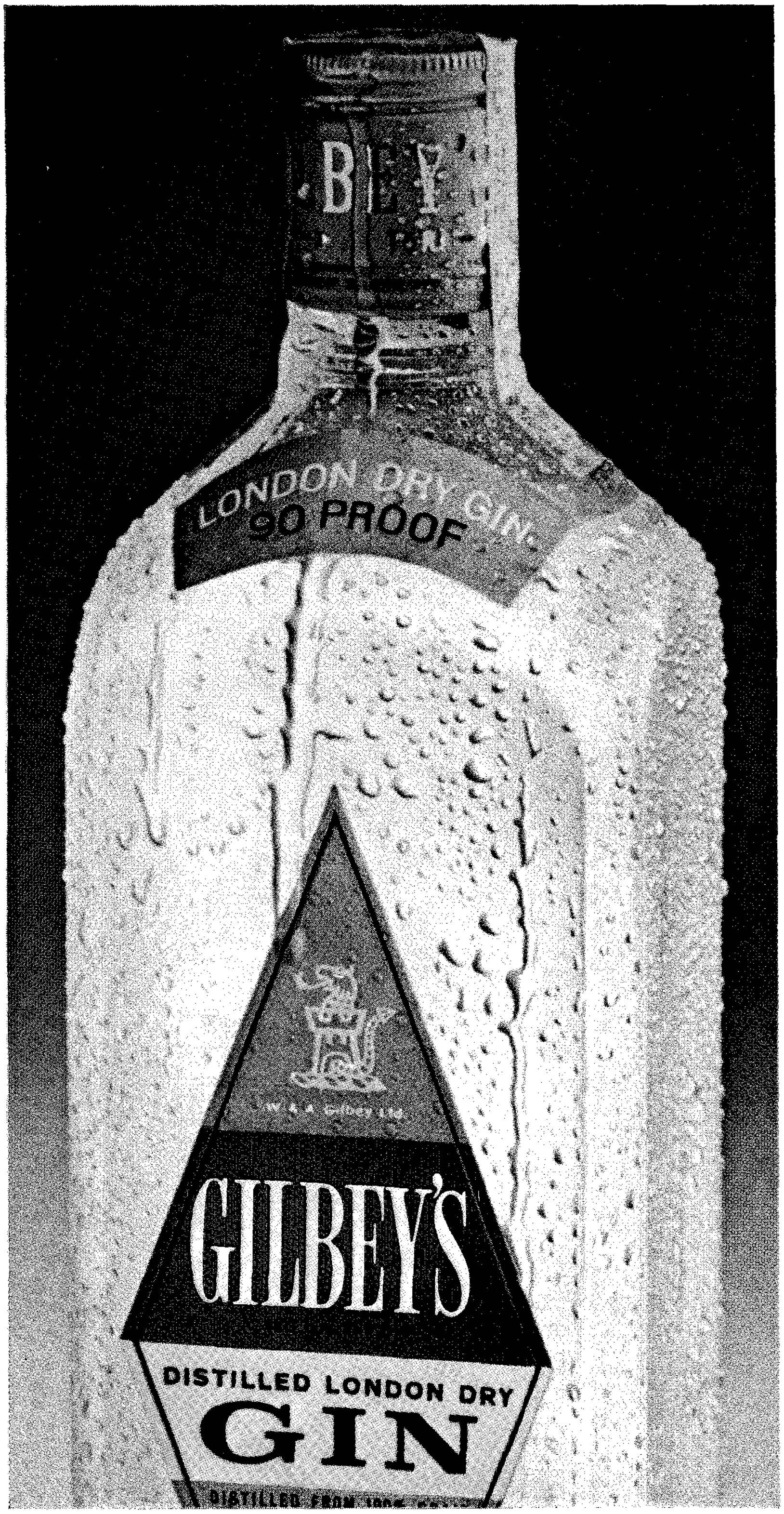
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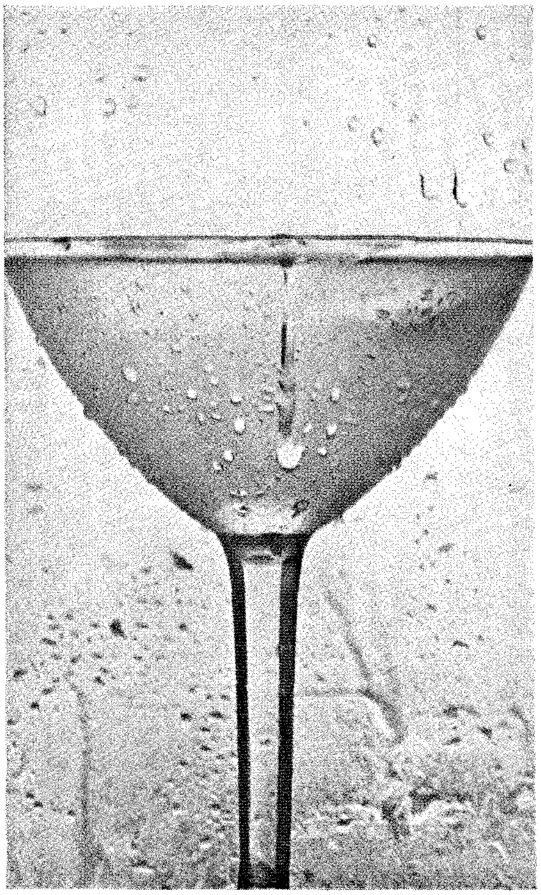

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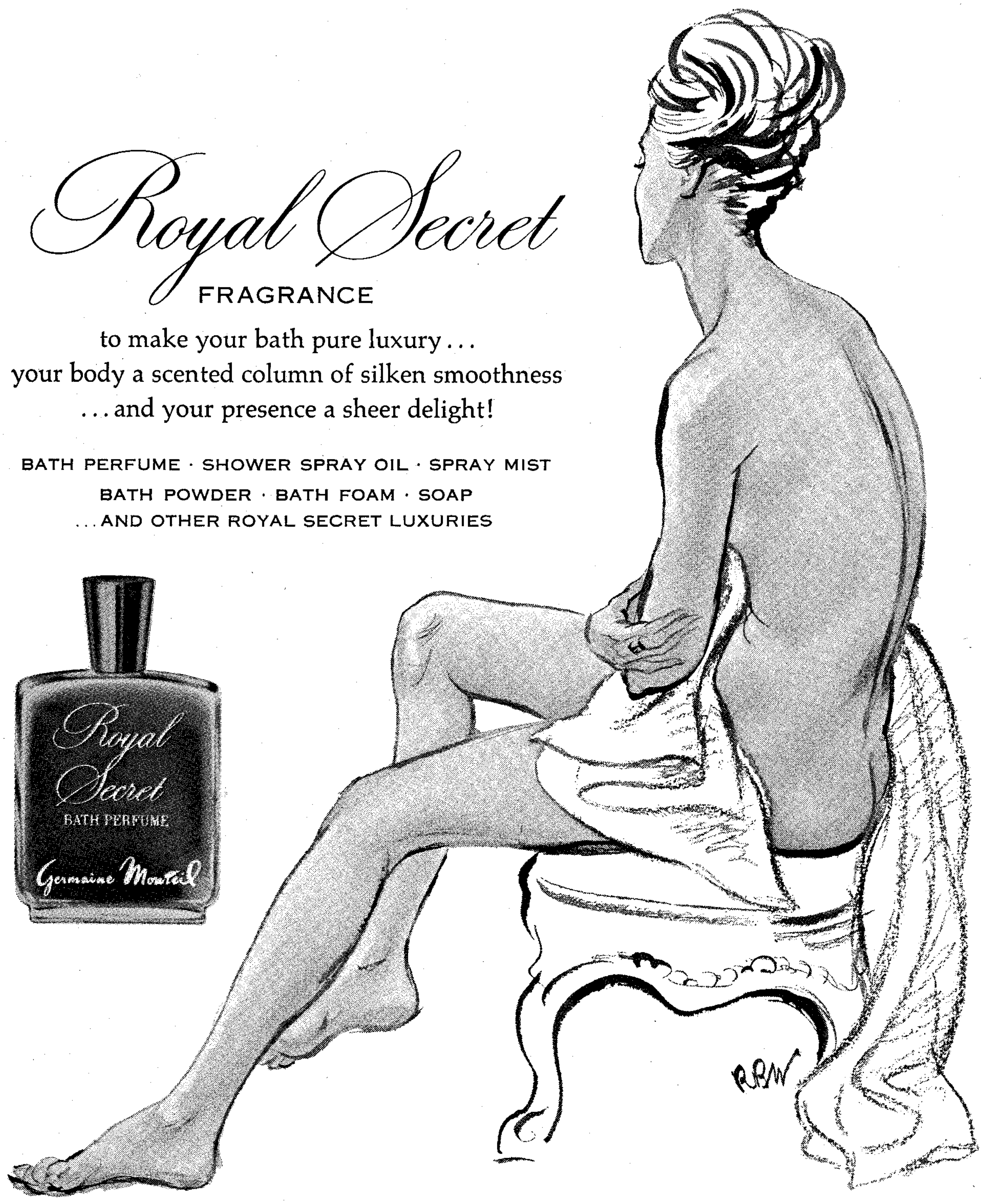
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

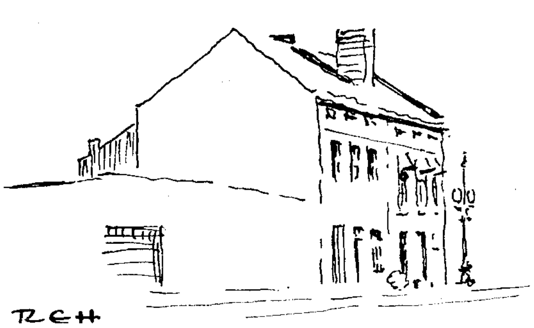
Notes and Comment

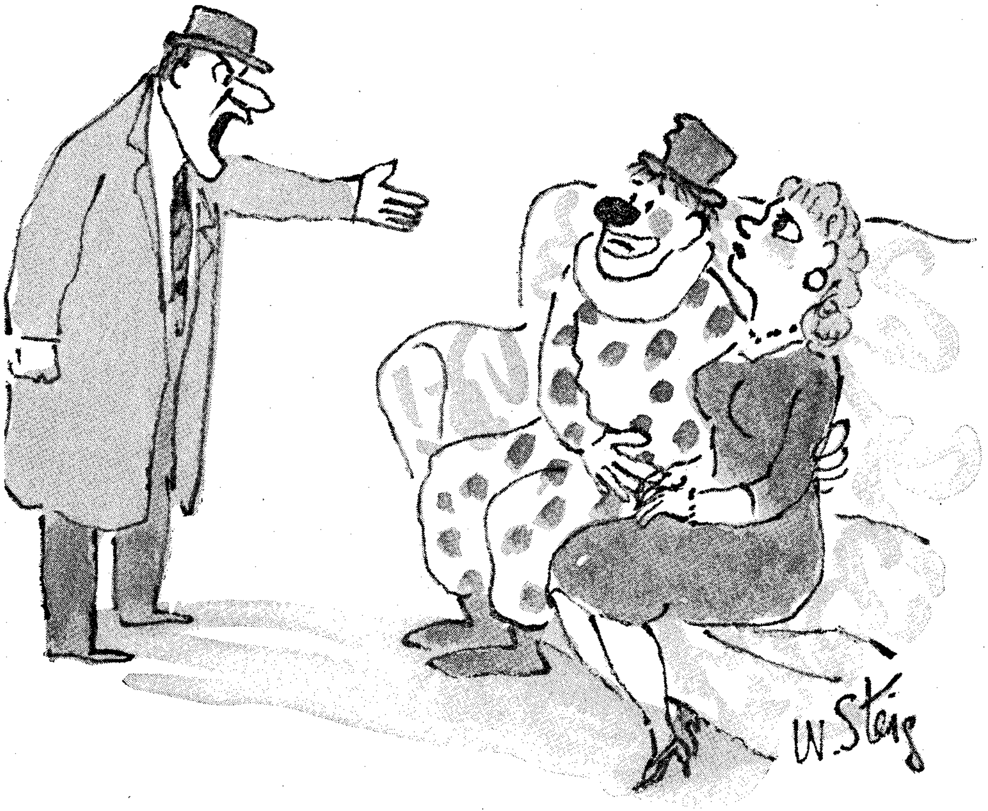
WE think it is a splendid notion that the President of the United States feels that he must be close to the people wherever he and they happen to be, but there have been times lately when it has struck us that Mr. Johnson may be pushing matters a bit too far. His recent Asian journey and his whirlwind tour of the metropolitan area a few weeks ago are cases in point. Mr. Johnson is, of course, not content to stand up and be seen. He wants not only to be seen but to be touched and to touch. From the reports we read, he touches everything remotely within the radius of touchability: men, women, children, hair, legs, arms, buttonholes, neckties, curbstones, barricades—anything he can reach. There are moments when, observing his widespread global embraces, we cannot dismiss the thought that he is dead-set determined to touch or be touched by each and every one of the approximately three billion two hundred million human beings on earth. For most men, this would be a manifest impossibility (too *many* people, too *many* places), but, given Mr. Johnson's strength and drive, he may have made up his mind to have a go at it. There is little that an astonished world can do in a situation of this sort except to sit back, somewhat anxiously, and wait to be touched. As things stand, we figure that Mr. Johnson will have hit the three-billion mark somewhere around the hundred-and-fifty-sixth week of his second full term. He can then polish off the remaining two hundred million during an intensive weekend in Asia Minor and the Boston area. This will leave him some fifty-one weeks in office—ample time (presuming he sits still and doesn't start re-touching people) to complete some of the great goals he has set for himself and his country.

Victorygraph

ACCORDING to representatives of the television networks, the coverage of the national elections this year is going to be colorized and computerized as never before. A few days ago, to get a preview of what we will be in for over at least one channel on Election Night, we journeyed up to the production headquarters, on West Fifty-seventh Street, of the Columbia Broadcasting System. There we were shown into Studio 41, a cavernous area that used to house "The Ed Sullivan Show" but was now being converted into one vast, circular-walled, klieg-hung, electronically bugged, zoomar-surveyed Delphic well. The only visible remains of "The Ed Sullivan Show" consisted of a "PLEASE APPLAUD" sign, now retracted, unflashing and unheeded, into a maze of lights and steel catwalks far overhead. Carpenters were hammering and sawing all over the place, and two electric drills were screeching and howling away in rising and falling cadences. Along one section of the curving wall, painted a powder blue, men on ladders were busy adjusting a tremendous array of black-and-white boards that bore electrically operated numerals for displaying returns from various states and various types of election races; these extended around the wall for perhaps twenty yards. Facing them was a raised semicircular area with an impressive built-in desk, over which hung a semicircular plywood canopy, with spotlights. This desk was to be occupied on Election Night by Walter Cronkite, the anchor man of the C.B.S. election team, and above it, around it, and facing it were posted television cameras and more television cameras. At that moment, the dais was occupied only by carpenters. Near it we were introduced to the executive producer of the C.B.S. Election Night program activities—Av Westin, a young, round-faced man with horn-rimmed glasses and a neat-suited quality undisturbed by all the flying sawdust and general racket.

"We are making this the first truly *television* election," Mr. Westin told us. "Up to this year, the reporting of elections on television has really consisted of radio with video added. We would say at one stage of the election that a candidate had a million votes, and to illustrate that we would take a picture of a board bearing the figure one million. This time, we'll make it *all* TV. We'll still have the boards, but we have devised graphics, actuated by computers, that will take those numbers and give them a *visual* meaning for the audience. We will have at hand the greatest computer system ever assembled for an election, and this time the computers will be used as the *servant* of the people. We have devised ways of letting the audience learn what's happening just as fast as the television correspondents themselves are learning it. In effect, the people will be *looking right into the computers* as the votes are coming in. I guess, in essence, we've come of age. We will be using our Vote Profile Analysis as a tool to enable the audience to predict trends from early returns that once only pro-





"What is this clown doing here?"

• •

fessional politicians were capable of sensing."

Westin adjusted his glasses and continued, above the din, "The advances in our Vote Profile Analysis have been remarkable. Although we first used computers as adding machines in the 1960 elections, we didn't begin to use them with real effect until C.B.S. got together with Louis Harris, the pollster, and I.B.M. in the '62 elections. Harris, instead of trying to predict the outcome of the election merely on the basis of the total early returns, put special reporters into a small number of carefully chosen precincts in eight states, and he fed the raw material of their reports on the progress of voting into the computers. The result was that in state after state we were able to call the probable outcome of particular races with great accuracy comparatively early in the evening. We did the same thing on a bigger and more successful scale in '64, when we called the national outcome of the Presidential race fifteen minutes after the polls closed in New York City. Now all the networks have computerized vote-prediction programs, with access to the same raw-vote reporting service—the News Election Service—but I don't think anybody else has what C.B.S. has this year." He waved a hand toward the vote boards along the studio wall. "Do you remember the Election Nights on television when they had all those page boys running around the studio?" he said. "No more. This year, we have all but eliminated paper from the studio. Everything's electronic."

With that, Westin led us out of the studio and into a very large and fiercely air-conditioned room, in a backstage area, that was crowded with computers. "We've brought in a couple of million dollars' worth of I.B.M. computing equipment," he told us. "We have two duplicate computing systems in here—one our prime system and one a backup system that will take over if the prime system breaks down. Now, about the replacement for all that paper we usually have flying around the studio to the correspondents." He led us to one of a number of gray metal boxes that were in the room; the box had a television screen built into it, and a set of blue keys. "All our correspondents will get their information through screens like this one," he said. "The screens are connected to the computers, and the computers are fed by the V.P.A. data coming in, which are correlated in the computers with V.P.A. information and programming instructions. On Election Night, correspondents and editorial people all over this floor will have screens like this right by them for information. They can find out the status of any race, and the vote projection, immediately. Instantaneous retrieval. Walter Cronkite will have one of the screens in front of him at the anchor desk. Let me show you what Walter has to do to find out how the Senate race is going in, say, Colorado. He starts the machine up." Westin pressed a button, and an arrow instantly appeared on the screen. "Then he punches the figure twenty-five, just as I've done; then he spaces, he presses the figure two (that means the Senate race), he looks in the code book we'll provide him with, and he puts in 'zero six'—that's the code for Colorado. Now look! I press this button, and *there!*" A table of letters and figures instantly appeared on the screen in orange letters. "Translating the information," Westin told us, "Walter has the names of the candidates and the number of V.P.A. precincts being represented in relation to the total number of V.P.A. precincts in Colorado, and he is told what share of the vote the Democratic candidate, say, has, whether the candidate who's ahead can yet be called a probable winner or *the* winner, and how his showing compares with his party's showing in a previous race, and, in particular, with Lyndon Johnson's showing in the Presidential race in Colorado in 1964."

Westin somewhat reluctantly left the room full of I.B.M. machines, and led us back to the election studio, past banks of telephones and rows of I.B.M. paper-print-out machines, which, on call, would print out in greater detail, on paper, tabulations summarized on the correspondents' screens, and past a large I.B.M. device bearing yet another screen. "This is what we call our Victorygraph," he said of this device. "Here the computer will show the progress of the various races by drawing pictures, which we will put on the air, so that viewers can see in graphic form where the races are headed. The bars will actually grow right on the screen as the computer digests the V.P.A. count and calculates percentages. And we'll have a line drawn electronically across the screen to show the point at which, on the basis of the vote projection, a candidate can be called a winner. As a candidate gets close to this point, the audience can sit and *see* the candidate move over the victory line. The computer will also translate into graphic form for the audience the status of various issues as the election proceeds. If we say that Johnson is interested in passing such-and-such a bill, we can punch a button that will bring a graph onto the screen to show whether or not he has a majority. We'll have a hawks-

and-doves graph, too, to show who's who in House and Senate, and how many of each are probably going to be elected."

Back in the studio, Walter Cronkite was now sitting at the anchor desk, surrounded by a cluster of editorial people, in which were mixed a few carpenters and stagehands. "Walter's here for what we call a fitting session," Westin told us. "We want to make sure that he fits into the anchor desk comfortably, and arrange for any alterations in the layout that he would like." A few moments later, Westin turned us over to Vern Diamond, the director of the Election Night proceedings on C.B.S., who took us up behind where Cronkite was sitting. The area behind the desk turned out to be a sort of split-level affair, with a pit next to Cronkite, in which Sanford Socolow, who is a director of Cronkite's evening news show on C.B.S., was sitting, his head barely showing above the floor. "Sandy has worked with Walter for years," Diamond said. "If Walter is on the air and something important is coming up, Socolow is ready to alert him. Suppose Walter is on the air talking about the New York gubernatorial race, and I can see that Governor Romney, of Michigan, is on his way to make a speech, I might say to Socolow from the control room, 'Walter's got to go.' Sandy taps Walter's elbow—Sandy's out of sight of the viewers, down there in that hole—and that indicates he's got to lead in."

Cronkite, looking bronzed and relaxed, glanced around and said, pointing to one side of him, "Why don't we put a Channel Two monitor here? And how about a big clock over the camera in front here, so I always know the time when I'm talking?"

"Good, Walter," Diamond said.

There was a sudden surge of electric-drill noise.

"How do you feel at the desk, Walter? Comfortable?" Diamond asked.

"Terrible," Cronkite said.

Cronkite began toying with the keyboard of his I.B.M. screen.

"We have a schedule for you tonight, so that you can practice using that. We'll feed in simulated returns," Diamond told him.

Cronkite touched the keyboard again.

We asked him if he liked the idea of handling all the gadgetry.

"Well, it sounds great on paper, but you've got the code to learn," Cronkite said. "You've got to press the start button, you've got to press the shift button . . ." He pressed a button. "It seems to be frozen," he said to Socolow, who had climbed out of his pit.

"You can get a reaction from it, but we don't have the simulated information hooked up yet," Socolow said.

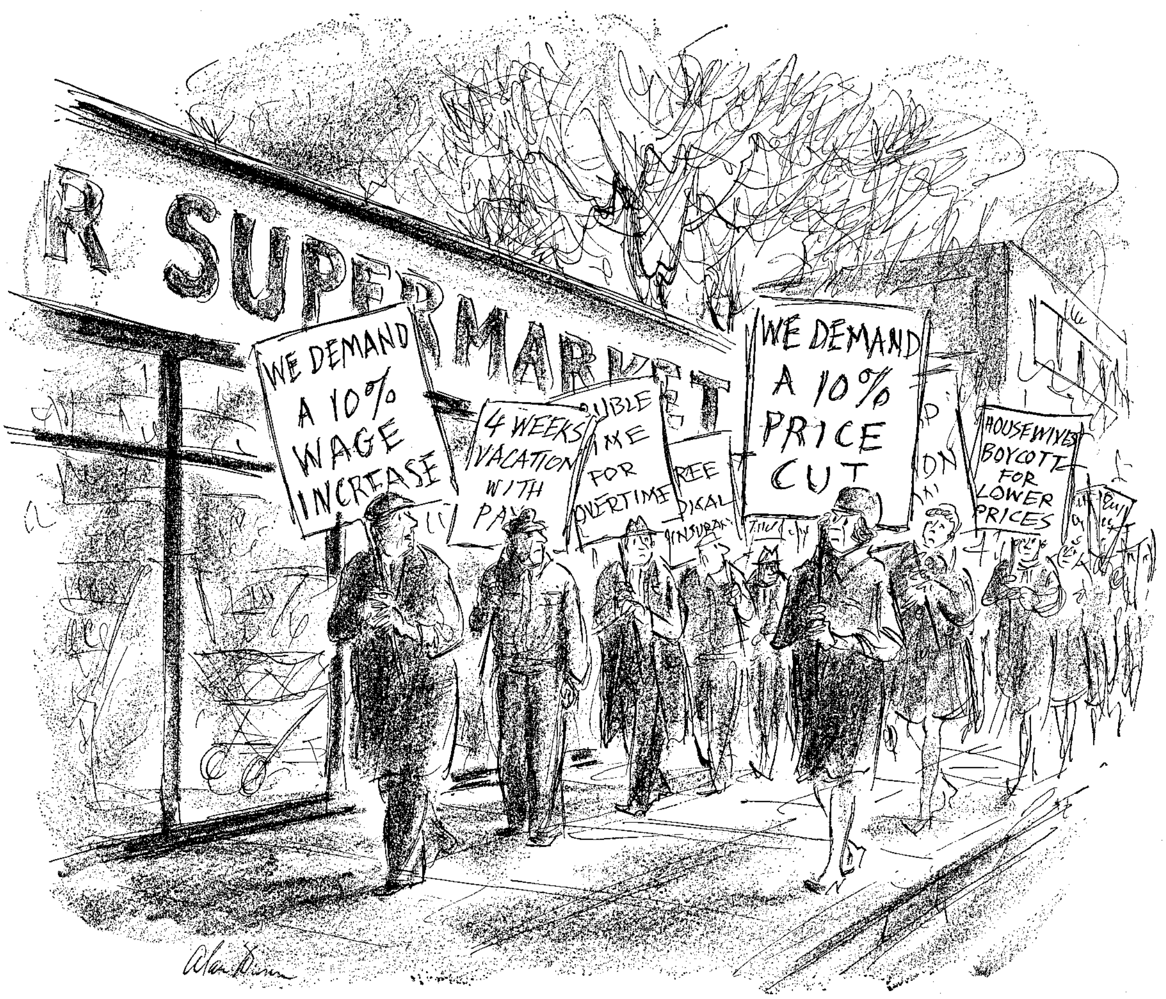
Cronkite managed to get the machine going. He began slowly punching the keyboard, with the result that on the screen appeared the message "NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN TO COME TO THE AID OF THE PARTY."

"You won't be typing anything as intelligent as that," Socolow told him. "You just punch 'zero, one, space, three, two, five' for the governor's race in Alabama."

Cronkite went on to type "THE QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPS OVER THE LAZY DOG." As the letters were flashed on the I.B.M. screen by the computer, we took our leave.

Gabel, Taylor & Orans

OCTOBER 17, 9 P.M. We are one of forty guests at a get-out-the-vote party, on Park Avenue South, organized by supporters of Hortense W. Gabel, Telford Taylor, and Jerome T. Orans, three Democratic-Liberal candidates near the bottom of the voting machine—a long way away from Governor Rockefeller and City Council President O'Connor. The three hope to be elected delegates from the 26th Senatorial District of Manhattan to the New York State Constitutional Convention of 1967. (The State Constitution was written in 1777, altered in 1822, amended in 1846, examined in 1869, revised in 1894, reconsidered in 1915, and modified in 1938.) The other guests are election-district captains from six reform clubs on the East Side of Manhattan. Our hosts are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kinsolving, Jr. Mr. Kinsolving, who is behind the bar, is a district leader and a founder of the Murray Hill Democratic Club; an advertising man with a sense of humor; and a collector of stamps from the British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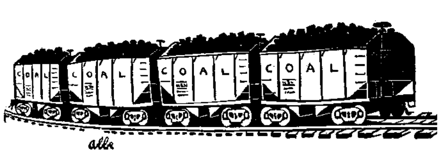
West Indies and the Falkland Islands. Mrs. Kinsolving, a cheerful woman with blond hair, stands in the middle of her living room (one wall pale-yellow bricks and a fireplace, another wall windows overlooking Park Avenue South, another wall covered with books, the fourth wall a wall) and says, "This apartment is really two lofts. I got it, believe it or not, through the *Journal-American*." She is the candidates' campaign manager. Two of the three candidates are circulating among the captains. The captains are both men and women, young and eager but with a few flecks of gray in their hair. They are talking shop. A man says to a woman, "Eddie Costikyan's book on New York politics says that it's very important for captains to ring doorbells. Well, you just try getting within sight of a doorbell on Sutton Place. You're lucky if the door*man* will talk to you." A woman says to a man, "My sister *married* a Republican." Another one says, "I'm underprivileged. I'm from the Middle West, and I was supposed to be Jewish, but my mother didn't even know what a bagel was." One of the circulators is Mrs. Gabel, a vivacious, black-haired middle-aged woman. She is wearing a dark dress and a gray stone necklace, and drinking a little Scotch and a lot of soda. She is one of the country's leading experts in the field of housing, and under Mayor Wagner she was administrator of the City Rent and Rehabilitation Administration. One of the captains admires her necklace. "I'm glad you like it," Mrs. Gabel says. "I hope you noticed the safety pin, which is the only thing holding it together." Another captain asks her how she ever got interested in running for the convention. "Well, I guess I wanted to be a founding mother," she replies. The other circulating candidate is Mr. Orans, a young lawyer with a questing look. "Did you know that the New York State Constitution is *five times* as long as the Federal Constitution?" he asks various captains. The third candidate, Mr. Taylor, is not circulating. He is sitting in a corner and talking quietly to a small group of people.

10:30 P.M. Mrs. Kinsolving rings a Chinese gong and Mr. Kinsolving emerges from behind the bar to introduce the candidates formally to the captains. Everyone settles down for speeches, except a dog next door, who barks through all the speeches. First, Mr. Kinsolving introduces Mrs. Gabel, and calls her "a female czar." Mrs. Gabel responds by naming in rapid succession all the political clubs in the district. This feat is greeted with loud applause. She continues, "This is the first time I have sought public office since they discovered that I was too young to run for a judgeship, back in the depression. And I have literally *sought* this office, going, bonnet in hand, to all the district leaders, because I think it is so important. In this supersonic age, we have cut hours off the flying time between Watts and Harlem, but we have yet to bring any supersonic help to the people in either Watts or Harlem. One of the reasons we haven't is the present State Constitution—particularly its severe restrictions on the kind of low-income housing the state can put up." Mr. Kinsolving then calls on Mr. Orans, whom he describes as "ruthless." Mr. Orans says, "Livingston, Jay, and Gouverneur Morris wrote our first Constitution, in a carriage, near Fishkill. It was short and able, and it served us well for many years. Now the Constitution is incredibly impossible. Why, if some upstate town wants to widen its ski trails by six inches, the town can't do it until the whole state has voted on it." This brings general laughter, except from Mr. Taylor, who only smiles. It is then Mr. Taylor's turn to be introduced. Mr. Kinsolving says, "Telford Taylor has been head of the Small Business Administration and is now a professor of constitutional law at Columbia. He is the only chief prosecutor I know who looks like a cherub, and the only left-wing general I have ever met. Both of us are past commanders of the Willard Straight Post of the American Legion. This post has been thrown out of the Legion twice." Mr. Taylor responds, "Hortense reeled off the names of those clubs so fast that I'm sure she learned them recently. I would like to say that our forest preserves are very important, and that if any town can widen its ski trails at will, they will soon become roads, and all too soon after that they may become lumber trails. So you can see that the rewriting of the Constitution is going to need the thoughts of a lot of good people."

11:30 P.M. The speeches are over, and the captains and the candidates are about to depart. Mrs. Kinsolving appears with some campaign literature and the offer of more drinks. "The drunker you get, the more literature you're likely to take," she says. Mrs. Gabel thanks the Kinsolvings for their party and pauses by the front door. When she speaks again, it is almost wistfully. "I don't know if we stand much of a chance of getting elected," she says. Then her eyes light up. "But if we ever got to that convention, we'd raise a lot of hell."



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OVERHEARD in a Village coffee shop, one miniskirt to another: "Come clean. Are you anti-mommy or anti-daddy?"

Hiram at the Horse Show

WE print herewith the text of two pieces of mail that crossed our desk last week. The first is (presumably) the work of our fly old operative Mr. Stanley; the second is (obviously) a product of his teen-age nephew Hiram. Stanley's letter was mailed from Zelma, Saskatchewan, and had been put together out of cut-up newspaper headlines pasted on a piece of cardboard. Hiram's letter was an unwieldy document penned in his bold, cursive hand.

Mr. Stanley wrote:

"*NOTHING* aGAINst HORSE SHOWs but WILL NOT ENTER Madison Square Garden aGAIN. *RECALL* Only Too Well SIX-DAY b*IKE* Races, *Liberace*, AND 'FUNZAPOPPIN' Wherein RAT *DESCEND*ed from 2nd BALCONY. yOUR ONLY HOPE: *HIRAM*. His Girl Likes *horses*. *TRY TO TRACE* This Letter & YOU WILL FAIL. Regards."

Hiram wrote:

"HIRAM'S REPORT

"(Very Much of Which Is the Work of Jennifer.)

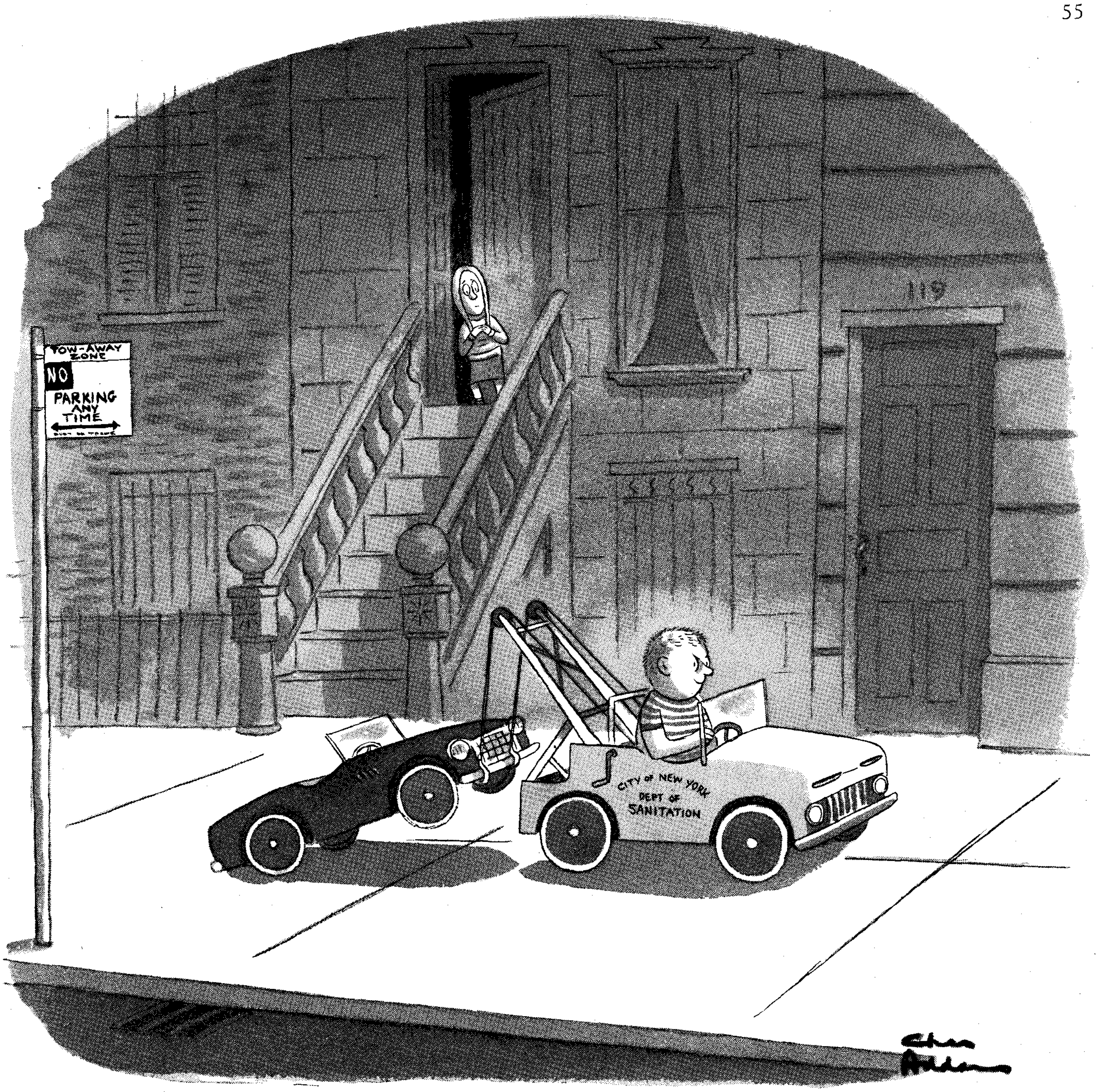
"SUBJECT: The Opening of the Last National Horse Show at the Third and Present Madison Square Garden. (It is actually only *maybe* the last Horse Show there.)

"PURPOSE OF REPORT: To tell about some magnificent horses and some magnificently dressed people, to begin to say goodbye to Madison Square Garden, and to get my uncle out of a jam (*see* READINGS).

"READINGS: None to begin with, but then I got a collect call from New Canaan from my uncle, who said he had to whisper because everyone thought he was in Canada. He said that if I was going to cover the Horse Show, I would have to do four things: (1) Be sure to take Jennifer along, which I was going to do anyway. (2) Be sure to buy a program. (3) Read all the papers the day after. (4) Look in the cedar chest in his closet.

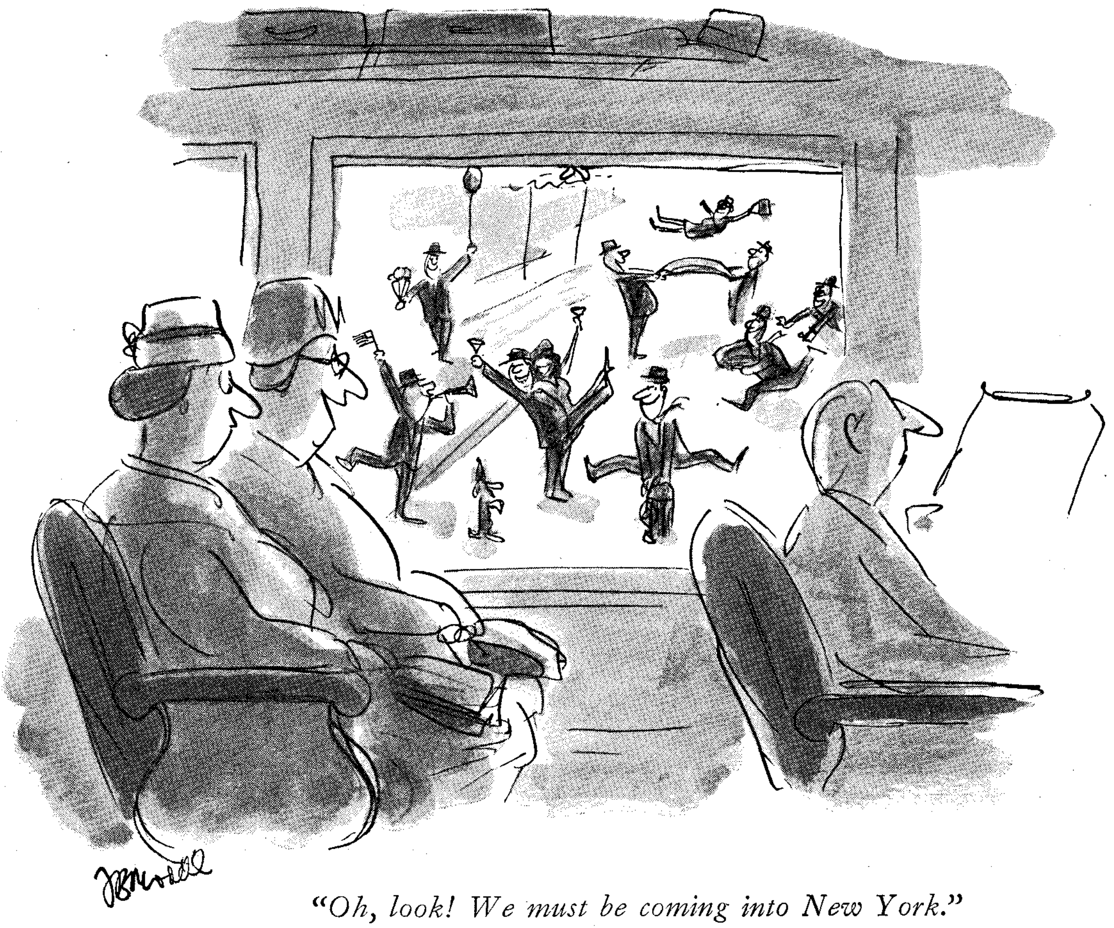
"So I have read the program and the daily press.

"PROCEDURE: Jennifer is a very



pretty girl with light-brown hair who knows a lot more than I do about horse shows and about a lot of other things. After I asked Jennifer to go with me, I looked in the cedar chest. It had all of my uncle's very old dress clothes, which are now very fashionable. I put on a soup an' fish an' high hat that had come from Baltimore and also everything that had come from New York. 'Soup an' fish an' high hat' is what the man who covered the opening for the *Post* called a tailcoat and a top hat. ('Jeez, I hope nobody what knows me inna boxin' game sees me wearin' this soup an' fish an' high hat.' Wednesday, October 26th, page 92.) Then I picked up Jennifer and we went to the Garden. The tickets said that the Horse Show started at a quarter of eight, but Jennifer said it was fashionable to get there much later, so we got there at about ten minutes of eight.

"Observations: When we got to the Garden, we found quite a number of people in the lobby. A few of the men were in white tie and a few of the women were in long dresses. A larger number of the men were in black tie and a larger number of the women were in short, switched-on dresses. Jennifer said this was bad form. Jennifer said that the only thing she was doing to make her dresses shorter and more switched on was to stand up straighter. Most of the people in the lobby, however, were photographers, and they would aim their cameras at anyone in evening dress, switched on or switched off, because they didn't seem to recognize whether the people were celebrities or not. I didn't, either, and I'm afraid we didn't see very many all evening, except for former Mayor and Mrs. Wagner. Mrs. Wagner had on a pink dress with a black skirt and three strands of pearls, and she looked very pretty, and she very kindly gave me a kiss, because she knows my uncle. We also saw a lady wearing a yellow dress, diamond earrings, two diamond bracelets, one diamond brooch, one diamond necklace, and a medal. And yellow orchids. I don't know her name. Going up to our seats, we passed the refreshment stands, which were selling beer and hot dogs, as usual. A switched-on man ordered three beers and gave the man behind the counter a fifty-dollar bill. The switched-on lady he was with said to someone else, 'We went to a *bullfight* last night.' I am afraid that I never saw either of the Mrs. Winston Guests that the newspapers saw, but I am sure they are both very important



"*Oh, look! We must be coming into New York.*"

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people, so I will write down what the papers said:

> "C-Z Guest, of world's best-dressed renown, sat in understated black, with strapping mate Winston.—*Joseph X. Dever in the World Journal Tribune, Wednesday, October 26th, page 34.*
>
> "Mrs. Winston (Cee-Cee) Guest arrived late—close to 10:30 P.M., with her husband.—*'Chic-Chat,' by Nancy Randolph, in the News, Wednesday, October 26th, page 14.*

"Jennifer said that every day the men who run the Horse Show have lunch dressed in morning coats. This lunch takes place in the Royal Box of the Hotel Americana. 'This is flying in the face of reality,' Jennifer said.

"Then we got inside the main arena. I have been trying to remember, and I think that I have seen, aside from the Horse Show, seven kinds of things in Madison Square Garden: a basketball game, lots of hockey games, a couple of prizefights, the Moiseyev Dancers, a pro tennis tournament, the Circus (often), and a track meet. I have always liked the Garden, because everything I have seen there fitted into it, and because it never changed, no matter who was inside. It did look slightly smaller during the Horse Show, but that was only because not as many people were smoking. We saw an open jumper stake, some five-gaited saddle horses, an exhibition by some kids from Puerto Rico, and part of the International Jumping Competition. We were sitting pretty far up the arena, and most of the switched-on people were sitting below us. Some of the people who were sitting near us looked like fight fans (my uncle calls them 'yeggs'), but everyone was enjoying himself, and everyone was very noisy whenever a horse took a jump. People went 'Ah!' when the horse got over the jump, and 'Oh!' when the horse knocked part of the jump down. Sometimes the audience was quiet, and then we could hear the wonderful noises of hoofs, saddles, crops, and the snorts of the horses. Jennifer said that it was very bush league to go 'Ah!' because it showed that you were looking at whether the horse got over the jump instead of at something important, like the rider's knees. I went 'Ah!' quite a lot. The horses were beautiful, of course, and Jennifer said that the white horses were called grays, which showed how tasteful horse shows were. When Blue Lito, a five-year-old black gelding owned by Mr. O. Roy Chalk, was jumping, Jennifer said, 'Mr. Chalk owns Trans Caribbean Airways and D.C. Transit, and he wanted to put up the bus fares in Washington, but he got boycotted by S.N.C.C., so he didn't put them up.' The jumps all looked like enlarged obstacles from a mini-golf course. Before the International Jumping, in which we placed first and second, with Canada third, an Army band played the national anthems of Chile, Mexico, Ireland, England, Canada, and the U.S. The Chilean anthem is very long, and the horses got restive, but they liked 'O Canada.'

"Incidental Observation: During the exhibition by the kids from Puerto Rico, Meyer Davis's band played some music that a man on the public-address system called 'two authentic dances.' At the end of the evening, Meyer Davis's band played the national anthem. It sounded an awful lot like an authentic dance.

"Conclusions: (1) The Horse Show is an excellent thing, and my uncle is nowhere near Canada. (2) It is possible to wear a white tie in the third Madison Square Garden and not feel silly. It is also possible to be a yegg in the present M.S.G. and not feel silly. The fourth Madison Square Garden will resemble the Hotel Americana. Flying in the face of reality for any length of time feels silly."

Native Talent

WE'VE just heard from the wife of a man who works in the United States Embassy in New Delhi, and she writes that while she was strolling in her garden after the recent monsoon rains she came upon two ill-humored cobras. She fled to her house, and decided to telephone the Embassy for advice. The advice she received was not to do anything till somebody from the Embassy's Maintenance and Repair Department called on her. Within a half hour, an official car deposited at her doorstep two gentlemen wearing loincloths and turbans and carrying flutes. For an hour, they fluted up and down her garden, but the cobras refused to be charmed into an appearance. At last, after sprinkling water and salt over all the available verdure, they announced that they had arranged for the snakes to stay away. Then they climbed back into the Embassy limousine and were driven off.

OUT OF THE DEATH BAG IN WEST HOLLYWOOD

SOMEHOW I missed the celebrated two-page advertisement in the *Times* a few months ago that was written and paid for by a Japanese businessman who wanted to give us the benefit of his views on the war in Vietnam, but the thing caused such a splash that its waves have carried clear out to the Coast and back again. The ripple that finally washed over my feet, back here in Cos Cob, came in the form of a letter from an actor friend of mine, currently resident in West Hollywood, whose perpetual unemployment leaves him plenty of time for philosophizing and other forms of trouble. Typically, his attention did not alight on the central message of the advertisement but seems to have fluttered off after one of the advertiser's minor divagations—the somewhat creepy conceit that we can all overcome our fear of death by sleeping in a coffin. At least, that's what *I* make of this:

DEAR FRANK:

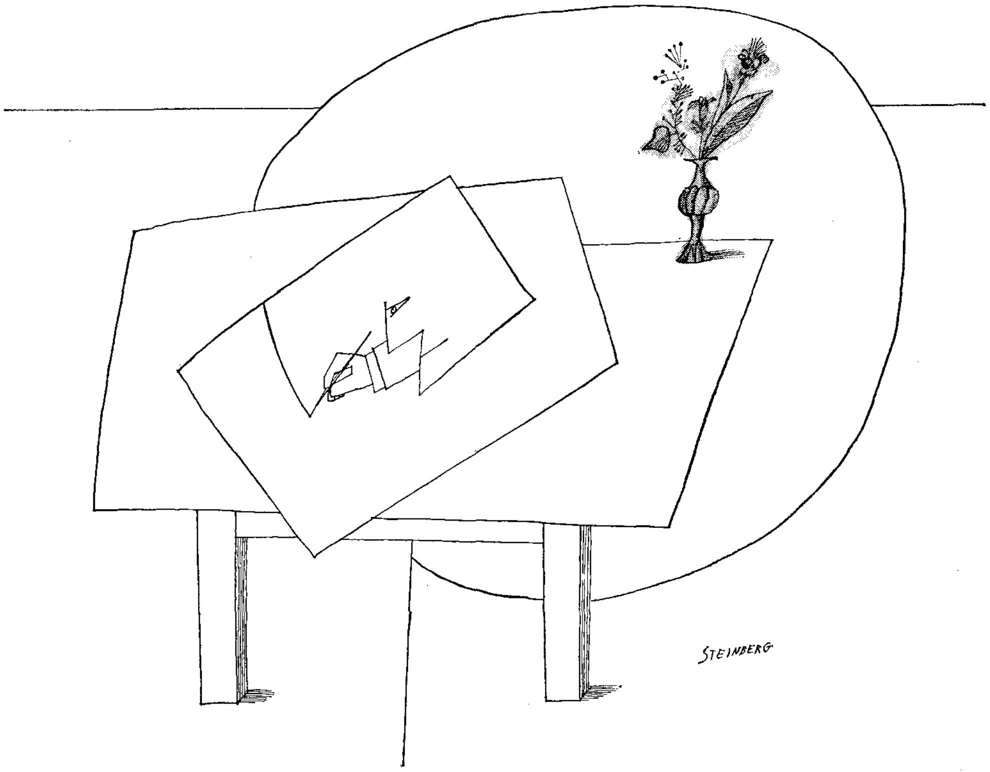
In your last letter, you ask what's happening out here in L.A. Not much, really, but I think you should know that going to Watts is getting to be real gear. Budd Schulberg went down there and discovered that there's another Budd Schulberg inside him trying to get out. Dick Van Dyke and Janet Leigh also made the scene, so listen: Whitey cares. And I guess you heard that Ronald Reagan is running for governor. His trick is to play the good guy. He's for capital punishment.

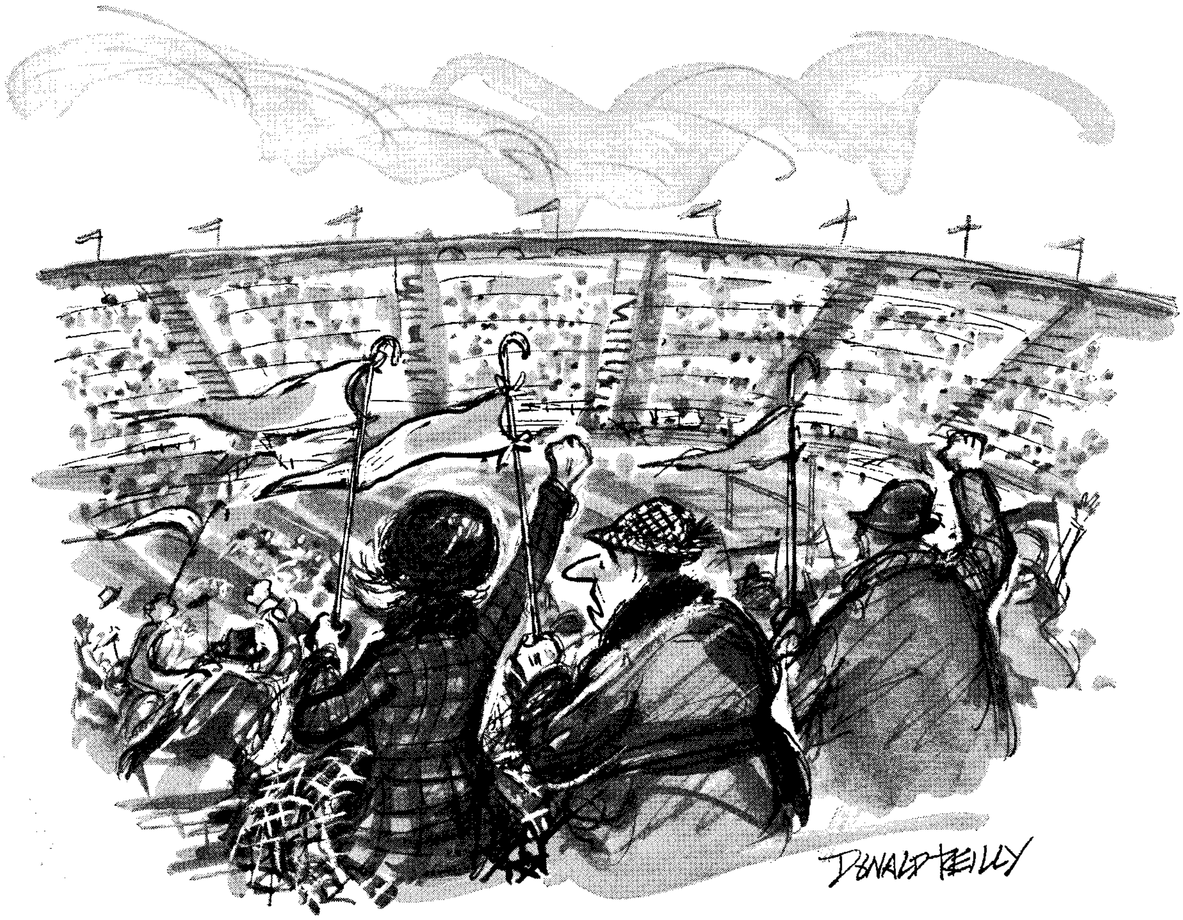
Marie (my first wife, remember?)'s lawyer sent me one of his froward overdue-alimony notices from N.Y. last spring and stuck in this heavyweight clipping from the N.Y. *Times* that turned out to be an advert showing the shortest way to the conference table in S.E. Asia and other kinds of Nirvana. I don't know if the lawyer meant it as a put-on or if he thought there was a "Pay Yr. Alimony Today!" moral hidden between all those lines of inscrutable eight-point, but anyway I really picked up what this little Japanese set down about the Vietcong and all that other stuff. I also admired his pizzazz laying out his hard-won nut for double-page ads in the *Times*. But the part that really turned me on was where he said we should sleep in a coffin to overcome the death bag. Now, you know I've always had this real hangup about dying. So I thought I'd give it a try. What the hell, it was that or go up to Esalen and consult with Michael Murphy and act out my dreams for Dr. Frederick Perls. I don't know if you've heard, but Murphy runs this fine spot at Big Sur where you can get self-actualized and shake the whole middle-class guilt thing. Of course, there's always Cryo-Care. They're an immortality outfit over in Phoenix, and the other night they had one of their up-tight execs guesting on the Joe Pyne Show, so my crummy agent Nick and I cruised over to the studio and stood in the Beef Box and asked questions. The Cryo-Care pitch is to freeze you when you die at minus 320°F. in liquid nitrogen and keep you in a capsule until such time if ever science is able to repair and revive your pruny remains. I need something better than that to make a buy. It costs 4,200 bills for the Cryo-Capsule alone, not to mention upkeep. You have to put out for refuelling it maybe for centuries, and what happens if your nosy little great-great-great-granddaughter starts peeking in the deep freeze to see if the old boy is starting to thaw? A poor man can't afford immortality. When you get right down to the nitty-gritty, our best bet is to learn how to take the dive gracefully whenever the bright day is done and we are for the dark.

So anyway I sallied out and scouted around for a coffin. I tried Abbey Rents. No buy. Forest Lawn doesn't handle U-Drive sarcophagi either. Same with Utter-McKinley. I finally found one at 4-Star Costumes & Theatrical Supply, over on Fairfax. The real yell was when this kid delivered it. I mean, he didn't bat an eye. You the guy for the coffin? he says, and I said yes, you can put it in here, and had him drop it on the bed. No cross-eyed looks or cocking a snook, the way they do in Jack Lemmon flaky flicks.

Well, I'd burned my boats and so forth, so I bit on the bullet and crawled in that thing. I found the bottom a bit unyielding, but I fixed that by putting three pillows in there. It psyched me out some the first night and I had to get up every once in a while and light up a Lark. I kept thinking about that Poe story where the guy lived in fear of burial alive and so had a little window put in the top of his coffin to wave through if he came to. But gradually I got used to it and after a week I could honestly say this coffin didn't spook me a bit. I still look both ways crossing Sunset, though, so as far as crossing the bar goes I guess I'm not ready yet. But I'm just like this with coffins. In fact, I like them. Whenever this Joycean collie next door started going awokwokawok about 6 A.M. I just pulled the lid down and kept my fingers under it for air supply. That way, you keep a shirtsleeve environment at all times. I'm really stoked up about coffins. They've just had a bad press.

THEN the accident happened. I tend to toss around a lot when I sleep, and one night my little dove-





"I'll bet they're not fooling around with siss-boom-ah at Peking U."

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gray chrome-handled beauty shifted and fell off the bed with a seismic thump. Adoze in all the cushions and satin, I was unhurt, but the couple downstairs must have thought it was a sonic boom. Anyway, a big piece split out of my bone box and one hinge of the lid popped loose, and the whole side was sort of shot to shingles. For an awful minute I thought the damned thing was totalled, but the other sides looked almost O.K.

I sent it back to 4-Star but they wouldn't accept it in that condition. Milton 4-Star, a fifth-rate father figure who has given hostages to fortune, phoned to say he was keeping my deposit and the coffin was mine. He had already redispatched it to my pad. He made a lot of meaching excuses but the fact is he was bum-tripping me. Ordinarily I would have been for exploding but having conquered my fear of coffins has given me a certain detachment. I figure I'm about ⅜ of the way along to satori, where I become one with the infinite and blend into the stream of existence.

So when the coffin came back I dropped the top on my Falcon and loaded the beauty in the back seat and took it down to some funky pay-as-you-go funeral outfit on North Vermont. They don't buy used coffins, they said. The whole trip was a huge unsuccess. Coming back out Melrose I got a ticket from a helmeted and booted L.A. black-shirt storm trooper for carrying a load that obstructs my rear vision—Section 21,700 Calif. Veh. Code. When this fuzzy saw that coffin popping out the back he made a felony-car pullover and probably put all units on frequency standby, but when I told him about my death bag he actually turned into a real warm human being, and even said he'd look for me in that walk-on I did for "Run for Your Life." Next I tried to give the little symbol of our long home to the apartment manager, but got no help from that quarter, either. In fact, I think I made his list as somebody who Bears Watching. He's an over-30 copout anyway—a defunct Gutenbergian linear type.

At this point, I figured I'd better reconfigure. So Friday I put an ad in the *Citizen-News*, under Miscellaneous: "For Sale. Coffin. Used. Fair cond. Nds bdy wrk. Sell or trde for what have you?" Not one soul called. Until Sunday. Then there's a ring at the door and there is this great-looking doll with a fine bod standing there in this A-frame dress. Got to talking and it turns out we wait in the same line (A-D) at the Santa Monica unemployment office. Her name is Bibi. I showed her the crack in the side but she says that's O.K., they can turn it backstage. They're doing a legit version of "The Loved One" at the Las Palmas. I told her how I came by the coffin, and what do you know—this kid's hung up on dying, too! Small world. She said she'd send someone around to collect it, so I walked out to her car with her—a '66 Dart with four-on-the-floor and a stereo rig. We made a date for Sunday to go to the Toho to see Kyoko Kishida in "School of Love." Come Sabbath, she picked me up in her red machine and after the flicks we went to Hamburger Hamlet and thence over to The Trip, where I nearly came to blows with some half-baked half-back-type swinger who tried to say a Dart is a Right-Wing Social Democrat car.

So Bibi and I have been crawling the spots every night since. We've even been talking about going up to Esalen and turning on. Evenings, we'll lie in a hot sulphur bath with a fiasco of Chianti, look down on the crows and choughs (?) that wing the midway air of the Big Sur, and get on a first-name basis with the infinite. Mornings, we'll do sensory calisthenics, then join a basic-encounter group, where we'll tackle the impoverishment of the human spirit and our common thanatophobia. In short, Bibi and I intend to war on death together, and we intend to lick this thing. Fully three-quarters of the nation goes to bed in fear of getting melted down by the old Button Molder—a national shame in the richest and most powerful country on the face of the earth.

Yours always,
Race
—F. P. Tullius

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES

THE real trouble with love is that people want contradictory things out of it. Like Jimmy Maguire and his wife. Jimmy was a tall thin fellow with an eager face, and in his younger days he used to be something of a Don Juan. There was a little group of them—the Doctor, Con Bishop, and two or three other bachelors—and they were all out for a good time. They used to go shooting and fishing, and one year, I remember, they took a house in Clare. The things that went on! Any excuse for a party, and it didn't much matter to them where the party was to be—Limerick, Galway, or Cork, what was it, after all, but a day's outing? Jimmy was the most reckless of them. They would be returning to Dublin from one outing when he would hear of a party somewhere else, and decide they ought to crash it. The Doctor, who shared a flat with Jimmy, lived in a continual state of alarm at what Jimmy would do next. Jimmy would do anything if the mood struck him, and whatever he did, the Doctor was swept protesting into his orbit.

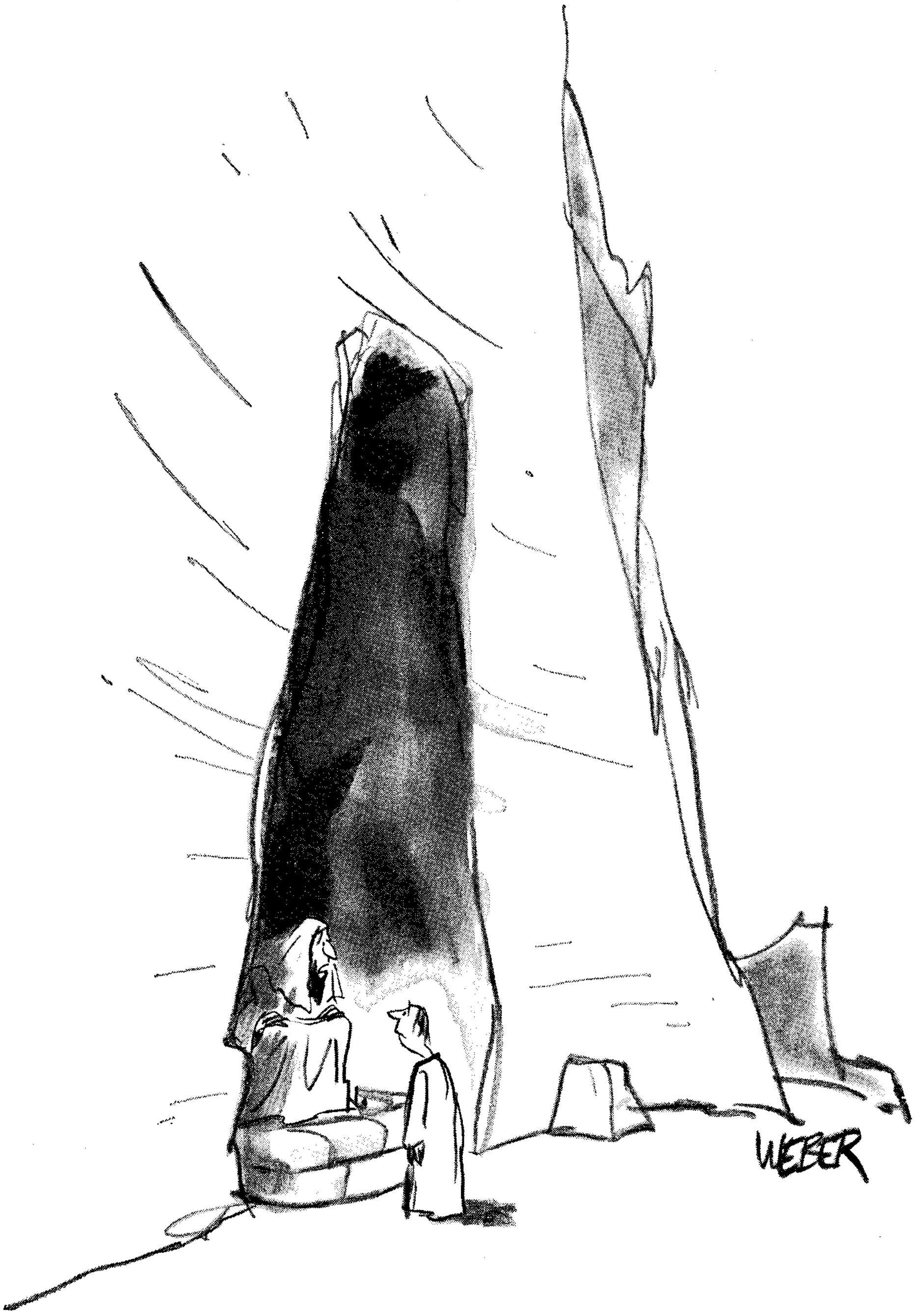
"But it's all right," Jimmy would say, raising his hand. "The man is an old friend. I've done business with him for years."

"Business?" the Doctor would say. "You don't even know his name."

"Oh, what's a little thing like that between friends?"

And Jimmy would go up to the house of a perfect stranger and brazen it out. You wouldn't think from his rather formal manners that he was so audacious, but he was. And he could get away with things, for he was personable and plausible. Not only would he gain admittance to the party, he would end by becoming the center of it. The secret of Jimmy's success was his fondness for women. He really liked women, and had a quite genuine interest in their affairs, and a woman could never be with him for long without telling him her troubles. Whatever wonderful way he had of easing their minds, women who confessed to him wanted to go on confessing, and that was where the Doctor came in, because he would talk to them over the telephone in that wonderful, vague, syrupy voice of his, sympathizing with them in their inability to find Jimmy, while Jimmy in stockinged feet tiptoed around him, making hideous faces.

All this greatly scandalized the Doctor. But for all his alarm and pretended disapproval he loved it, of course. He had been devoted to his mother, and, as a result, he was still unmarried and likely to remain so. Jimmy was his secret life, his wild oats. He was lonely and sweet-natured and forever thinking and talking of love. You would go to see him, and he would fuss about with the drinks, murmuring in his gentle, worried way about Jimmy and his girls. "And some of them married, my dear fellow," he would whisper, giving you a dark look over his spectacles. "I forget whether you like soda. Personally, I think it gives you indigestion. And he's so pious! Every year of his life off to Lough Derg on the pilgrimage, trailing round the holy stones on his bare feet. And even there—did I put too much water in it—he picks them up. At the same time—here's health, old man—he keeps trying to reform me. I admit my beliefs mightn't be all that orthodox, but I can't help feeling that his aren't completely sincere. Mind you, he's quite charming about it. He says I'm putting the cart before the horse, and that sins against morals are less important than sins against faith. According to him, I'm a Protestant. He says it's all in the importance you attach to the First Commandment, or something. I really can't follow that sort of argu-



"Just to be on the safe side, why don't you check it out with another oracle?"

"And remember. Everybody get out and vote—especially you Republicans!"

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ment—I mean, this difference between sins against faith and sins against morals. Can you?"

At last, after years of piety and skirt-hunting, Jimmy found the girl he wanted to marry, and he took her by storm. She was called Roisin Mooney, and I must say he showed great taste. She was a really nice girl, the sort you'd swear would be especially reserved as a reward for virtue. She was enraptured with religion, with the sacraments, with prayer, and with every form of emotional religion. Nor did marriage seem to disillusion her. At least twenty times a day that girl must have told herself that she was the luckiest girl in the world to be married to a king of men like Jimmy, and twenty times a day wondered if God would give her the grace to be worthy of him. It is the unworldly type of woman whose mind is fixed on the saints, suffering, and sublimation who really appreciates the miracle of a man in the bed when she wakes in the morning.

She asked him over and over to explain again from the beginning what he had felt when he first met her and how it was he had seen anything in such a plain, stupid, uneducated girl as herself. And Jimmy, who found it difficult to remember even where he had met her and whose approach to all women had been standardized down the years, tried to look portentous and understanding, and said that a legal training was a great aid in seeing through appearances. Roisin shook her head doubtfully. She had known other lawyers, and they had never seen through her. Clearly it couldn't be anything but inspiration, and she worried her own vivid recollections, trying to see portents and miracles in them, but she couldn't, because, as she recognized herself, she wasn't clever.

Jimmy had a raja's life with her. To say that Roisin was a good housekeeper would be an absurdity. She kept house for him as a musician writes a symphony or a saint pursues a meditation—on her knees, in quest of the absolute. When he got home from the office, she knelt at his feet and took off his shoes, while Jimmy made faces to indicate the various inconsiderate ways in which she hurt his feet. When she had got him a drink and asked him for the tenth time if it was all right, she sat on a little stool and looked up adoringly at him while that scoundrel pontificated. And when he came home drunk and climbed into bed, with his bowler hat down over his eyes and his umbrella resting neatly on his left arm, she gently relieved him of both, took off his shoes and socks, opened his collar and tie, and crept into bed beside him, thanking God for the gift of a wonderful husband. She was a real pet.

Those who had known Jimmy in his bachelor days wondered how long exactly it would take him to grow tired of living with a saint and long for the open road again and the wild parties in Galway and Cork. But that was not how it happened at all. Instead, Jimmy began to drop all his old friends, the Doctor among them. He didn't do it blatantly or rudely, because, whatever faults Jimmy may have had, he was a thorough gentleman. But he dropped them just the same. Occasionally the Doctor would run into him in Dame Street, coming from his office, and Jimmy's face would light up, and the pair of them would drop into the Wicklow Bar or Davy Byrne's, while Jimmy sketched the wonderful party he was going to give for his old friends, till that glazed look came in his eye and he had to go home in a cab.

But the Doctor noticed that no matter how glazed Jimmy's eyes got, the invitation never became more precise.

"Jimmy," he said dryly, "I don't want to be offensive or personal in any way, but if you'd put a tenth of the energy into giving that party that you put into talking about it, we might have some chance of attending it before we die."

"Next week definitely, Pat," said Jimmy, drawing himself up with a frown. "Thursday or Friday, depending. I'll ring you."

But the next week came and he didn't ring, and there was no party. The Doctor was hurt. He realized that Jimmy was dropping the old crowd for business acquaintances, clients, and priests. Particularly priests. A man who is trying to exorcise his past can't do better than priests. Now when he got a bit high, Jimmy talked about the Dialogue Mass instead of ankles, or the difference between ourselves and the Greek Orthodox Church. He took Roisin to the pictures, wearing the impeccable bowler hat and carrying the umbrella. Jimmy was on the way up. In no time now he would be solicitor to half a dozen government agencies.

Jimmy's old friends couldn't help being curious about the eager, dark-haired girl he had married, but what they didn't know was that Roisin was even more curious about them. Marriage was still wonderful. She was having a baby, and she lit candles to Jimmy, she was full of Jimmy, but none of the people he brought to the house really knew Jimmy. When Roisin had one drink in—one drink was always enough to loosen her tongue—she had to tell the whole amazing story of Jimmy's courtship. "And do you know how that fellow proposed to me?" she would say. "He made me sit on the side of the road and then took out his handkerchief and *knelt* in front of me as if I was a statue. 'Jimmy Maguire!' says I. 'Get up out of that or you'll ruin your new trousers.' "

But when she looked at their polite, vague, smiling faces, she had the feeling that they only thought her a fool. And in the middle of the night she woke Jimmy to ask him to tell her frankly whether she hadn't ruined his life. Jimmy yawned and said no, she was doing fine.

"But I want to know the truth. I'd sooner know it now when I might be able to do something about it," she would say, as if she were begging the specialist to hold nothing back from her. "I do my best but I know I haven't the brains. I was always the same. I never could do sums. No wonder if they think I'm mad."

And all the time at the back of Roisin's mind was the thought that the person who would really understand her was Josephine Hanrahan. She knew that Jimmy and Josephine Hanrahan had been very thick. She did not know in which way, nor did she very much care, but she was certain that a woman who had been so fond of Jimmy would understand her feelings. This was where the first rift occurred between Jimmy and herself, for Jimmy did not like the idea at all. Not that he showed how troubled he really was. Instead, he pretended to consider the matter judicially.

"Now, Josephine is a delightful woman," he said in a harsh tone, "but she isn't your class. Please don't think I'm being snobbish. There's nothing I dislike more. But we have to face facts, and it wouldn't be in the woman's best interests."

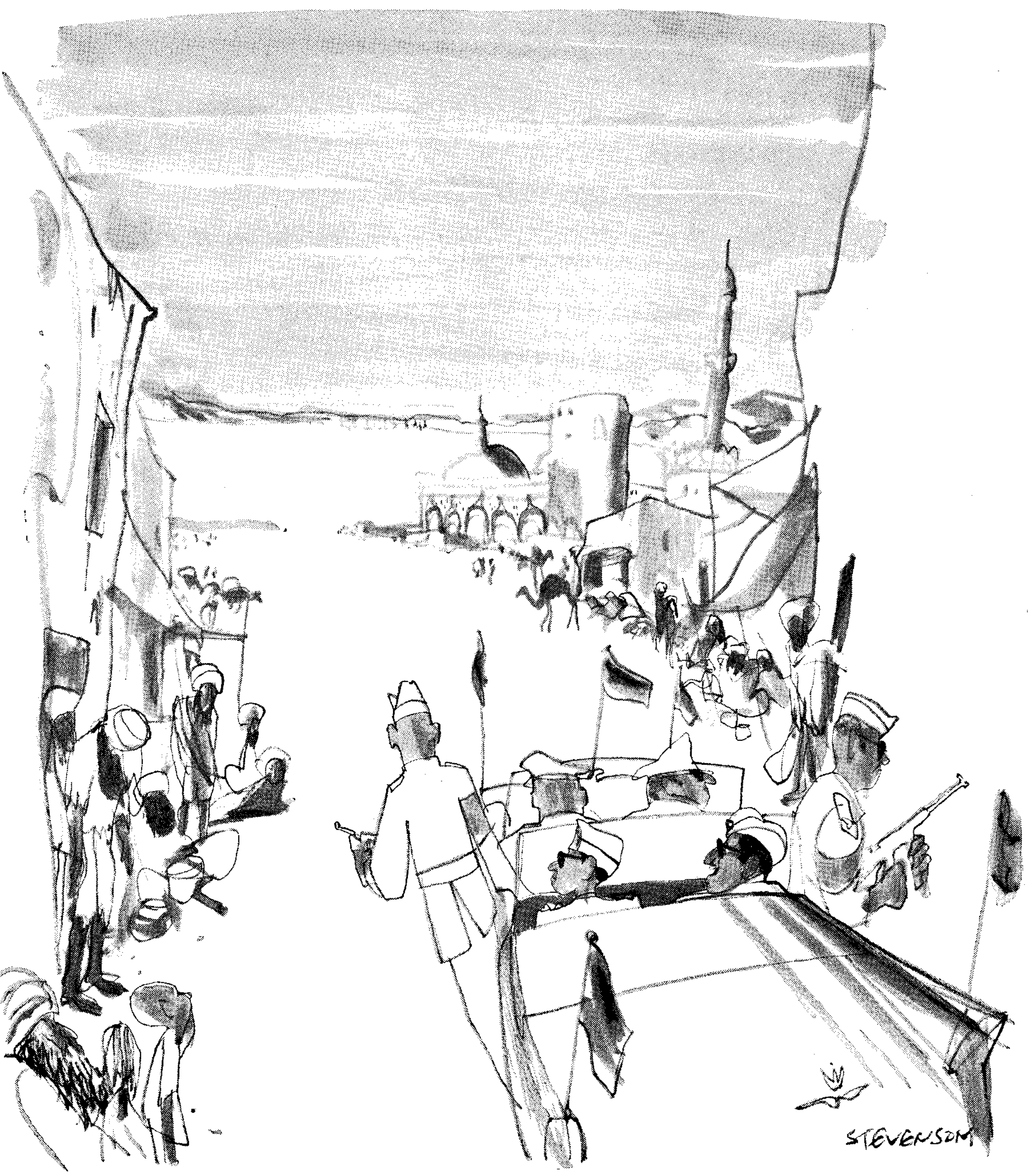
To sacrifice a pleasure in order to spare pain to Josephine appealed immensely to Roisin's idealistic mind, but all the same she couldn't help wondering if it was really necessary. And Jimmy, in his quiet Machiavellian way, fed her another curate, who kept her quiet for a few months, till she started to wonder what sort of man the Doctor was.

"Well, Paddy is a fellow you might find interesting," Jimmy said thoughtfully, filling his pipe. "As a study, that is. But unfortunately the way we're situated we can't very well ask him to the house. You see, Paddy is an atheist."

"An atheist?" Roisin said, brightening up at once. She had never met an atheist. "You never told me that."

"Ah, well, it's not right to say things like that about your friends," Jimmy said loyally. "But he might just make an offensive remark in front of poor Father Joe that would upset him."

Of course it was a slander; the Doctor was incapable of being offensive to anybody, but Roisin didn't know this and had to rest content with the excuse. Then, after racking his brains, Jimmy dug up some old businessman who had painted watercolors in his youth and had known everybody; one night when he was drunk Yeats had brought him home. But his conversation with Yeats seemed to have been of much the same kind as his conversation with Roisin. By this time, Little Liam was born, and for quite a while Roisin's attention was diverted from everything else in the world. Except that even then she was slipping out to the optician's wife next door for a cup of tea or a



"Someday, my boy, all this will be yours."

THE LANDSCAPE GARDEN

Palermo's Landscape Garden lay
South of the city
On a rock foundation—shale perforated
By intrusive gneiss, limestone caves
And lintels crannied
In soil that made an easy work of wonders,
Sudden glimpses into a gulf,
Tunnels of baroque
Surprise from which the prospect dropped, out of sight,
To earth no more than a few feet
Below. Here we came
At springtime for annuals and in the dead
Of winter for our Christmas trees
(Roots balled, replanted
Once the tinsel, still clinging, had served its turn).
Each season, whether obelisks
Were cumbered with snow
Or yellow with the lichen-scale that lingered
In the sandstone pores, each visit,
Lois would escape
The car, our calls, and, as if she had been lured
Past the terraced tubs of lemon
By the beckoning
Statuary, would dash headlong to vanish
Into the phony labyrinth
Where cypresses, black
In December, leaned together, revealing,
As I ran toward the place, only
Gray mortuary
Arches, silhouetted high and hopelessly,
Which, by a tweak of perspective,
All at once betrayed
(Absurdly tiny) from the path that circled
Above them, the secret old Nick
Palermo had learned
Probably from the Greek stones in Sicily:
Nothing has a size of its own.
I never found her,
Lois, my suburban Proserpine, summoned
By what mystery, what message
In those rusty rocks,
Until she was ready to appear—standing
In pure importance at the end
Of a corridor,
The sun braiding shadows into her bright hair,
Or, almost hidden, shivering
Where she had waited
In a shell of dim ivy, gone to earth—gone
For good now, as then in a game,
With all the rigor
Fun had to have. I found you, Lois,
Just where you left me, impatient
To be discovered,
As you had been to get away from us all
Into a world of disciplined
Water, distinguished
Women, even if they were only concrete
And cracked more often than not.
The landscape garden
You hide in now is pretty nearly the same
As Palermo's commercial grot,
Annuals replaced
With everlasting care, evergreens set out
The way we used to do, but you
Not—you never, you
Nowhere, now—save in that past I don't suffer
But create in a ritual
Precious to me for
Its banality. Nobody will be there
To see you in your bush of hair
Dance burning away,
But to me you will come, I will make you come,
Your face saturated in sleep,
And nothing else left
In the landscape garden these late days of ours
But darkness, Lois, and disgrace.

—RICHARD HOWARD

• •

glass of sherry—anything to escape the curates. The optician's wife was a shrewd, interfering woman. She didn't know what Jimmy was up to, but she knew Jimmy was trying to keep his wife to himself, and that was enough for her.

ONE evening the Doctor was sitting in the lounge of the Wicklow Hotel with Jimmy when Josephine Hanrahan looked in. The Doctor, who was very polite and very fond of her, jumped to his feet and signalled to her.

"Don't bother to get up, Paddy," she said. "I'm not staying. If I'm not good enough to drink with a man in his own house, I see no reason for doing it in public."

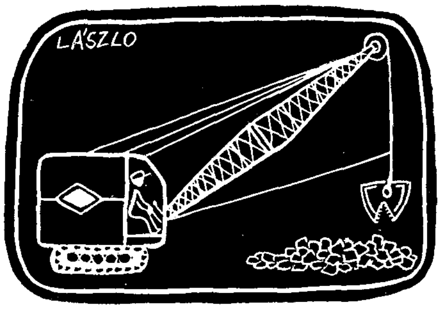
"Oh, really, Josephine!" Jimmy protested.

"I didn't think you'd do it, Jimmy," she said bitterly. "I really didn't. I thought you were too big a man to drop your old friends."

Jimmy looked owlishly at the Doctor, then at her, and held out his hands. "Do I look like a man who's dropped his old friends?" he asked triumphantly.

"Oh, you're too clever for that, Jimmy," she replied. "You're not obvious. But you won't ask us to your house, and you won't let us meet your wife. Has Paddy been there?"

"No, dear," the Doctor said, trying to make his voice sound smooth. "Are you sure you won't have a drink?"



"Quite, Paddy," she said. But she was not to be shut up. She turned on Jimmy again. "But you'll invite people who never spoke to you a year ago and wouldn't speak to you tomorrow if you hadn't money in your pocket."

Jimmy took his glasses off and wiped his long, pale face as though to reveal the true features below. The character he was trying to assume now was the haggard, patient, overworked family man, and to give him his due he did it well. "My dear girl," he said kindly, wagging his glasses at her, "in my business I have to entertain people I don't much care for." He stopped and picked up the bowler hat. "This is a façade. And you know it."

"Lies, Jimmy Maguire!" she said in a whisper. "I know your faults. I probably know them better than you do yourself. But you're not mean, and you're not calculating and you're not avaricious."

He drew himself up, smiled, and raised the bowler to her. "Thank you, my dear."

"You didn't let me finish," she went on. "I never said you weren't jealous."

"Jealous?" he echoed as though he didn't know what she meant.

"Yes, jealous."

"But of whom, Josephine?" Jimmy said, with an elaboration of astonishment that did not seem genuine.

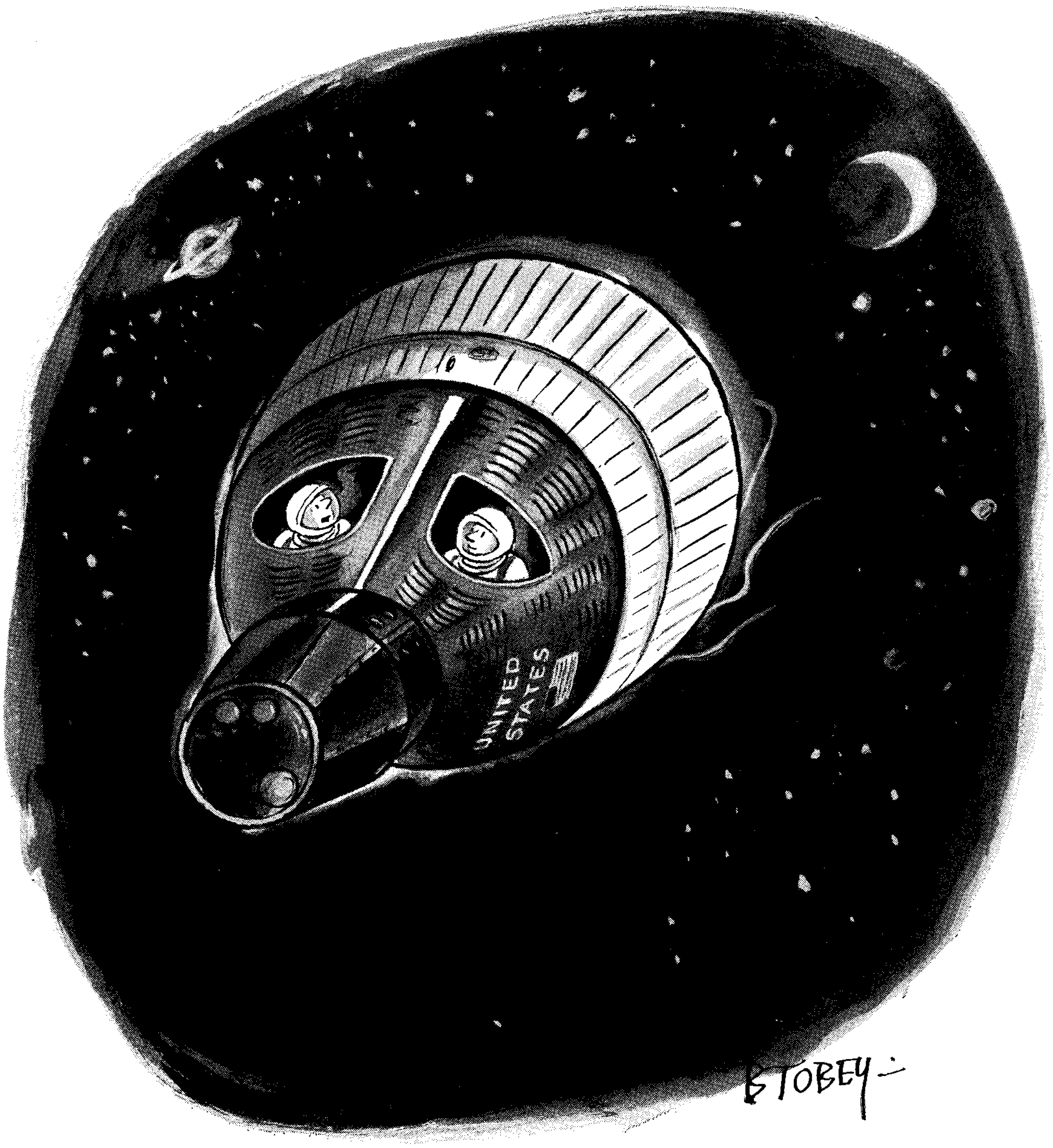
"Of your wife."

"That shows all you know about Roisin."

"No, that shows all you know about her. You're afraid she'll do what other wives have done—wives well known to you."

The Doctor didn't know where to look. Jimmy didn't like it either. "Really, Josephine," he said, "that's pretty farfetched, even from you."

"You never made a bigger mistake in your life, Jimmy Maguire," she said contemptuously. "And you'll regret it."



"No, I've never been to Paris. In fact, I've never been out of the States."

• •

"EXTRAORDINARY ideas women get into their heads," Jimmy said when she had gone. "I hope that husband isn't giving her more trouble."

The Doctor could see he was disturbed. That evening he did not reach the glazing stage, and they separated at the bus stop by Trinity College. The Doctor went away feeling thoughtful. For he, too, had been to the optician's house and wondered afterwards why on earth he had been invited and why the optician's wife had pressed him to come again. He began to feel that he was involved in an intrigue.

The next time he went there, he saw Con Bishop in a corner, and then he knew that he was right. Con was another of the old group. He was an architect, an excitable young man with an Oxford accent. He flirted with the optician's wife as he flirted with everybody. The Doctor was sitting with another medical man, drinking his whiskey, when the door opened and Roisin Maguire came in. Ignoring everyone else, she went straight up to the Doctor and took his hands in hers and dragged him over to the sofa.

"I'm always wanting to talk to you," she exclaimed intensely, gazing into his eyes.

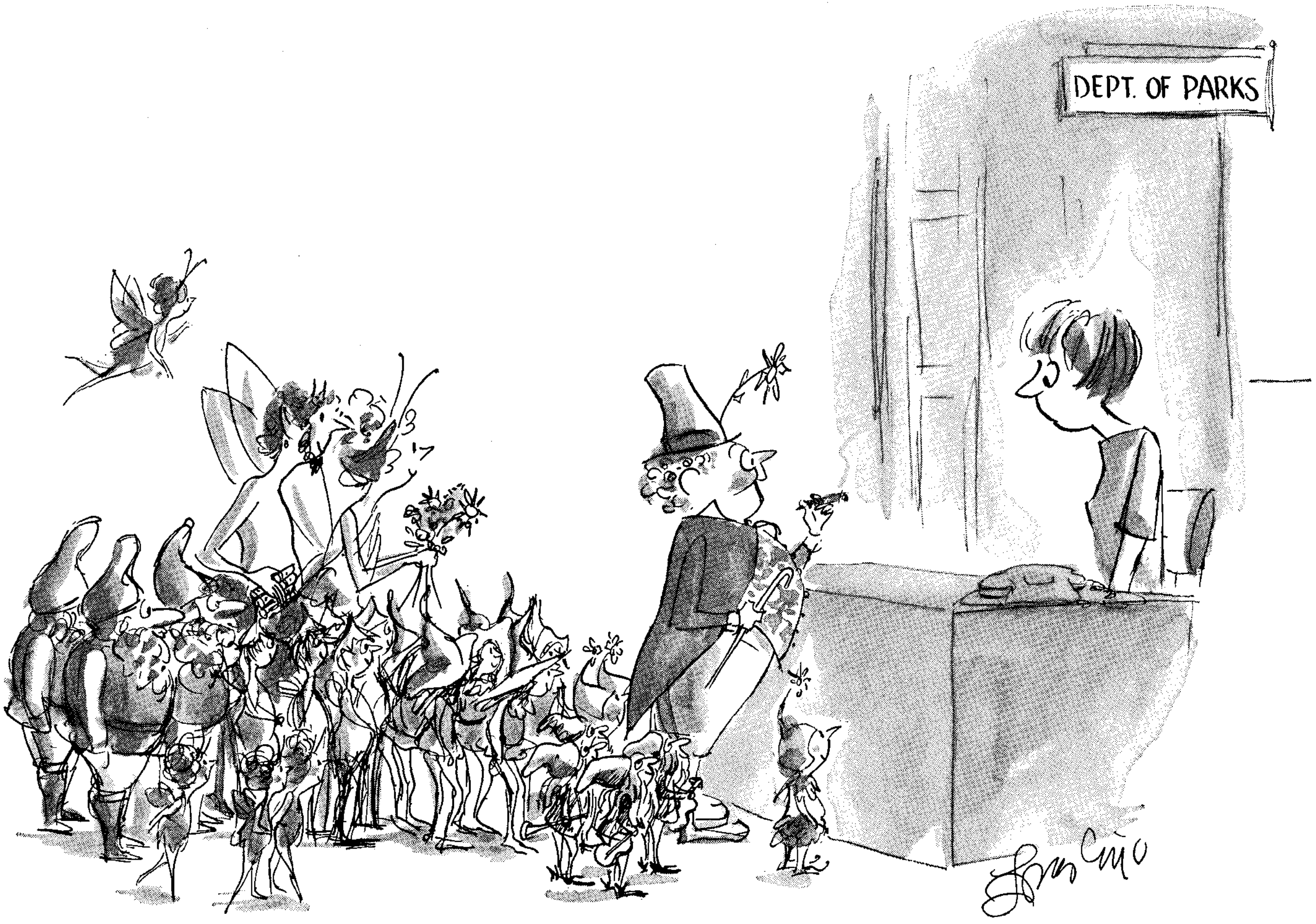
"It's mutual," he said, never having seen a technique like this before—if it was a technique, which he couldn't be sure of. "But I don't see as much of Jimmy as I used to."

"Ah, who does?" she said in a husky voice. "You can't see him for curates. I love my religion—you probably think I don't, but I do—only I can't bear too many priests round the house. Maybe I shouldn't say it to you, but I can't help it."

"Why on earth shouldn't you say it?" asked the Doctor, overwhelmed by her manner.

"I shouldn't—not to an atheist."

The Doctor was on the point of asking who had told her this when their hostess, who felt this was all much too sudden and public, descended on them. Still Roisin did not let go of the Doctor's hands. Instead, she looked over her shoulder at Mrs. Lacey and said, "Ah, Kitty, haven't I waited long enough for a chance to talk to this fellow? Be a sport and bring me an old drink. Anything at all will do. It all has the same effect on me. . . . Aren't I awful?" she asked the Doctor. "I can never tell the difference between one drink and another." But her mind was not on the drink any more than it was on the party. She had a sort of rapt, entranced quality, as though she were a sleepwalker living out a dream. "Tell me, aren't you the one that



"Would you kindly inform Commissioner Hoving that it would not be to his disadvantage to give us a hearing?"

• •

bailed Jimmy out when he was arrested in Limerick?"

"No," the Doctor said with amusement. "I'm afraid that was Con, the fair-haired chap over there."

"I want to talk to him, too," she said, squeezing the Doctor's hands. "I'm always hearing about ye. And there was a woman in the car with him the same night, wasn't there? He won't tell me who she was. That fellow is the devil. Do you know was it Josephine Hanrahan?"

"No," the Doctor said cautiously, "I don't think it was." He knew quite well who the woman was, but he felt that this was dangerous ground.

"He'll never tell me anything," she said. "But that's a girl I'd love to meet—Josephine, I mean."

"I fancy she'd like to meet you, too," the Doctor said politely.

"Ah, listen, Paddy," she whispered, laying a hand on his knee, "would you ever bring me round to her place some night? You couldn't tell Jimmy, of course. He has some daft notion that she's not class enough."

"Not class enough? Mrs. Hanrahan?"

"Ah, sure, what was my own father only a floorwalker in the Munster Arcade?" she said impatiently. "I'd ask Kitty Lacey here to invite her, only Kitty is so blooming inquisitive. She'd want to know what you had for your dinner. And I can't help blabbing everything to her. I'm that sort, Paddy. I blab. Isn't it terrible? Do you notice the way I'm blabbing now?"

The suggestion that anyone might apply the word "blabbing" to anything so enchanting as Roisin's conversation came to the Doctor as a shock as great as hearing himself described as an atheist and Josephine as a woman of no class. At the same time, he began to see what the dream was that gave Roisin the air of a sleepwalker. It was a dream of Jimmy. She loved the thought that he was a wild, romantic, reckless man, and when she was polishing his shoes, cooking the dinner, or bathing the child, she was sustained by that vision of him.

He was touched by it, and soon after that he took her to Josephine's little house in Rathgar. He felt nervous about doing it, but then, as I have said, the Doctor rather liked being in the position of having to be nervous. Besides, Roisin herself was in such a state that by force of comforting her he put himself at ease. She "blabbed," as she called it, all the way.

"Tell me, Paddy, do you think I'm mad? Sometimes I think myself I'm not in my right mind. What will Jimmy Maguire say if he hears of it? He might kill me. Did it ever strike you that he has a distinct look of Henry VIII? I call him that sometimes. He only laughs at me."

The Doctor laughed himself at the thought of the ascetic-looking Jimmy, who resembled an El Greco saint, being compared with Henry VIII, but now that he realized Roisin had a hankering after that side of him, it struck him that if the matter were not so delicate and if only Jimmy had remained intimate with him, it might do no harm to indicate to him that an occasional touch of the firebrand would go down well at home. But Jimmy was cautiously extinguishing every bit of the firebrand in himself—either because, as Josephine thought, he was jealous, or because he wanted to get on in the world, or possibly even for a third reason, which the Doctor could not at the moment put his finger on. He had ceased to be hurt by Jimmy's defection. He was almost beginning to feel sorry for him.

The visit to Josephine was a success. When she opened the door to them, she smiled in a way that suggested that she would presently burst into tears, but as Roisin rattled on nervously, Josephine relaxed. When Roisin went upstairs for a moment, Josephine turned to the Doctor and said, "That old humbug! He would have all the luck, wouldn't he?"

"Are you sure it's luck, dear?" the Doctor asked doubtfully.

"Why? There's nothing wrong, is there?"

"No. But I thought you said he'd regret it."

"Oh, that!" she said with a shrug. Like all women, she lacked the courage of her intuitions.

ROISIN went home after that visit and the fat was in the fire. If she had been coming back from a date with a man, she couldn't have been more terrified. For now that it was all over she realized her own duplicity. What was worse, she had made an appointment for lunch and shopping with Josephine the following week. She knelt before a picture of the Sacred Heart in her bedroom and asked for strength to be able to tell Jimmy. She explained to the Sacred Heart, as she had to the Doctor or would have explained to anyone else, that she couldn't keep a thing to herself. She was, as the Sacred Heart knew, a blabber. And she asked the Sacred Heart not to let Jimmy be too mad with her. Then, having built up a crisis out of it, she told Jimmy in an offhand way that would have made any man mad, even one without a past like Jimmy's.

"Oh, Jimmy, do you know who I ran into today? Josephine Hanrahan." There was no response at all. "God, Jimmy," Roisin rattled on despairingly, "she's a lovely woman. Why didn't you let me meet her before? We went into her place for a minute."

"We?"

"I met her with Paddy, and she asked us in."

Jimmy knocked the ashes out of his pipe and slowly turned on her. He frightened her. His face looked old and sour and caved in. He said, "Does this mean you intend to defy me?"

"Defy you, Jimmy?" she said, her hands pulling nervously at her dress. "Sure, I never defy you. I said I'd have lunch with her. Is there anything wrong with that?"

"That remains to be seen."

"But what could I say, Jimmy? I didn't want to hurt her feelings."

"You could have put her off," he said. "As you'd put off any other unsuitable invitation."

"But I don't see what there was unsuitable about it. I liked the girl, the little I saw of her."

"The little you saw of her, precisely," Jimmy said, holding up his finger in warning. "You don't really know that woman and I do. There are things about her I'd sooner not discuss. Things I'd prefer not to say about an old friend."

"What things, Jimmy?" Roisin asked eagerly.

"I said I'd sooner not discuss them," Jimmy replied severely. But his training as a lawyer probably made him feel that this was unconvincing. Evidence was what was needed. "I don't remember too well, but there was some talk about a girl in Drumcondra that jumped out of a three-story window."

"Is it in Drumcondra?" exclaimed Roisin, who found it difficult to keep up another person's tone. "Sure if I was living there I'd jump out of a window myself."

"Well, maybe it wasn't Drumcondra," he conceded. "Anyway, she was killed. I'm not saying it was ever brought home to Josephine. For all I know, she may be as innocent as yourself. But you do not want to be mixed up with people like that. Particularly while she's knocking around with a fellow like Paddy Baldwin."

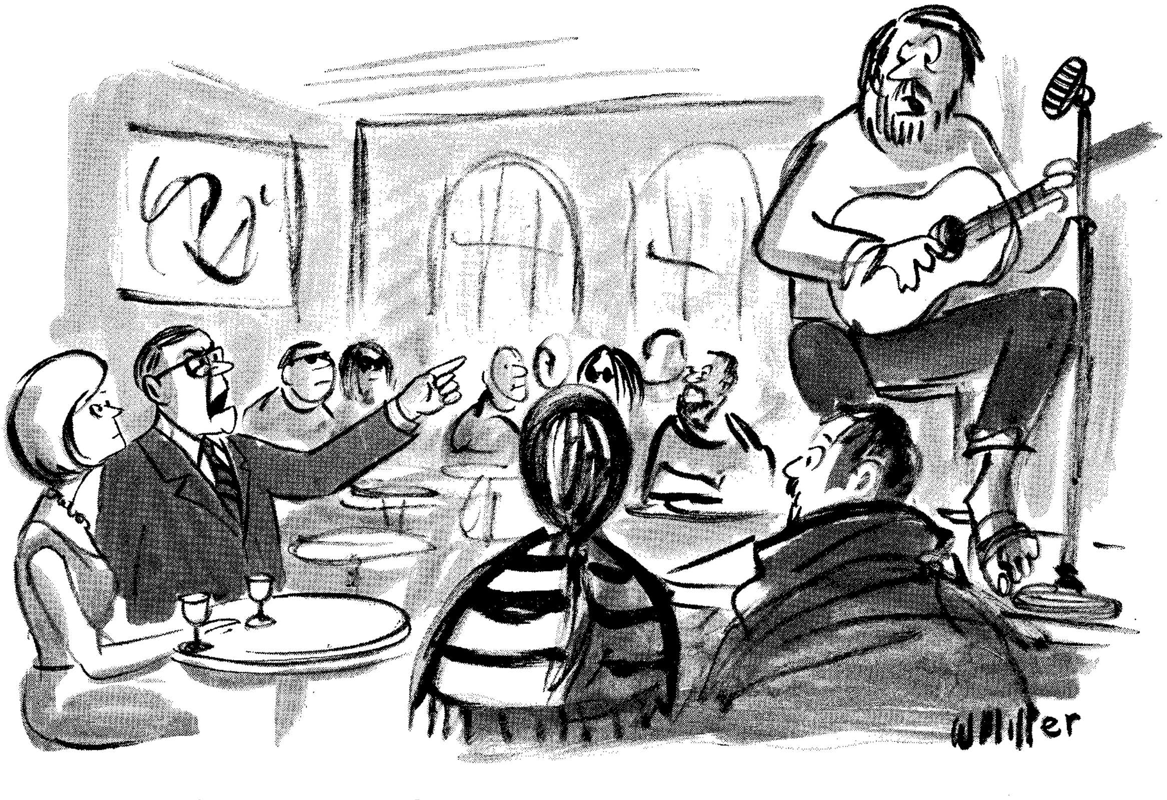
"Ah, for goodness sake, you're not going to say there's anything between the pair of them!" cried Roisin. "I don't believe a word of it, Jimmy. I think he's lonely and she just mothers him." Jimmy laughed harshly, and she looked up at him in surprise.

"Paddy is an old friend," he said, "and I have no wish to criticize him. His mother, God rest her, could have told you the truth."

"His mother?" Roisin cried incredulously. "But Josephine says he was crazy about her."

"She died of a broken heart," Jimmy said.

Then he did an extraordinary thing. He went on his knees and joined his hands. You can imagine Jimmy, six foot of him, on his knees. "Roisin," he



"Just a minute, fella! That happens to be a sound, acceptable business principle you're knocking!"

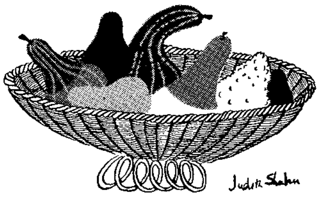
said, "won't you keep away from that crowd, for my sake? You're too good for them. They'll only corrupt you the way they've corrupted others, all for their own amusement. I know them of old, and I curse the day I had anything to do with them. That's what I wanted when I married you—to get away from it all. And there's another thing," he added, closing his eyes and staring up in agony at her like a blind man asking for a penny. "I didn't want to tell you, but you'd better know before it's too late. My family were all a little unstable mentally. On my father's side, of course. I couldn't bear a mental shock. My uncle was insane when he died. You wouldn't want to drive me to that."

"Your uncle?" Roisin cried. "Which uncle?"

"Willie," he replied humbly. "It was kept a great secret. We didn't want anyone to know."

"I think," Roisin said, speaking with real indignation, "I might have been told before now."

Extraordinary as it was for her to see this great man at her feet, it wasn't him she was thinking of now. It was Little Liam. Liam was a curious child. He always hated to be denied anything, and if you spoke severely to him he screamed with rage. Was it possible that Liam had inherited the family weakness, and had she in her innocence made it worse by frustrating him when she should have comforted him and given in to him? For the first time, she was really angry with Jimmy, and went upstairs to look at the child, and then knelt by his bedside and promised the Sacred Heart that she would never cross him again, whatever he wanted.



SHE was a serious girl, and she knew that she could not imperil her marriage by doing something that Jimmy disapproved of, so she rang up Josephine and excused herself because of illness. But she was also a rotten liar. When Josephine, a woman who'd give you the shift off her back, heard that Roisin was ill, she announced that she was coming over to look after the house for her. Then Roisin's heart misgave her, and she asked Josephine over for tea. She felt terrible about it because she knew that she was no good at explaining things if the explanation involved any improbabilities, and she was certain that Josephine would see through it all. She did. Within five minutes she knew that Roisin was acting under Jimmy's orders and went white with rage. It was bad enough that he would not invite her to the house. To make it plain that he did not think her a proper acquaintance for his wife was too much. When he was ill and a bachelor, he simply packed his bag and came to her house and stayed there till he was well. So she told Roisin this, and Roisin shook her head despairingly.

"What can I do?" she asked.

"Whatever you like," said Josephine. "I wouldn't allow my husband to give me orders like that."

Roisin realized unhappily that a partial explanation was not enough. "But it isn't only that, Josephine," she said. "I'm afraid to contradict him. You see, it's in the family. He had an uncle that was queer."

"It's the first I've heard of it," Josephine said.

"Well, to tell you the truth, it's the first I heard of it, too," said Roisin.

"But who told you?" Josephine persisted.

"He did—Jimmy, I mean. He told me it was dangerous for him to be upset."

"And you're quite sure he's not making it up?"

"Would a man say a thing like that about his own family if it wasn't true? Sure, that would be crazy out and out. I'd sooner 'twas true. You don't think it isn't?" she added anxiously.

"I'll make it my business to find out," Josephine said grimly.

"But if that's not true," Roisin wailed, "then I suppose Paddy's mother didn't die of a broken heart, either."

"Paddy's mother?" cried Josephine. "She worshipped the ground he walked on. And with good reason. I don't know what's come over your husband, Roisin. I never knew him to tell lies like that."

"It isn't lying, that's the awful part of it," Roisin said in distress. "Josephine, I've never breathed it to a soul, and I wouldn't say it now only I know it's not true. Actually, I knew all the time it wasn't true. You will understand me, won't you? I'm only telling you to show how crazy he is. That woman in Drumcondra that was supposed to have committed suicide because of you . . ."

AT that point, Josephine nearly went crazy herself, and nothing but loyalty to Roisin prevented her from going straight to Jimmy's office and demanding a signed retraction. Anyway, it made no difference. For if there is one impression a man must never leave upon his wife it is that he is emotional and unstable, because it means that the woman at once begins to feel the whole business of judgment and decision devolves upon her, and a woman who feels that no longer respects her husband. So Roisin continued to meet the gang, and take one drink, which always made her tight, and she developed a violent crush on Con Bishop, whose Oxford accent probably reminded her of Henry VIII. She and Josephine were devoted to one another, though not in the way Roisin would have wished, with Josephine as the confidante of her passion for Jimmy. Rather, she was the confidante of Roisin's doubts of Jimmy, the woman she would rush to whenever there was trouble between them. Jimmy, on the other hand, forever alienated from all his old friends by his slanders, took to going to chapel in the evenings and praying that his wife would not do something it would have taken a convulsion of nature to make her do, and at home he was ordered about as if he were a child.

—FRANK O'CONNOR

•

TO WAKEN A SMALL PERSON

You sleep at the top of streets
Up which workmen each morning
Go wheeling their bicycles

Your eyes are like the windows
Of some high attic the one
The very one you sleep in

They're shut it's raining the rain
Falls on the streets of the town
As it falls falls through your sleep

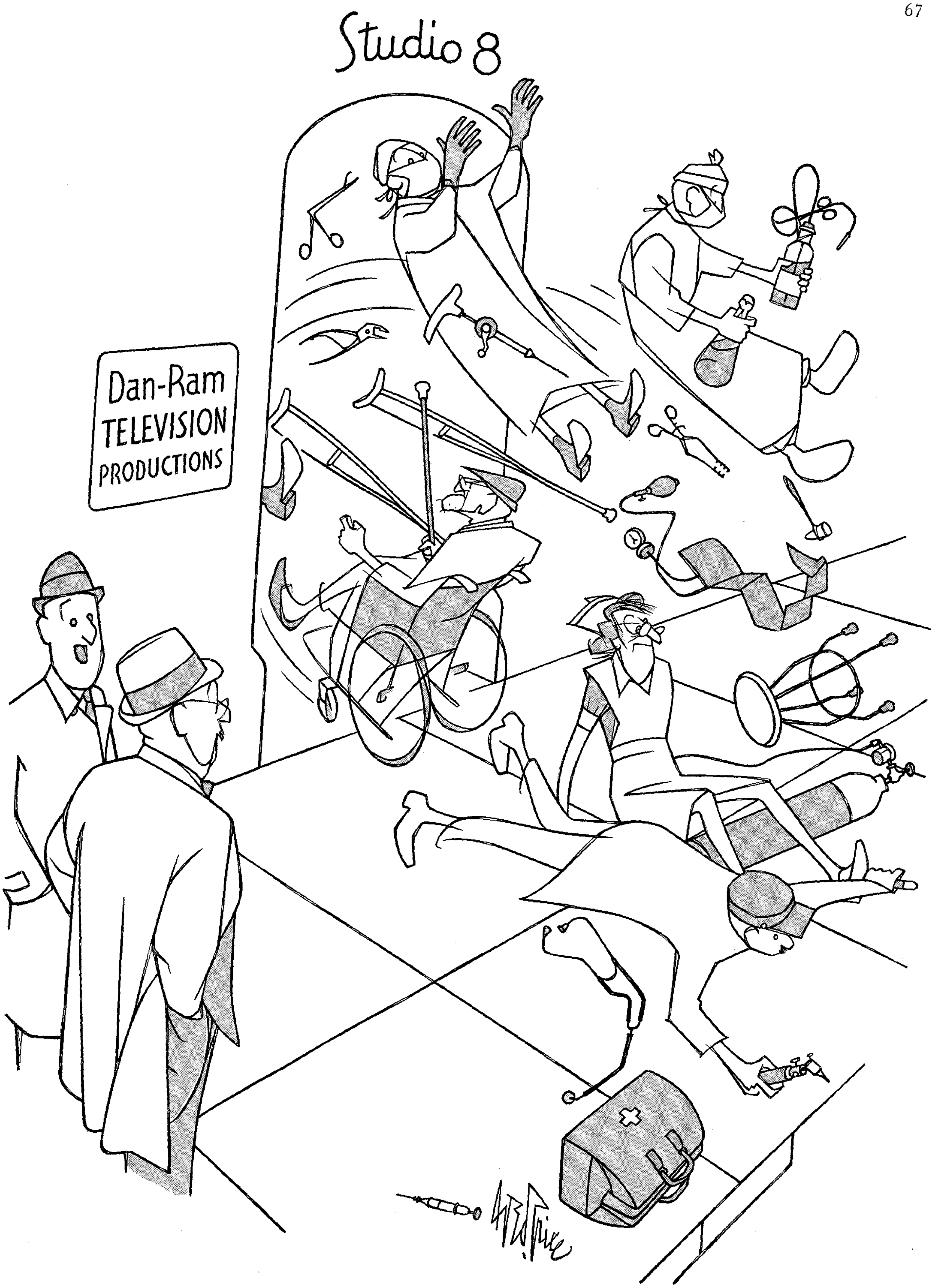
You must be dreaming these tears
Wake up please open yourself
Like a little umbrella

Hurry the sidewalks need you
The awnings not one is up
And the patient bicycles

Halted at intersections
They need you they are confused
The colors of traffic lights

Are bleeding bleeding wake up
The puddles of parking lots
Cannot contain such rainbows

—DONALD JUSTICE


Studio 8
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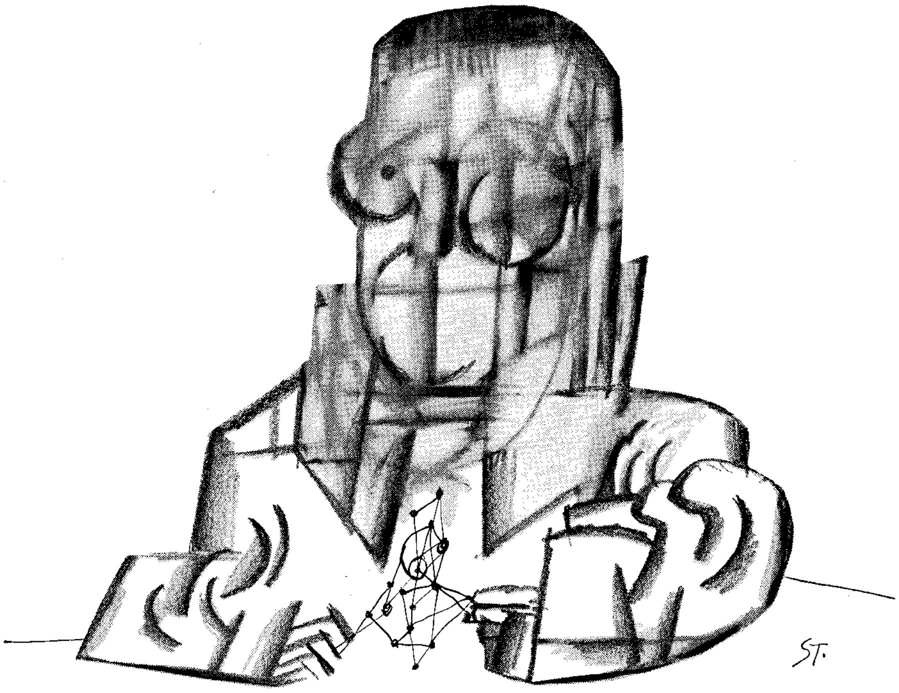
TELEVISION
PRODUCTIONS
G.B. Price

"Victims of the ratings systems, I guess."

PROFILES

WHAT IS PERMITTED TO JOVE



You hope, yes,
your books will excuse you,
save you from hell:
nevertheless,
without looking sad,
without in any way
seeming to blame . . .
God may reduce you
on Judgment Day
to tears of shame,
reciting by heart
the poems you would
have written, had
your life been good.
—W. H. Auden

WHEN Bertolt Brecht sought, and found, refuge in this country in 1941, he went to Hollywood "to join the sellers" on "the market where lies are bought," and wherever he went he heard the words "*Spell your name.*" He had been famous in German-speaking countries since the early twenties, and he did not particularly like to be unknown and poor again. In 1947, he was called before the Committee on Un-American Activities; he appeared with a ticket to Zurich in his pocket, was greatly praised for being so "coöperative," and left the country. But when Brecht tried to settle in West Germany, the military-occupation authorities refused the necessary permission. This turned out to be almost equally unfortunate for Germany and for Brecht himself. He settled down in East Berlin, where he was given the direction of a theatre and, for the first time in his life, ample opportunity to watch the Communist variety of total domination at close range. He died in August, 1956.

Since Brecht's death, his fame has spread all over Europe—even to Russia—and also to the English-speaking countries. With the exception of "The Seven Deadly Sins of the Petty Bourgeois," a minor work translated by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallmann (their superb translation of "The Rise and Fall of the City Mahagonny" was never published), and "Galileo," translated by Charles Laughton and Brecht himself, none of his plays and, alas, few of his poems have appeared in an English translation worthy of this great poet and playwright; nor have any of his plays—except for the "Galileo," with Charles Laughton, that lasted six performances in New York in the late forties, and, perhaps, "The Caucasian Chalk Circle" this year at Lincoln Center—been given a worthy English-language production. An adequate, though not very distinguished, translation of Brecht's first book of poems—"Die Hauspostille," which appeared in 1927—by Eric Bentley, with good annotations by Hugo Schmidt, is now being published by Grove Press under the title "Manual of Piety." (I shall use this translation in some of the following.) But fame has its own momentum, and although it has sometimes been a bit difficult to understand why people who don't know a word of German should get excited and enthusiastic about Brecht in English, the excitement and enthusiasm are welcome, because they are entirely deserved. Fame has also covered up the circumstances that made it necessary for Brecht to go to East Berlin, and this, too, is welcome to anyone who thinks back to the time when second-rate critics and third-rate writers could denounce him with impunity. Still, Brecht's political biography, a kind of case history of the uncertain relationship between poetry and politics, is no slight matter, and now, when his fame is secure, the time may have come when it is possible to raise certain questions without being misunderstood. To be sure, the fact of Brecht's doctrinaire and often ludicrous adherence to the Communist ideology as such need hardly cause serious concern. In a poem written in America during the war but published only recently, Brecht himself has defined the only point of importance. Addressing his German fellow-poets under Hitler, he said, "Be on your guard, you who sing this man Hitler. I . . . know that he'll soon die and that, dying, he'll have outlived his fame. But even if he made the earth unfit for habitation by conquering it, no poem praising him could last. True, too quickly does the wail of pain of whole continents die down to drown out the hymn to the tormentor. True, those who praise the outrage, they, too, have fine-sounding voices. And yet it is the dying swan's song that is held to be the most beautiful: he sings without fear." Brecht was right and wrong; no poem praising Hitler or Hitler's war has survived Hitler's death, because none of the hymnists had a "fine-sounding voice." (The only German poem of the last war that will last, perhaps, is Brecht's own "Children's Crusade 1939," a ballad written in the moving bitter-sad tone of folk songs and telling the story of fifty-five war orphans and a dog in Poland who set out for "*ein Land, wo Frieden war*"—"a country where peace was"—and didn't know the way.) But Brecht's voice sounds fine enough in the lines to his fellow-poets, and one doesn't quite see why he did not publish them—except that he might have known how a simple change of name would cause the poem to boomerang upon him: How about his ode to Stalin and his praise of Stalin's crimes, written and published while he was in East Berlin but merci-fully omitted from the collection of his works, which were published in the late nineteen-fifties by Suhrkamp in West Germany and the Aufbau-Verlag in East Berlin? Didn't he know what he was *doing?* Oh, yes, he did: "Last night in a dream I saw fingers pointing at me as though I were a leper. They were worn and they were broken. 'You don't know!' I cried out, conscious of guilt."

TO talk about poets is an uncomfortable task; poets are there to be quoted, not to be talked about. Those whose specialty is literature, and among whom we now find the "Brecht scholars," have learned how to overcome their unease, but I am not one of them. The voice of the poets, however, concerns all of us, not only critics and scholars; it concerns us in our private lives and also insofar as we are citizens. We don't need to deal with *engagé* poets in order to feel justified in talking about them from a political viewpoint, as citizens, but it seems easier for a non-literary person to engage in this activity if political attitudes and commitments have played an all-important role in the life and work of an author, as they did in Brecht's. The first thing to be pointed out is that poets have not often made good, reliable citizens; Plato, himself a great poet in philosopher's disguise, was not the first to be sorely worried and annoyed by poets. There has always been trouble with them; they have often shown a deplorable tendency to misbehave, and in our century their misbehavior has on occasion been of even deeper concern to citizens than ever before. We need only remember the case of Ezra Pound. The United States government decided not to put him on trial for treason in wartime, because he could plead insanity, whereupon a committee of poets did, in a way, what the government chose not to—it judged him—and the result was an award to him for having written the best poetry of 1948. The poets honored him regardless of his misbehavior or insanity. They judged the poet; it was not their business to judge the citizen. And since they were poets themselves, they might have thought in Goethe's terms: "*Dichter sündgen nicht schwer;*" that is, poets do not shoulder such a heavy burden of guilt when they misbehave—one shouldn't take their sins altogether seriously. But Goethe's line had reference to different sins, light sins, such as Brecht speaks of when, in his irrepressible desire to tell the least welcome truths—which, indeed, was one of his great virtues—he says, addressing his womenfolk, "In me you have a man on whom you can't rely." He knew well that what women want most in their menfolk is reliability—the thing that poets can afford least. They *can't afford it because those whose business it is to soar must shun gravity.* They must not be tied down, and hence cannot bear as much responsibility as others must. But there are sins and sins. Undeniably, Ezra Pound's sins were more serious; it was not merely a case of foolishly succumbing to Mussolini's exercises in oratory. In his vicious radio broadcasts, he went far beyond Mussolini's worst speeches, doing Hitler's business and proving to be one of the worst Jew-baiters among the intellectuals on either side of the Atlantic. To be sure, he had disliked Jews before the war and has disliked them since, and this dislike is his private affair, of hardly any political importance. It is quite another matter to trumpet this kind of aversion to the world at a moment when Jews are being killed by the millions. However, Pound could plead insanity and get away with things that Brecht, entirely sane and highly intelligent, was not able to get away with. Brecht's sins were smaller than Pound's, yet he sinned more heavily, because he was only a poet, not an insane one. For, despite the poets' lack of gravity, reliability, and responsibility, they obviously can't get away *with everything. But where to draw* the line we, their fellow-citizens, are hardly able to decide. Villon almost ended on the gallows—God knows, perhaps rightly so—but his songs still gladden our hearts, and we honor him for them. There is no surer way to make a fool of oneself than to draw up a code of behavior for poets, though quite a number of serious and respectable men have done it. Luckily for us and for the poets, we don't have to go to this absurd trouble, nor do we have to rely on our everyday standards of judgment. A poet is to be judged by his poetry, and while much is permitted him, it is not true that "those who praise the outrage have fine-sounding voices." At least, it was not true in Brecht's case; his odes to Stalin, that great father and murderer of peoples, sound as though they had been fabricated by the least gifted imitator Brecht ever had. The worst that can happen to a poet is that he should cease to be a poet, and that is what happened to Brecht in the

"Don't you dare confess to anything around here!"

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B. Petty

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last years of his life. He may have thought that the odes to Stalin did not matter. Weren't they written out of fear, and hadn't he always believed that almost everything is justified in the face of violence? This was the wisdom of his "Mr. Keuner" (in the "Geschichten vom Herrn Keuner"), who, however, around 1930 was still a bit more fastidious in the choice of his means than his author twenty years later. In dark times, so one of the stories goes, there came an agent of the rulers to the home of a man who "had learnt how to say no." The agent claimed the man's home and food as his own and asked him, "Will you wait upon me?" The man put him to bed, covered him with a blanket, guarded his sleep, and obeyed him for seven years. But whatever he did, he never spoke a single word. After the seven years were over, the agent had grown fat with eating, sleeping, and giving orders, and he died. The man wrapped him in the rotten blanket, threw him out of the house, washed the bed, painted the walls, sighed with relief, and answered, "No." Had Brecht forgotten Mr. Keuner's wisdom not to say "Yes"? In any event, what concerns us here is the sad fact that the few poems of his last years, published posthumously, are weak and thin. The exceptions are minor. There is the much quoted witticism after the workers' rebellion of 1953: "After the rebellion of the seventeenth of June . . . one could read that the people had forfeited the government's confidence and could regain it only by redoubling their work efforts. Would it not be simpler for the government to dissolve the people and elect another one?" There are a number of very touching lines in love poems and nursery rhymes. And, most important, there are praises of purposelessness, of which the best sounds like a half-conscious variation on Angelus Silesius's famous "Ohne Warum." ("The rose is without why; it blooms because it blooms, / It cares not for itself, asks not if it is seen.") Brecht writes:

Ach, wie sollen wir die kleine Rose
  buchen?
Plötzlich dunkelrot und jung und nah?
Ach, wir kamen nicht, sie zu besuchen
Aber als wir kamen, war sie da.

Eh sie da war, ward sie nicht erwartet.
Als sie da war, ward sie kaum geglaubt.
Ach, zum Ziele kam, was nie gestartet.
Aber war es so nicht überhaupt?

(How, oh how, can we account for the little rose? Suddenly dark red and young and near? Oh, we didn't come to visit her, but when we came she was there. Before she was, she wasn't expected; when she appeared, she was hard to believe in. Oh, something arrived that had never been started. But is that not the way it has always been?)

That Brecht could write such verses at all indicates an unexpected and decisive shift in the poet's mood; only his early poetry, in the "Manual of Piety," shows the same freedom from worldly purposes and cares, and in the place of the earlier tone of jubilation or defiance there is now the peculiar stillness of wonder and gratitude. The one perfect product of these last years, consisting of two four-line love stanzas, is a variation on a German nursery rhyme, and therefore untranslatable. For those who know German:

Sieben Rosen hat der Strauch
Sechs gehör'n dem Wind
Aber eine bleibt, dass auch
Ich noch eine find.

Sieben Male ruf ich dich
Sechsmal bleibe fort
Doch beim siebten Mal, versprich
Komme auf ein Wort.

Everything indicated that the poet had found a new voice—perhaps "the dying swan's song that is held to be the most beautiful"—but when the moment came for the voice to be heard, it seemed to have lost its power. This is the only objective and therefore unquestionable sign we have that he had transgressed the rather wide limits set for poets, that he had crossed the line marking what was permitted to him. For these boundaries, alas, cannot be detected from the outside, and can hardly even be guessed at. They are like faint ridges, all but invisible to the

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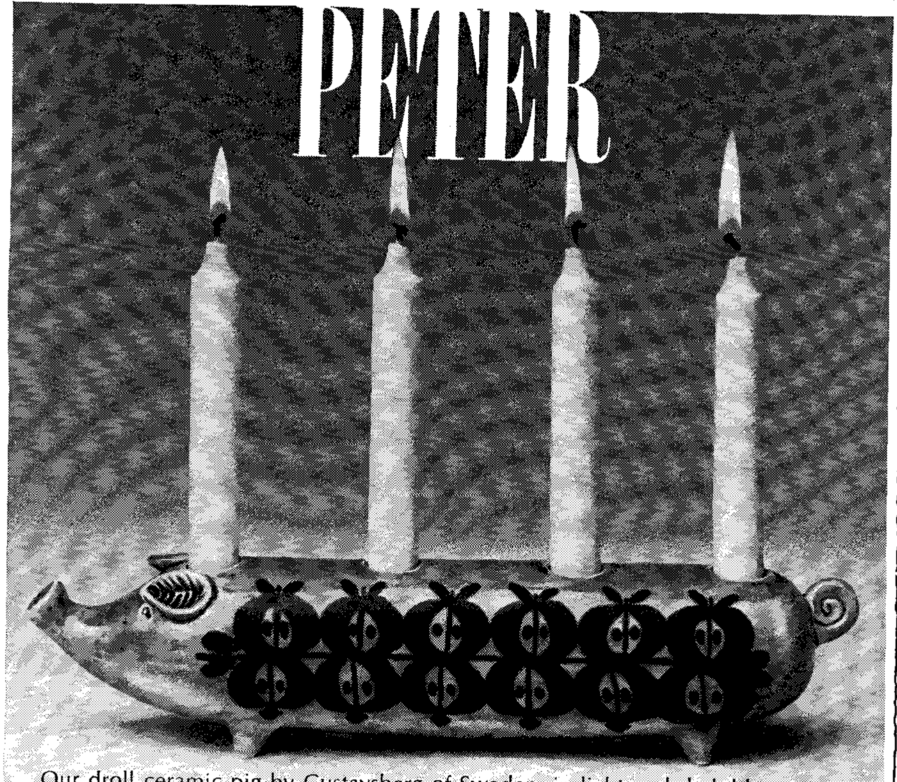

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naked eye, which, once a man has crossed them—or not even actually crossed them but just stumbled over them—suddenly grow into walls. There is no retracing of steps; whatever he does, he finds himself with his back against the wall. And even now, *après coup*, it is difficult to define the cause; our only evidence that the step was taken is supplied by the poetry, and all it tells us is the moment when it happened, when the punishment caught up with him. For the only meaningful punishment that a poet can suffer, short of death, is, of course, the sudden loss of what throughout human history has appeared a divine gift. To Brecht the loss clearly came rather late, and hence it can teach us a lesson about the great permissiveness enjoyed by those who live under the laws of Apollo. It did not come when he became a Communist; to be a Communist in Europe in the twenties, and even the early thirties (at least for people who were not in the thick of things and could not know to what an extent Stalin had changed the Party into a totalitarian movement, ready to commit any crime and every betrayal, including the betrayal of the revolution), was no sin but merely an error. However, it did not come, either, when Brecht failed to break with the Party during the Moscow Trials, in which some of his friends were among the defendants, or during the Spanish Civil War, when he must have known that the Russians did everything they could to the detriment of the Spanish Republic, using the misfortunes of the Spanish to get even with anti-Stalinists inside and outside the Party. And it did not come when, at the time of the Hitler-Stalin pact, Brecht failed to speak out, let alone to sever his relations to the Party; on the contrary, the years he spent in exile, first in the Danish city of Svendborg and then in Santa Monica, were creatively the best years of his life, comparable in sheer productivity only to his youth, when he was still uninfluenced by ideology and had not yet subjected himself to any political discipline. It came, finally, after he had settled down in East Berlin, where he could see, day after day, what it meant to the people to live under a Communist regime. Not that he had wanted to settle down there; from December, 1947, until August, 1948, he had waited in Zurich for permission to settle in Munich, and only when he had to give up all hope of getting it did he decide to go home as best he could—well provided against all hazards with a Czech passport soon to be exchanged for an Austrian one, a Swiss bank ac-

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count, and a West German publisher. Up to that unfortunate moment, he had been quite careful not to come into close contact with his friends in the East. In 1933, when many of his friends foolishly believed they could find asylum in Soviet Russia, he went to Denmark, and when he fled Europe at the beginning of the war, though he came to America via Vladivostok, he hardly stopped in Moscow, never even considering Russia—this was the time of the Hitler-Stalin pact—as a possible place of refuge. Quite apart from the fact that he had never found favor with the Russian Communist Party—from beginning to end he was appreciated only by free audiences in Western countries—he must have had a foreboding that the poetic distance he had been able to keep from Communist politics even when he was most deeply committed to the "cause" (it seems he was never a member of the Party) would not withstand the onslaught of Soviet reality, as it did not withstand the infinitely less horrible onslaught of the reality of Ulbricht's Germany. The element of playfulness, so important in his work, could not possibly survive in proximity with the very horrors he used in his plays. It is, after all, one thing to tell your friends and acquaintances when they disagree with you, "We'll shoot you, too, when we seize power," and quite another thing to live where things worse than shooting happen to those who disagree with those who have indeed seized power. Brecht himself was not molested—not even in the years before Stalin's death. But since he was no fool, he must have known that his personal safety resulted from the fact that East Berlin was an exceptional place, the show window of the East during the fifties, and in desperate competition with the city's Western sector, just a couple of subway stops away. In this competition, the Berliner Ensemble—the repertory company that Brecht, under the aegis of the East German government, formed, headed, wrote for, and directed—was, and has remained to this day, the greatest asset of the East German regime, as it is also, perhaps, the only outstanding cultural achievement of postwar Germany. Thus, for seven years Brecht lived and worked in peace under the eyes—in fact, under the protection—of Western observers but now in infinitely closer contact with a totalitarian state than he had ever been in his life before, and seeing the sufferings of his own people with his own eyes. And the consequence was that not a single play and not a single great poem was pro-

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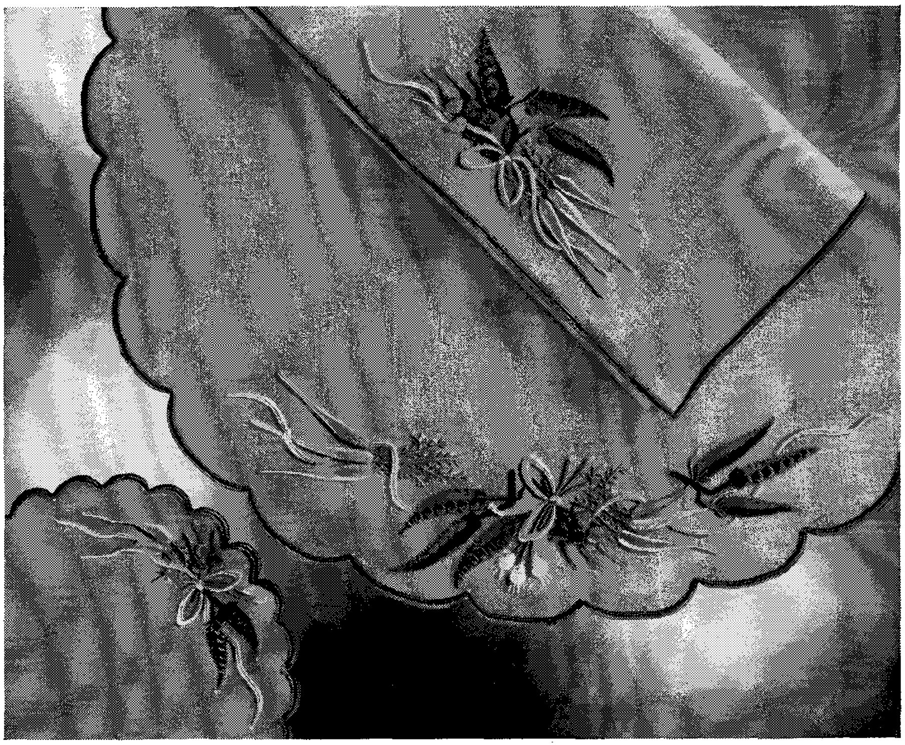

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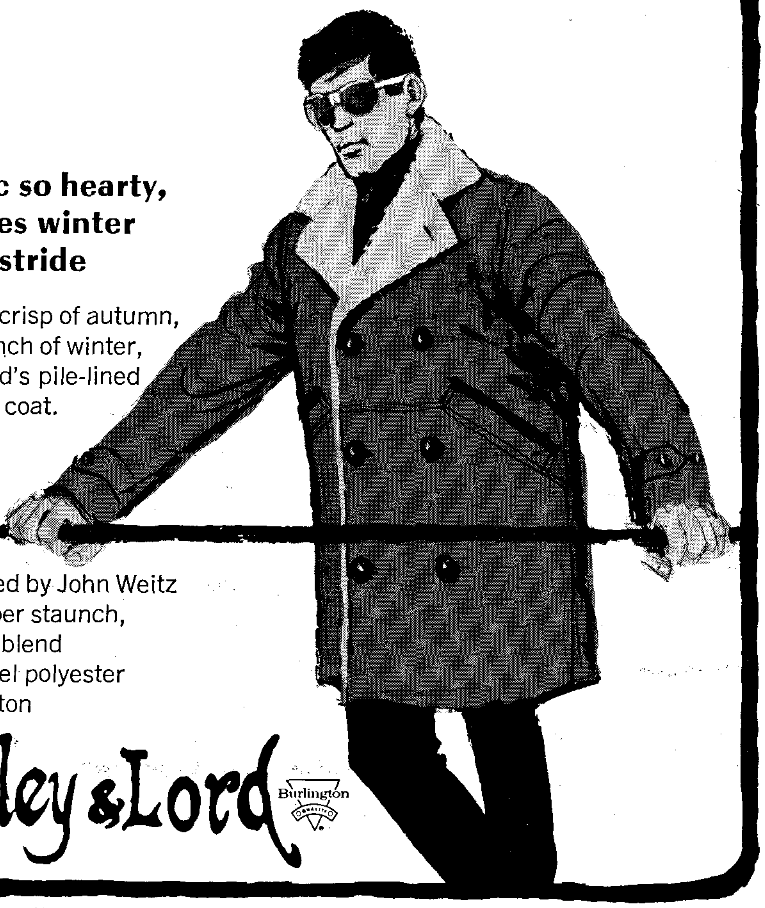
duced in those seven years, nor did he even finish the "Salzburger Totentanz," which was begun in Zurich, and which—to judge by the fragments, which I know only in the English translation by Eric Bentley—might have become one of the great plays. Brecht knew of his predicament, knew that he could not write in East Berlin. Shortly before his death, it is reported (by Marianne Kesting in a monograph "Bertolt Brecht," published in 1959), he bought a house in Denmark and also considered moving to Switzerland. No one had been more anxious to go home—"Put no nail into the wall, throw the jacket on the chair. . . . Why open the foreign grammar? The news that calls you home is written in familiar language"—and all he planned for when he lay dying was exile.

Hence, side by side with the great poet and playwright there is also the case of Bertolt Brecht. And this case is of concern to all citizens who wish to share their world with poets. It cannot be left to the literature departments but is the business of political scientists as well. The chronic misbehavior of poets and artists has been a political, and sometimes a moral, problem since antiquity. In the following discussion of this case, I shall stick to the two assumptions I have mentioned. First, although in general Goethe was right and more is permitted to poets than to ordinary mortals, poets, too, can sin so gravely that they must bear their full load of guilt and responsibility. And, second, the only way to determine unequivocally how great their sins are is to listen to their poetry—which means, I assume, that the faculty of writing a good line is not entirely at the poet's command but needs some help, that the faculty is granted him and that he can forfeit it.

TO begin with, I must mention a few, a very few, biographical circumstances. We don't need to go into Brecht's personal life, about which he was more reticent—less willing to speak—than any other twentieth-century author (and this reticence, as we shall see, was one of his virtues, of which there were many), but we must, of course, follow the few exquisite hints in his poems. Brecht, born in 1898, belonged to what one might call the first of the three lost generations. Men of his generation whose initiation into the world had been the trenches and battlefields of the First World War invented or adopted the term because they felt that they had become unfit to live normal lives; normality was a betrayal of



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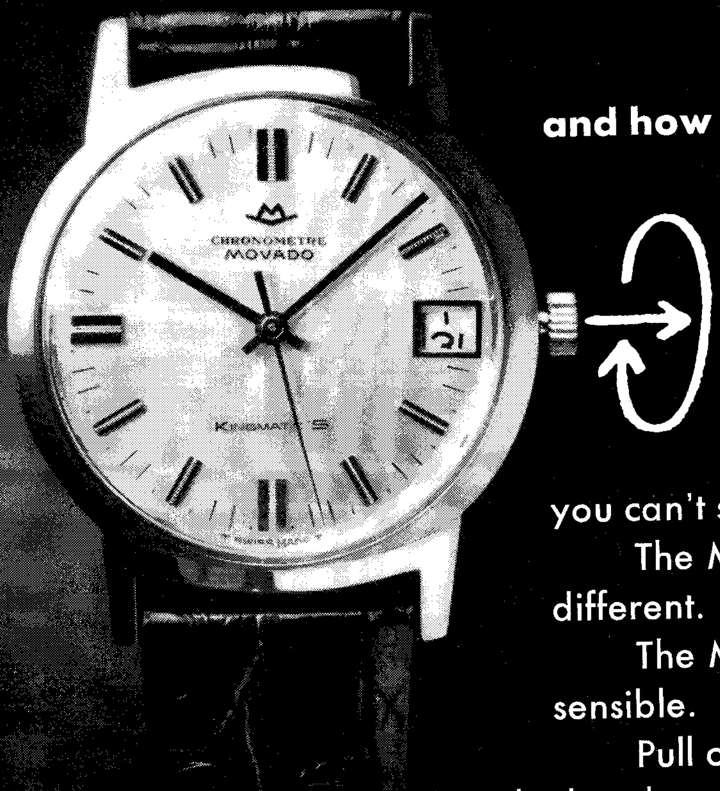

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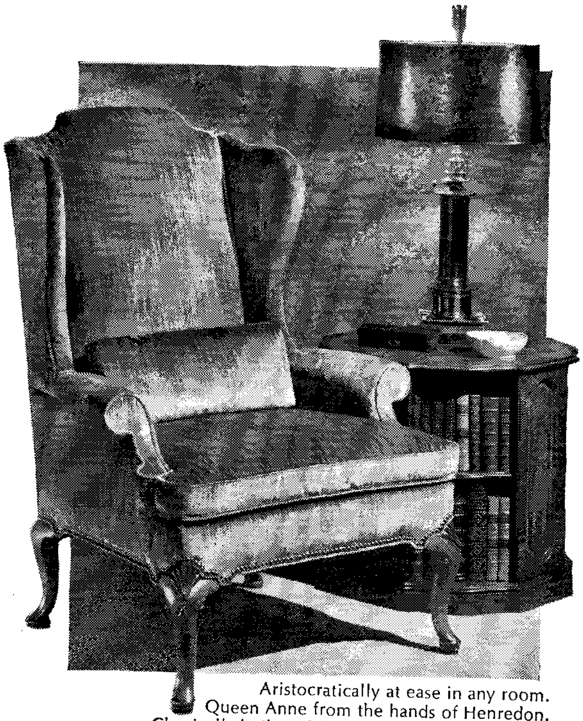

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all the experience of horror, and comradeship in the midst of horror, that had made them into men, and, rather than betray what was most undoubtedly their own, they preferred to be lost—lost to themselves as well as to the world. This attitude, common to the war veterans of all countries, became a sort of climate of opinion when it turned out that they were succeeded by two more such "lost generations": the first, born about ten years later, in the first decade of the century, was taught, through the rather impressive lessons of inflation, mass unemployment, and revolutionary unrest, the instability of whatever had been left intact in Europe after more than four years of slaughter; the next, again born about ten years later, in the second decade of the century, had the choice of being initiated into the world by Nazi concentration camps, the Spanish Civil War, or the Moscow Trials. These three groups, born, roughly, between 1890 and 1920, were close enough together in age to form a single group during the Second World War, whether as soldiers or as refugees and exiles, as members of the resistance movements or as inmates of concentration and extermination camps, or as civilians under a rain of bombs, survivors of cities of which Brecht, decades before, had said in a poem:

> We have been living, a light generation,
> In houses that were thought beyond destruction.
> (The lanky buildings of Manhattan Island and the fine antennae
> That amuse the Atlantic Ocean are of our construction.)
>
> Of these cities will remain that which blew through them, the wind.
> The house makes the dinner guest merry. He cleans it out.
> We know we're only temporary and after us will follow
> Nothing worth talking about.

This, "On Poor B.B.," from the "Manual of Piety," is the only poem he ever wrote that is dedicated to the subject of lost generations. The title is, of course, ironic; he says in the concluding lines that "in the earthquakes that will come I hope I won't let my cigar go out in bitterness," and, in a way that is characteristic of his whole attitude, he turns the tables, as it were: What is lost is not merely this weightless race of men but the world that was supposed to house them. Because Brecht never thought in terms of self-pity—not even on the highest level—he cut a rather solitary figure

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among all his contemporaries. When they called themselves lost, they were looking upon the age and themselves with the eyes of the nineteenth century; they were denied what Friedrich Hebbel once called "*die ruhige reine Entwicklung*"—the quiet, pure unfolding of all their faculties—and they reacted with bitterness. They resented the fact that the world did not offer them shelter and the security to develop as individuals, and they began to produce their curious kind of literature, mostly novels in which nothing seems to be of interest but psychological deformation, social torture, personal frustration, and general disillusion. This is not nihilism; indeed, to call these authors nihilists would be to pay them an entirely undeserved compliment. They did not cut deep enough—they were too much concerned with themselves—to see the real issues; they remembered everything and forgot what mattered. There are two almost casual lines in another poem of the "Manual of Piety" in which Brecht said what he thought about this question of how to come to terms with one's own youth:

Hat er seine ganze Jugend, nur nicht
ihre Träume vergessen
Lange das Dach, nie den Himmel, der
drüber war.

(Forgotten his whole youth but not its dreams, long forgotten the roof but never the sky above it.)

That Brecht never felt sorry for himself—hardly ever was even interested in himself—was one of his great virtues, but the virtue was rooted in something else, which was a gift and was, like all such gifts, part blessing and part curse. He speaks about it in the only strictly personal poem he ever wrote, and though it dates from the period of the "Manual of Piety," he never published it; he did not want to be known. The poem, which belongs among his very best works, is entitled "Der Herr der Fische"—that is to say, the lord and master of fishland, the land of silence. It tells how this lord comes up to the land of men, of the

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fishermen, rising and sinking with the regularity of the moon, a stranger and a friend to everybody (*allen unbekannt und allen nah*), and how he sits down with them, and can't remember their names but is interested in their business, in the price of the nets and the profit from the fish, in their women and their tricks of cheating the tax collector.

Sprach er so von ihren Angelegenheiten
Fragten sie ihn auch: Wie stehn denn deine?
Und er blickte lächelnd um nach allen Seiten
Sagte zögernd: Habe keine.

For a while, everything goes well. "When they ask him 'And how about your own affairs?' he smiles hesitantly: 'I have none.'" Until the day comes when they insist.

Eines Tages wird ihn einer fragen:
Sag, was ist es, was dich zu uns führt?
Eilig wird er aufstehn; denn er spürt:
Jetzt ist ihre Stimmung umgeschlagen.

(One day one of them will ask him, "And why, please, do you come to us?" He will get up in a hurry, knowing that their mood has changed.)

And he knows why; he has nothing to offer, and though he was welcome when he happened to come, he was never invited, for all he did was enrich their daily talk.

So, auf Hin- und Widerreden
Hat mit ihnen er verkehrt
Immer kam er ungebeten
Doch sein Essen war er wert.

When they want more of him, "he will take his leave, politely, like a dismissed servant. Nothing will remain of him, no shadow, no trace. But it is with his consent and permission that somebody else, richer than he is, takes his place. Truly, he prevents no one from talking where he remains silent."

Höflich wird, der nichts zu bieten hatte
Aus der Tür gehn: ein entlassner Knecht.
Und es bleibt von ihm kein kleinster Schatte
Keine Höhlung in des Stuhls Geflecht.

Sondern er gestattet, dass auf seinem
Platz ein anderer sich reicher zeigt.
Wirklich er verwehrt es keinem
Dort zu reden, wo er schweigt.

This self-portrait, Brecht's portrait of the poet as a young man—for this, of course, is what it really is—presenting the poet in all his remoteness, his mixture of pride and humility, "a stranger and a friend to everybody," hence both rejected and welcome, good only for "*Hin- und Widerreden*" ("talk and countertalk"), useless for everyday life, silent about himself, as though there were nothing to talk about, curious and

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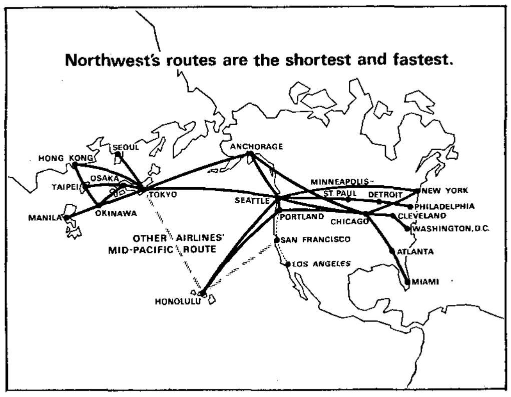

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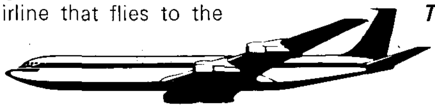

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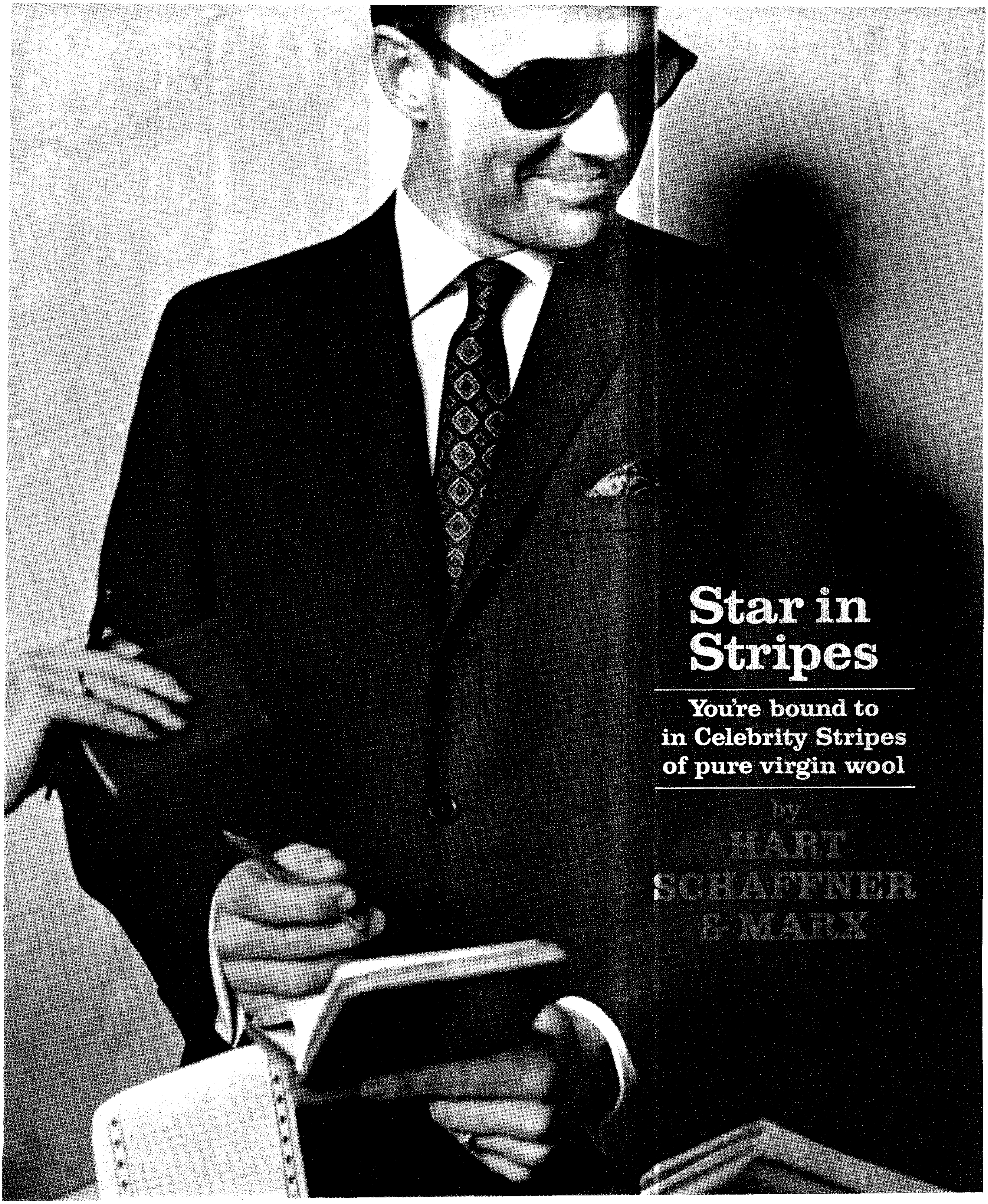
in desperate need of every bit of reality he can catch, gives us at least a hint of the enormous difficulties the young Brecht must have had in making himself at home in the world of his fellowmen. (There exists another self-statement, a kind of prose poem of a later period: "I grew up as a son of well-to-do people. My parents placed a collar round my neck, educated me in the habits of being waited upon, and taught me the art of giving orders. But when I had grown up and looked around me, I didn't like the people of my class, neither the giving orders nor the being waited on. And I left my class and joined the company of low people." This is probably true enough, though it sounds already a bit like a program. It is no self-portrait but a stylish way of speaking about himself.) It is altogether to his credit that we can only guess at who he was in this most personal way through some lines of the early poems. Still, there were certain aspects of his later, freely acknowledged behavior that these early lines may help us to understand.

There was first, and from the very beginning, Brecht's strange inclination toward anonymity, namelessness, and an extraordinary aversion to all fuss—to the pose of the ivory tower but also to the even more irritating bad faith of the "prophets of the people," or the "voices" of History, and to whatever else the "sale of values" ("*der Ausverkauf der Werte*" was a kind of slogan of the time) in the twenties offered its customers. But there was more to it than the natural distaste of a very intelligent and highly cultivated man for the bad intellectual manners of his surroundings. Brecht wished passionately to be (or, at any rate, to be taken for) an ordinary man—not to be marked as different by the possession of special gifts but to be like everybody else. And it is clear that these two closely connected personal dispositions—for anonymity and for ordinariness—were fully developed long before he adopted them as a pose. They predisposed him toward two apparently opposed attitudes that later played a great role in his work: his dangerous predilection for illegal work, which demands that you wipe out your traces, hide your face, blot out your identity, lose your name, "speak but conceal the speaker, conquer but conceal the conqueror, die but hide death"—quite young, long before he thought of any "Praise of Illegal Work," he had written a poem on his late brother, who had "died secretly and speedily disintegrated because he thought that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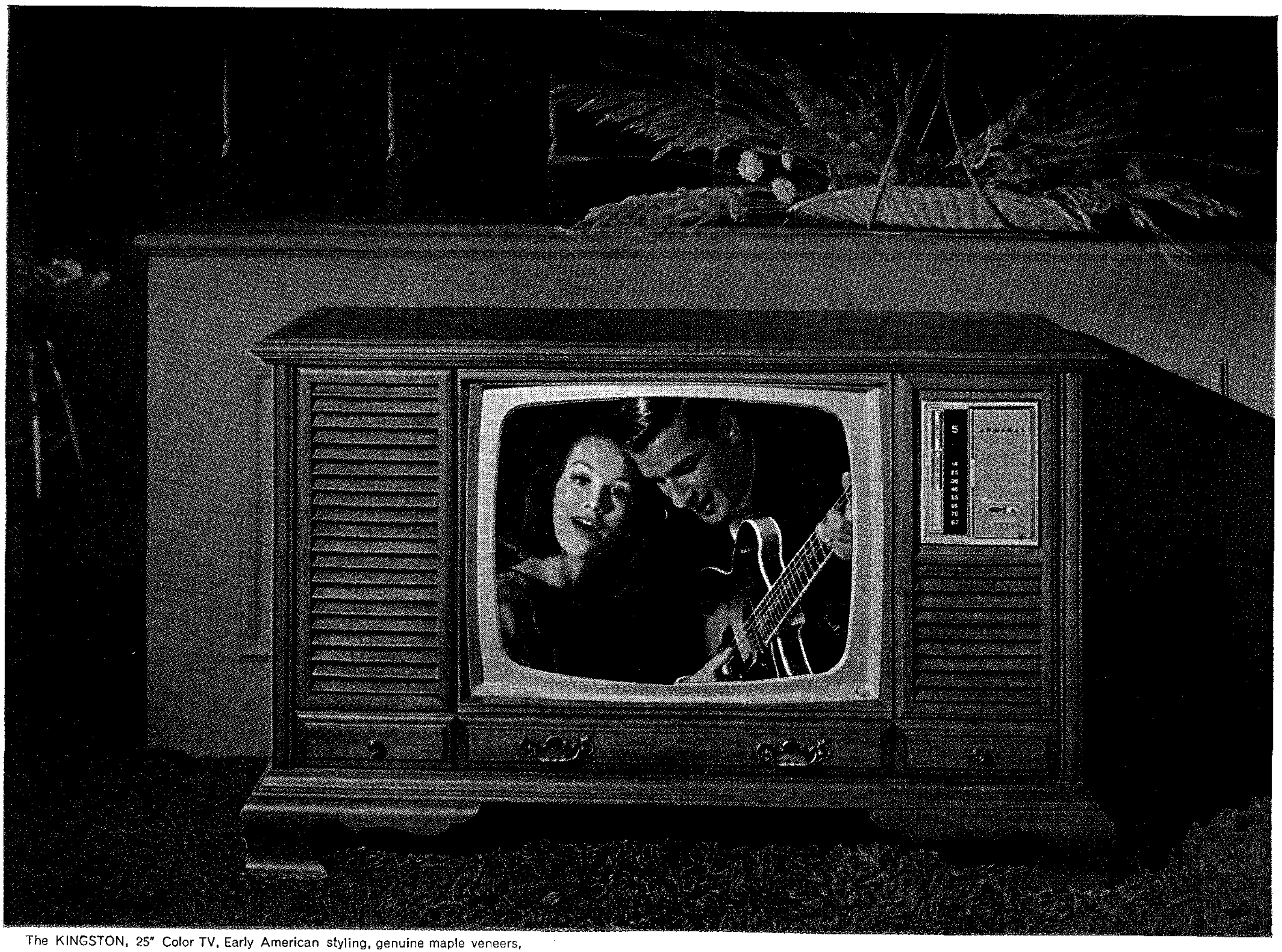

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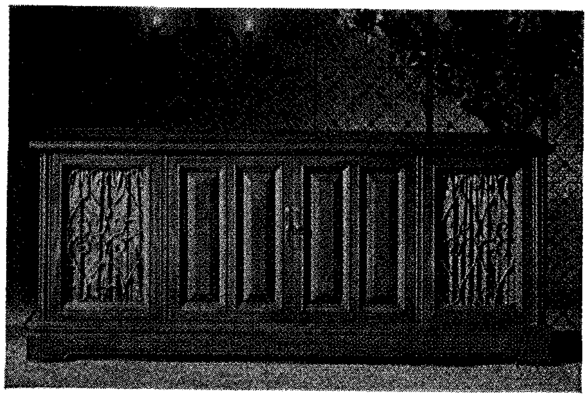

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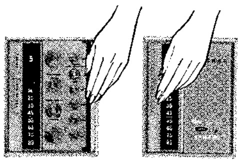

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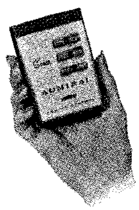

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no one saw him"—and his odd insistence on collecting around him so-called "collaborators" who were often nondescript mediocrities, as though he pleaded time and again, Everybody can do what I am doing; it is a matter of learning, and no special gifts are needed, or even wanted. In a very early "Epistle on Suicide," posthumously published, he discusses the reasons one could give for the act, which should not be the true reasons, because they would look too "grand": "At any rate, it shouldn't look as though one had too high an opinion of oneself." Precisely, and this is perhaps doubly true for people who, like Brecht, are tempted, not by fame or flattery but by the objective manifestation of gifts they can hardly ignore, to have a very high opinion of themselves. And if he carried this attitude to absurd extremes—absurd overestimation of the illegal apparatus of the Communist Party, absurd demands upon his "collaborators" to learn what was beyond learning—it must be admitted that the literary and intellectual milieu of the twenties in Germany offered a temptation to puncture pomposity that, even without Brecht's special disposition, was difficult to resist. The bantering lines on the behavior of his fellow-poets in "The Threepenny Opera" hit the nail right on the head:

Ich selber könnte mich durchaus begreifen
Wenn ich mich lieber gross und einsam sähe
Doch sah ich solche Leute aus der Nähe
Da sagt ich mir: Das musst du dir verkneifen.

(I too could understand myself quite well if I preferred to look great and solitary; but I saw such people rather close by and I said to myself: This is not for you.)

There is one more poem in which Brecht speaks explicitly of himself, and it is probably the most famous one. It belongs to the "Svendborger Gedichte," a sequence of poems written during the exile in Denmark in the thirties, and is entitled "To Those Born After Us." As in the earlier "On Poor B.B.," the stress is on the catastrophes of the time in the world and on the need for stoicism with respect to everything that happens to oneself. But now that the "earthquakes to come" have arrived, all strictly biographical allusions have disappeared. ("On Poor B.B." begins and ends with the true story of his origins: "I, Bertolt Brecht, come from the black forests. My mother took me to the cities while I lay inside her. And the coldness of the forests will be with

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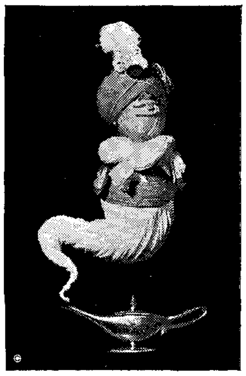

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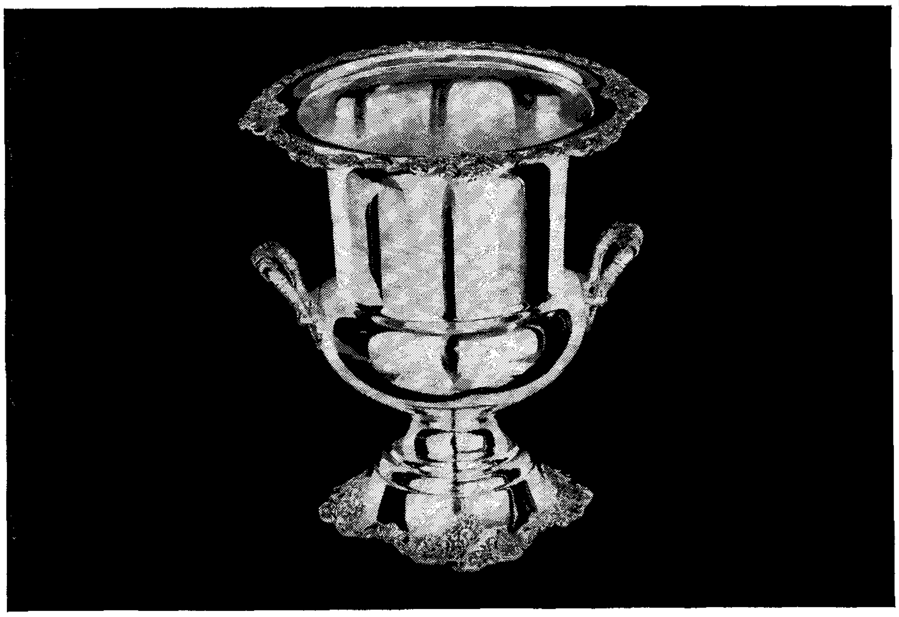

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me till my dying day.” His mother was from the Black Forest, and we know from posthumously published poems about her death that she was very close to him.) It is the poem about those who “live in dark times,” and its key lines read:

> In the cities, I arrived at the time of disorder, when hunger ruled. Among men, I came at the time of upheaval, and I rebelled with them. Thus the time passed which was given me on earth.
>
> I ate between battles, I slept among murderers, I was careless in loving, and I looked at nature without patience. Thus the time passed which was given me on earth.
>
> When I lived, the street led to the morass. Speech betrayed me to the slaughterer. There was little I could do. But the rulers were safer without me, this I hoped. Thus the time passed which was given me on earth.
>
> . . . You who will emerge from the flood in which we drowned remember when you speak of our weaknesses the dark time from which you escaped.
>
> . . . Alas, we who wanted to prepare the ground for kindness could not be kind.
>
> . . . Remember us with forbearance.

Yes, indeed, let us do that, let us remember him with forbearance, if for no other reason than that he was so much more impressed by the catastrophes of the time in the world than by anything that concerned him. And let us not forget that success never turned his head. He knew that “*wenn mein Glück aussetzt, bin ich verloren*” (“when my luck leaves me, I'm lost”). And it was his pride to rely on his luck rather than on his gifts, to believe himself lucky rather than extraordinary. In a poem written a few years later, during the war, when he counted his losses in terms of friends who had died—to mention only the ones he mentioned himself, Margarete Steffin, “little teacher from the working class,” whom he had loved and who had joined him in Denmark; Walter Benjamin, Germany's most important literary critic between the two wars, who, “tired of being persecuted,” had taken his own life; and Karl Koch—he spelled out for himself what had been implicit in an earlier poem: “I know, of course: Only through luck did I survive so many friends. But tonight in a dream I heard these friends say of me, ‘Those who are stronger survive.’ And I hated myself.” This seems to have been the only time his self-confidence was shaken; he compared himself to others, and self-confidence always rests on a refusal to indulge in such comparisons, whether they are for better or worse. But it was only a dream.

So, in a sense, Brecht, too, felt lost—

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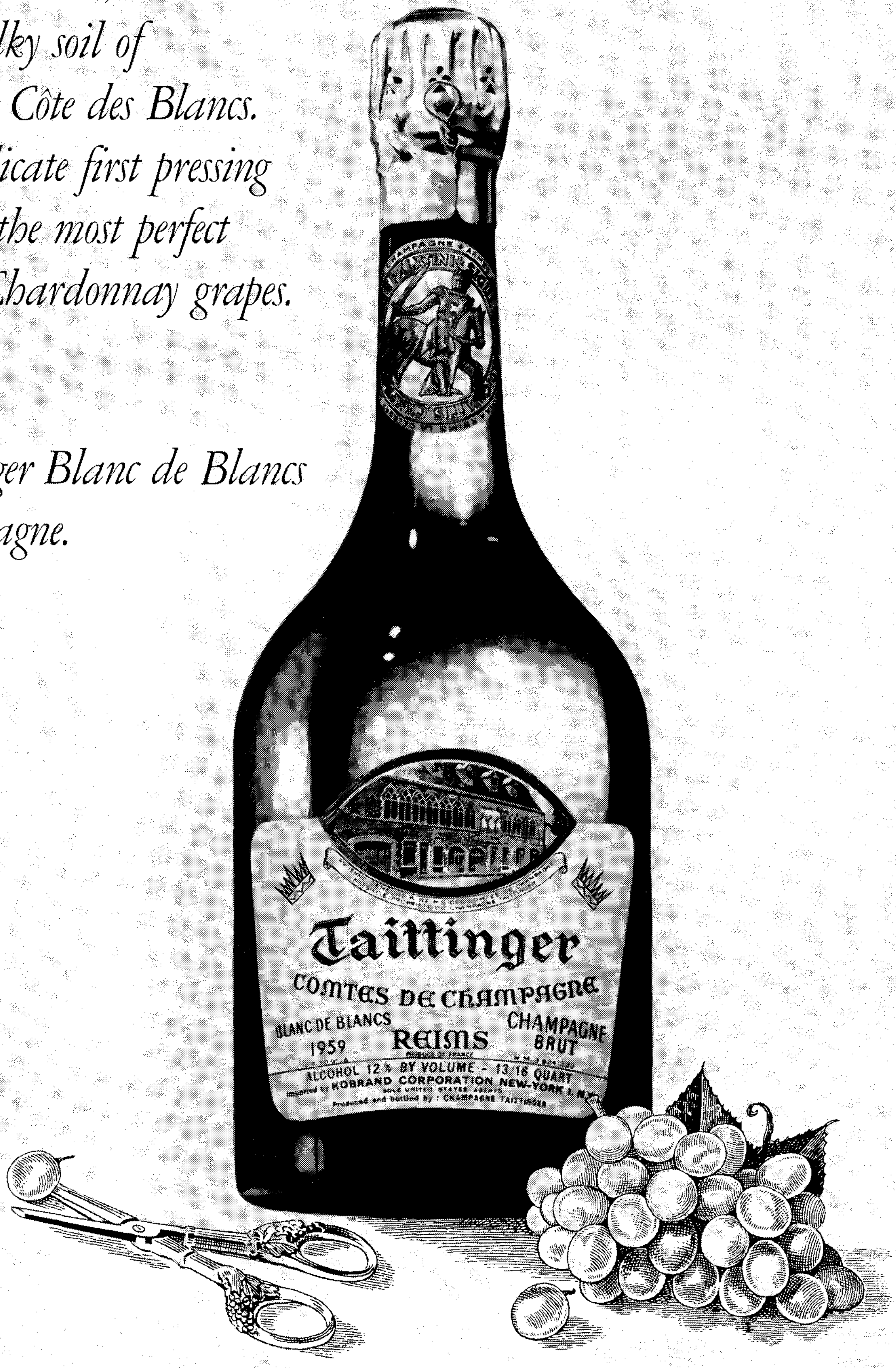
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not because his individual talents had failed to ripen as they should or could, or because the world had hurt him, as indeed it had, but because the task was too big. Hence, when he feels the flood rising, he does not glance longingly backward, as no one did more beautifully than Rilke in his later work, but appeals to those who will emerge from it, and this appeal to the future—to posterity—has nothing to do with "progress." What set him apart was that he realized how deadly ridiculous it would be to measure the flood of events with the yardstick of individual aspirations—to meet, for instance, the international catastrophe of unemployment with a desire to make a career and with reflections on one's own success and failure, or to confront the catastrophe of the war with the ideal of a well-rounded personality, or to go into exile, as so many of his colleagues did, with complaints about lost fame or a broken-up life. There is not a shred of sentimentality left in Brecht's beautiful and beautifully precise definition of a refugee: "*Ein Bote des Unglücks*" ("a messenger of ill tidings"). A messenger's message, of course, does not concern himself. It was not merely their own misfortunes that the refugees carried with them from land to land, from continent to continent—"changing the countries more often than their shoes"—but the great misfortune of the whole world. If most of them were inclined to forget their message even before they learned that no one loves the bearer of ill tidings—well, hasn't this always been the trouble with messengers?

This ingenious, more than ingenious, phrase "messengers of ill tidings" for refugees and exiles may illustrate the great poetic intelligence of Brecht, that supreme gift of condensation which is the prerequisite of all poetry. Here are a few more instances of his utterly condensed and hence very tricky way of thinking. In a poem about the shame of being a German, written in 1933:

Hörend die Reden, die aus deinem Hause
  dringen, lacht man.
Aber wer dich sieht, der greift nach dem
  Messer.

(Hearing the speeches that ring from your house, the whole world laughs. But whoever sees you reaches for his knife.)

Or in a manifesto against war addressed to all German artists and writers, West and East, in the early fifties: "Great Carthage conducted three wars. It was still a great power after the first war, still habitable after the second. It was untraceable after the third." In two simple statements, the whole atmos-

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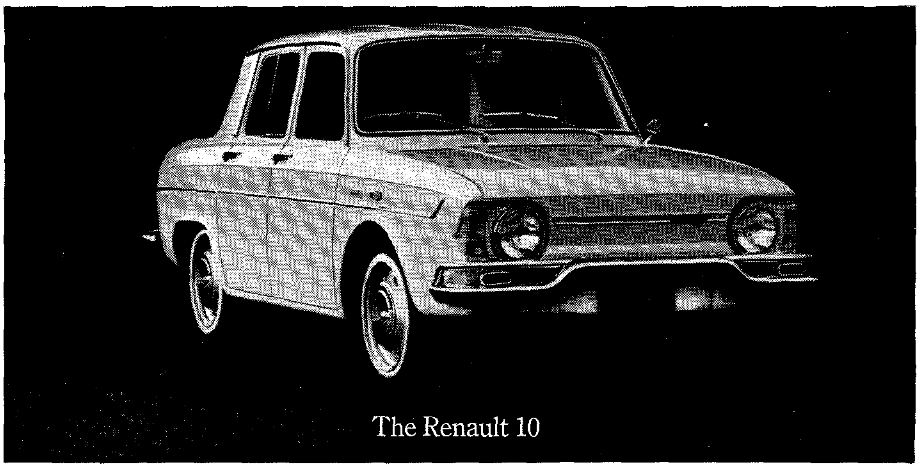

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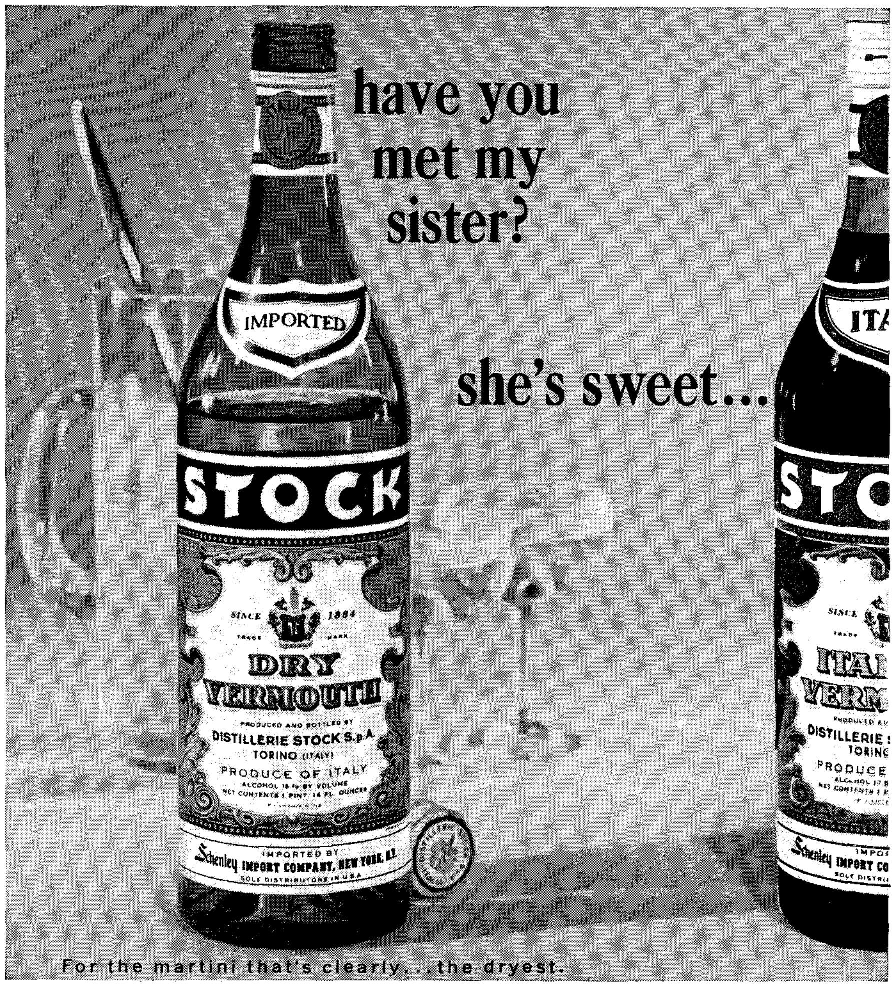
phere of the thirties and fifties, respectively, is caught with great accuracy. And the same illuminating trickiness shows up, perhaps even more strongly, in the following story, which appeared a number of years ago in a New York magazine. Brecht was in this country at the time of the Moscow Trials, and, so we are told, paid a visit to a man who was still of the left but was violently anti-Stalinist and had become deeply involved in the counter-trials under the auspices of Trotsky. The conversation turned on the manifest innocence of the Moscow defendants, and Brecht, after maintaining a long silence, finally said, "The more innocent they are, the more they deserve their punishment." The sentence sounds outrageous. But what did he really say? The more innocent of what? Of what they were accused, of course. And what had they been accused of? Of conspiring against Stalin. Hence, precisely because they had not conspired against Stalin, and were innocent of the "crime," there was some justice in the injustice. Hadn't it been the plain duty of the "old guard" to prevent one man, Stalin, from turning the revolution into one gigantic crime? Needless to say, Brecht's host did not catch on; he was outraged, and asked his guest to leave the house. Thus, one of the rare occasions when Brecht did speak out against Stalin, even though in his own teasingly cautious way, was lost. Brecht, I am afraid, might have sighed with relief when he found himself in the street: His luck had not yet left him.

THIS, then, was the man: gifted with a penetrating, non-theoretical, non-contemplative intelligence that went to the heart of the matter, silent and unwilling to show himself, remote and probably also shy, at any rate not much interested in himself but incredibly curious (indeed, "*der wissensdurstige Brecht*," as he called himself in the "Solomon Song" of "The Threepenny Opera"), and, first and foremost, a poet—that is, someone who must say the unsayable, who must not remain silent on occasions when all are silent, and who must therefore be careful not to talk too much about things that all talk about. He was sixteen years old at the outbreak of the First World War and was drafted as a medical orderly in the last war year, so the world first appeared to him as a scene of senseless slaughter, and speech appeared in the guise of ranting declamations. (His early "Legend of the Dead Soldier"—a soldier whom a military commission



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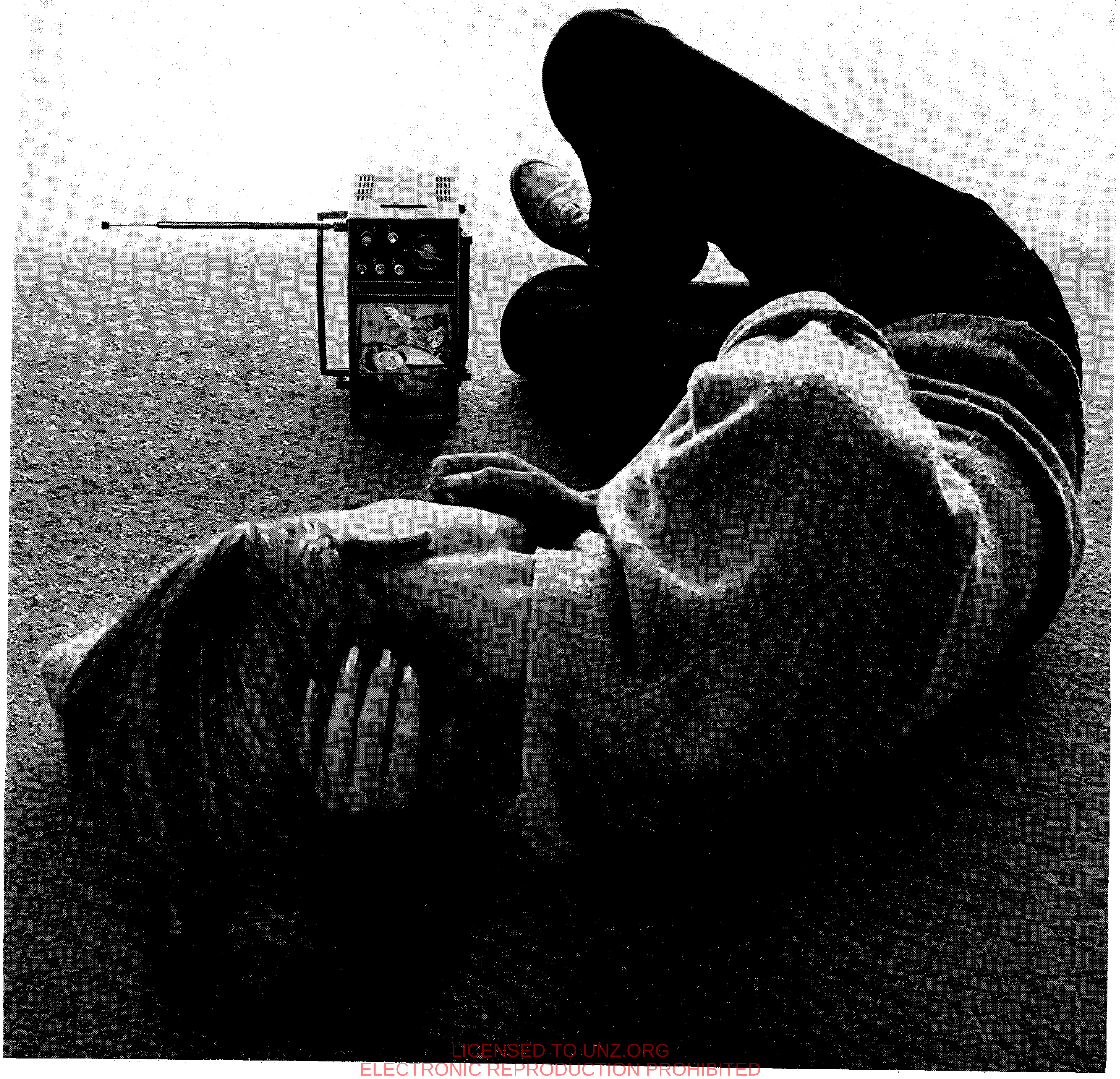

of doctors arouses from his grave and finds fit for active service—was inspired by a popular comment on draft policies at the end of the war, "*Man gräbt die Toten aus*" ["They're digging up the dead"], and has remained the only German First World War poem worthy of being remembered.) But what became decisive for his early poetry was less the war itself than the world as it emerged from it. This world possessed a property that is rarely taken into account but one that Sartre, after the Second World War, described with great precision: "When the instruments are broken and unusable, when plans are blasted and effort is meaningless, the world appears with a childlike and terrible freshness, suspended trackless in a void." (The twenties in Germany had much in common with the forties and fifties in France. What happened in Germany after the First World War was the breakdown of tradition—a breakdown that was of necessity recognized as an accomplished fact, a political reality, a point of no return—and that is what happened in France twenty-five years later. Politically speaking, it was the decline and downfall of the nation state; socially, it was the transformation of a class system into a mass society; and spiritually it was the rise of nihilism, which for a long time had been a concern of the few but now, suddenly, had become a mass phenomenon.) As it appeared to Brecht, four years of destruction had wiped the world clean, the storms having swept along with them all human traces, everything one could hold on to, including cultural objects and moral values—the beaten paths of thought as well as firm standards of evaluation and solid guideposts for moral conduct. It was as though, fleetingly, the world had become as innocent and fresh as it was on the day of creation. Nothing seemed left but the purity of the elements, the simplicity of sky and earth, of man and animals, of life itself. Hence it was life that the young poet fell in love with—everything that the earth, in its sheer thereness, had to offer. And this childlike, terrible freshness of the postwar world is reflected in the horrible innocence of Brecht's early heroes—the pirates, adventurers, and infanticides, the "enamored pig Malchus," and Jakob Apfelböck, who struck his father and his mother dead and then went on living like "the lily of the field." In this world swept clean and fresh, Brecht was at home to begin with. If one wished to classify him, one might say that he was an anarchist by disposition and inclination, but it would be altogether wrong

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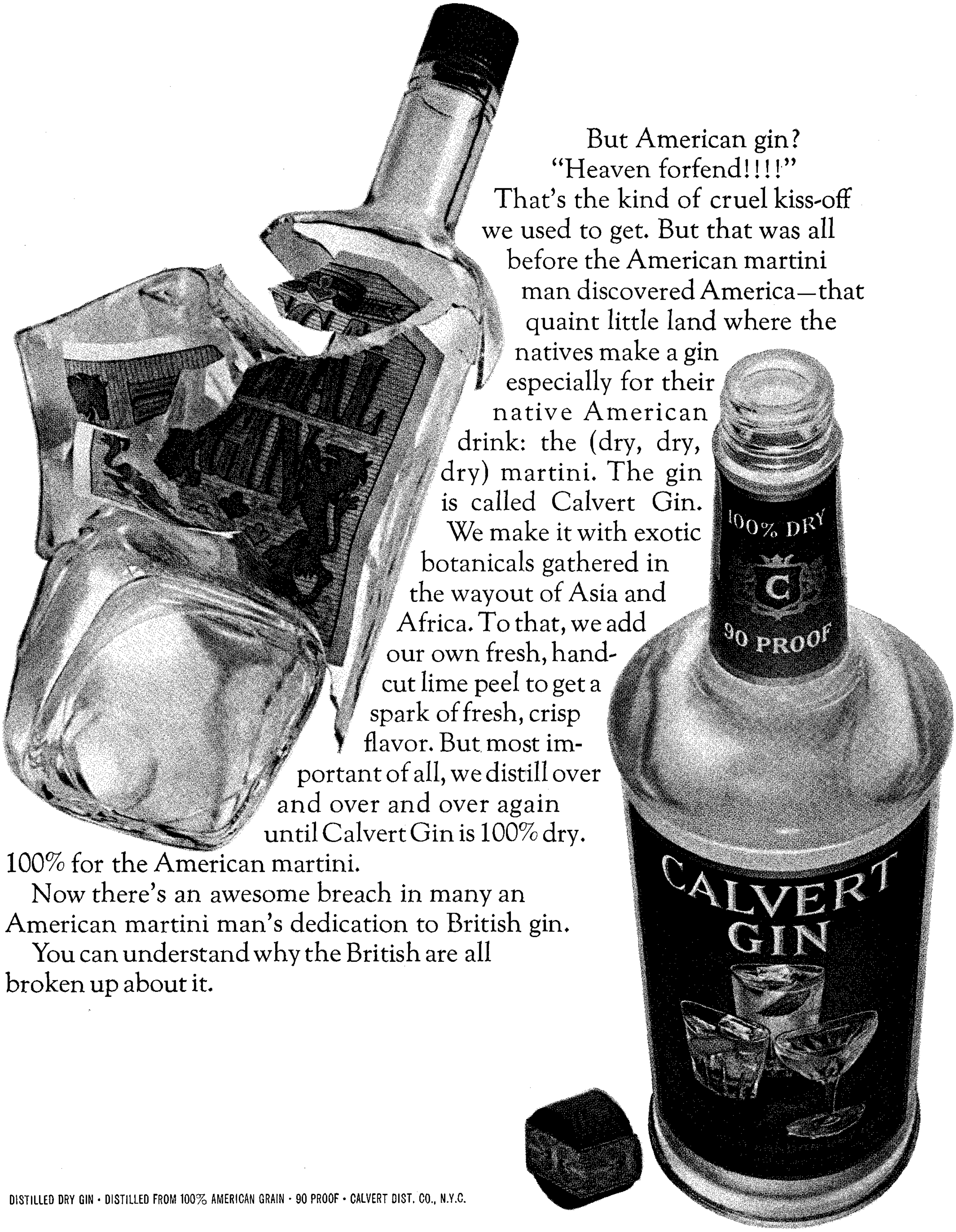

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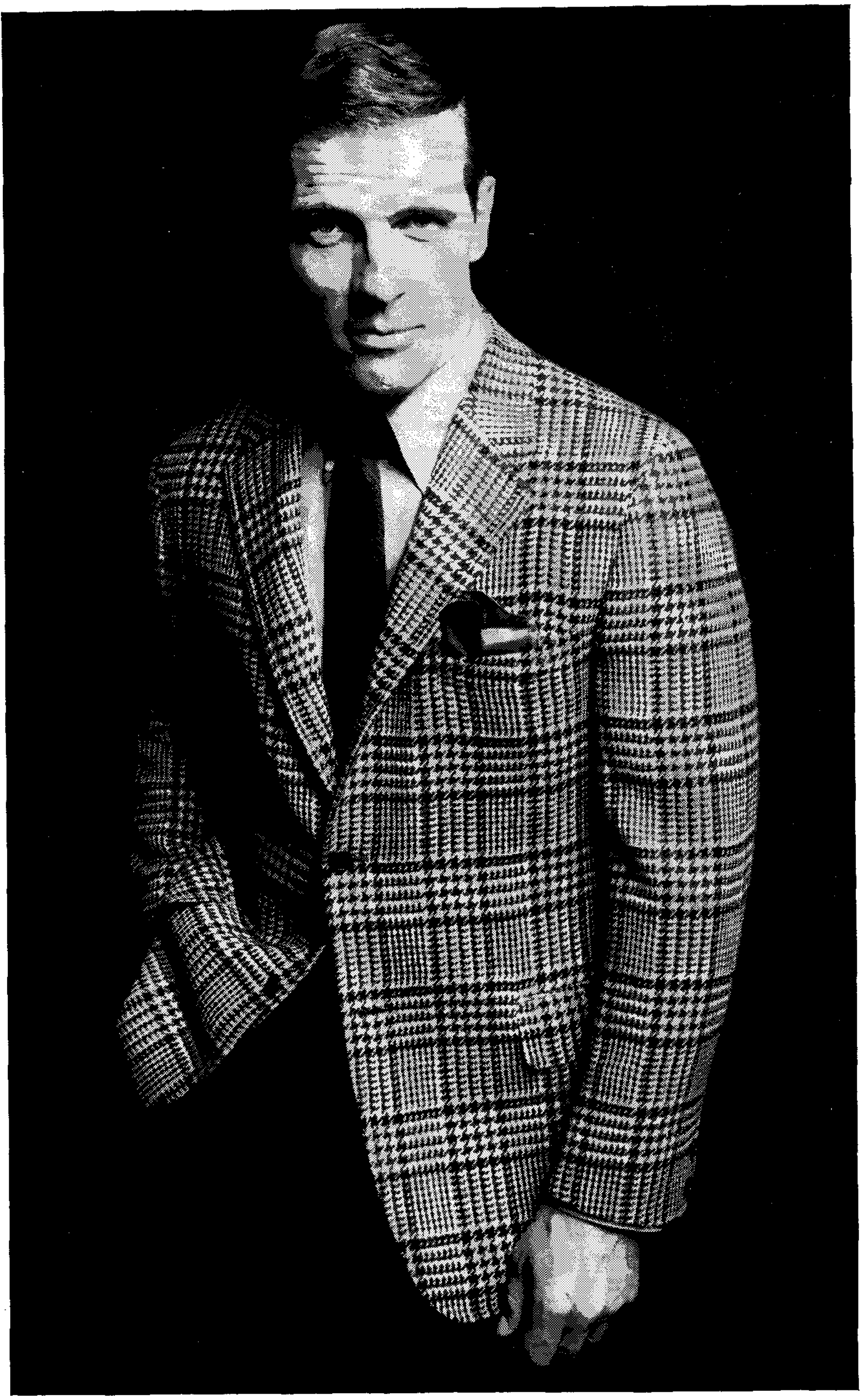
to see in him another member of that school of decay and of morbid fascination with death which in his generation was perhaps best represented in Germany by Gottfried Benn and in France by Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Brecht's characters—even his drowning girls who slowly swim down the rivers until they are taken back into nature's great wilderness of all-encompassing peace; even Mazeppa, bound to his own horse and dragged to his death—are in love with life and with what earth and sky have to offer, to the point where they willingly accept death and destruction. The last two stanzas of the "Ballad of Mazeppa" are among the truly immortal lines of German poetry:

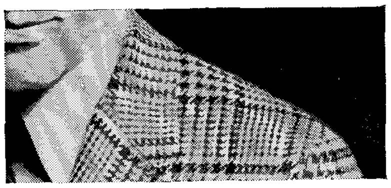
Drei Tage, dann musste alles sich zeigen:
Erde gibt Schweigen und Himmel gibt Ruh.
Einer ritt aus mit dem, was ihm zu eigen:
Mit Erde und Pferd, mit Langmut und Schweigen
Dann kamen noch Himmel und Geier dazu.

Drei Tage lang ritt er durch Abend und Morgen
Bis er alt genug war, dass er nicht mehr litt
Als er gerettet ins grosse Geborgen
Todmüd in die ewige Ruhe einritt.

Bentley's version of these lines seems inadequate to me, and I certainly cannot translate them properly. They speak of the end of the three days' ride into death: into silence, the gift of the earth; into rest, the gift of the sky. "One man rode out with the things that were most his own: with earth and horse, with endurance and silence, then he was joined by vultures and sky. For three days he rode, through evening and morning, until he was old enough not to suffer anymore, when, saved and tired to death, he rode into the great shelter, into eternal rest." There is a glorious, triumphant vitality in this death song, and it is the same vitality—the feeling that it is fun to be alive and that it is a sign of being alive to make fun of everything—that makes us delight in the lyrical cynicism and sarcasm of the songs in "The Threepenny Opera." It was not for nothing that Brecht helped himself so generously to a Villon translation into German—something that German law, unhappily, called plagiarism. He is celebrating the same love of the world, the same gratitude for earth and sky, for the mere fact of being born and alive, and Villon, I am sure, would not have minded.

According to our tradition, the god of this careless, carefree, reckless love for earth and sky is the great Phoenician idol Baal, the god of the drunk-





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ards, the gluttons, the fornicators. "Yes, this planet pleases Baal if only because there's no other planet," says the young Brecht in the "Chorale of the Man Baal," of which the first and last stanzas are great poetry, especially when taken together:

Als im weissen Mutterschosse aufwuchs Baal
War der Himmel schon so gross und still und fahl
Jung und nackt und ungeheuer wundersam
Wie ihn Baal dann liebte, als Baal kam.

Als im dunklen Erdenschosse faulte Baal
War der Himmel noch so gross und still und fahl
Jung und nackt und ungeheuer wunderbar
Wie ihn Baal einst liebte, als Baal war.

(When Baal grew up inside the white maternal womb there was the sky, great and still and pale, young and naked and immensely wondersome, as Baal then loved it when Baal came. When Baal was left to rot inside the earth's dark womb, there still was the sky, great and still and pale, young and naked and immensely wonderful, as Baal had loved it when Baal was.)

What matters, again, is the sky, the sky that was there before man was and will be there after he has gone, so that the best thing man can do is to love what for a short while is his. If I were a literary critic, I should go on from here to talk about the all-important part the sky plays in Brecht's poems, and especially in his few, very beautiful love poems. Love, in "Memory of Marie A.," is the small pure white of a cloud against the even purer azure blue of the summer sky, blooming there for some instants and vanishing with the wind. Or, in "The Rise and Fall of the City Mahagonny," love is the flight of the cranes veering across the sky, side by side with the cloud, the sharing of the beautiful sky by crane and cloud for a few moments of flight. To be sure, in this world there is no eternal love, or even ordinary faithfulness. There is nothing but the intensity of the moment; that is, passion, which is even a bit more perishable than man himself. Baal cannot possibly be the god of any social order, and the kingdom he rules is peopled by the outcasts of society—the pariahs who, because they live outside civilization, have a more intense, and thus a more authentic, relation to the sun, which rises and sinks with majestic indifference and shines over all living creatures. There is, for instance, the "Ballad of the Pirates," with its shipful of wild, drinking, sinning, cursing men, hell-bent for destruction. There they are

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on the doomed ship, mad with drink, with darkness, with unprecedented rains, sick from sun and from cold, at the mercy of all the elements, hurtling to their ruin. And then comes the refrain: "O Sky, radiant, unclouded blue! Tremendous wind in our sails! Let wind and sky fly away, if only the sea will stay around the ship Saint Mary."

Von Branntwein toll und Finsternissen!
Von unerhörten Güssen nass!
Vom Frost eisweisser Nacht zerrissen!
Im Mastkorb, von Gesichten blass!
Von Sonne nackt gebrannt und krank!
(Die hatten sie im Winter lieb)
Aus Hunger, Fieber und Gestank
Sang alles, was noch übrig blieb:
  O Himmel, strahlender Azur!
  Enormer Wind, die Segel bläh!
  Lasst Wind und Himmel fahren! Nur
  Lasst uns um Sankt Marie die See!

I chose the first stanza of this ballad—meant to be recited in a kind of singsong, for which Brecht wrote the music—because it illustrates another element very conspicuous in these hymns to life; namely, the element of hellish pride dear to all of Brecht's adventurers and outcasts, the pride of absolutely carefree men, who will yield only to the catastrophic forces of nature, and never to the daily worries of a respectable life, let alone to the higher worries of a respectable soul. Whatever philosophy Brecht may have been born with—as opposed to the doctrines he later borrowed from Marx and Lenin—is spelled out in the "Manual of Piety," being clearly articulated in two perfect poems, the "Grand Hymn of Thanksgiving" and in "Against Temptation," which was later incorporated into "The Rise and Fall of the City Mahagonny." The "Grand Hymn" is an exact imitation of Joachim Neander's great baroque church hymn "Lobe den Herren," which every German child knows by heart. According to Hugo Schmidt's notes, its English version, "Praise ye the Lord the Almighty, the King of creation," is

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known from the Presbyterian Hymnal. Brecht's fifth and last stanza reads:

Lobet die Kälte, die Finsternis und das Verderben!
Schauet hinan:
Es kommet nicht auf euch an
Und ihr könnt unbesorgt sterben.

(Praise ye the cold, the darkness, and the ruin. Look up to the skies: You do not matter and you may die without fear.)

"Against Temptation" consists of four five-line stanzas praising life not in spite of but because of death:

Lasst euch nicht verführen!
Es gibt keine Wiederkehr.
Der Tag steht in den Türen;
Ihr könnt schon Nachtwind spüren:
Es kommt kein Morgen mehr.

. . .

Was kann euch Angst noch rühren?
Ihr sterbt mit allen Tieren
Und es kommt nichts nachher.

(Do not let them tempt you! There is no recurrence of life. Day stands in the doors; the night wind blows through them: there will be no morrow. . . . How can fear still touch you? You die together with all animals, and there will be nothing thereafter.)

Nowhere else in modern literature, it seems to me, is there such a clear understanding that what Nietzsche called "the death of God" does not necessarily lead into despair but, on the contrary, since it eliminates the fear of Hell, can end in sheer jubilation, in a new "yes" to life. Two somewhat comparable passages come to mind. In one, by Dostoevski, the Devil speaks in almost identical terms to Ivan Karamazov: "Every man will know that he is altogether mortal, without resurrection, and he will receive death proudly and calmly, like a god." The other is Swinburne's thanks to

Whatever gods may be
That no life lives forever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

But in Dostoevski the thought is an inspiration of the Devil, and in Swinburne, a thought inspired by weariness, a rejection of life as something that no man would wish to have twice. In Brecht, the thought of no-God and no-hereafter spells not anxiety but a liberation from fear. And Brecht must have grasped this aspect of the matter so readily because he grew up in Catholic surroundings; he obviously thought that anything would be preferable to sitting on earth hoping for Paradise and fearing Hell. What rebelled in him against religion was neither doubt nor desire; it was pride. In his enthusiastic

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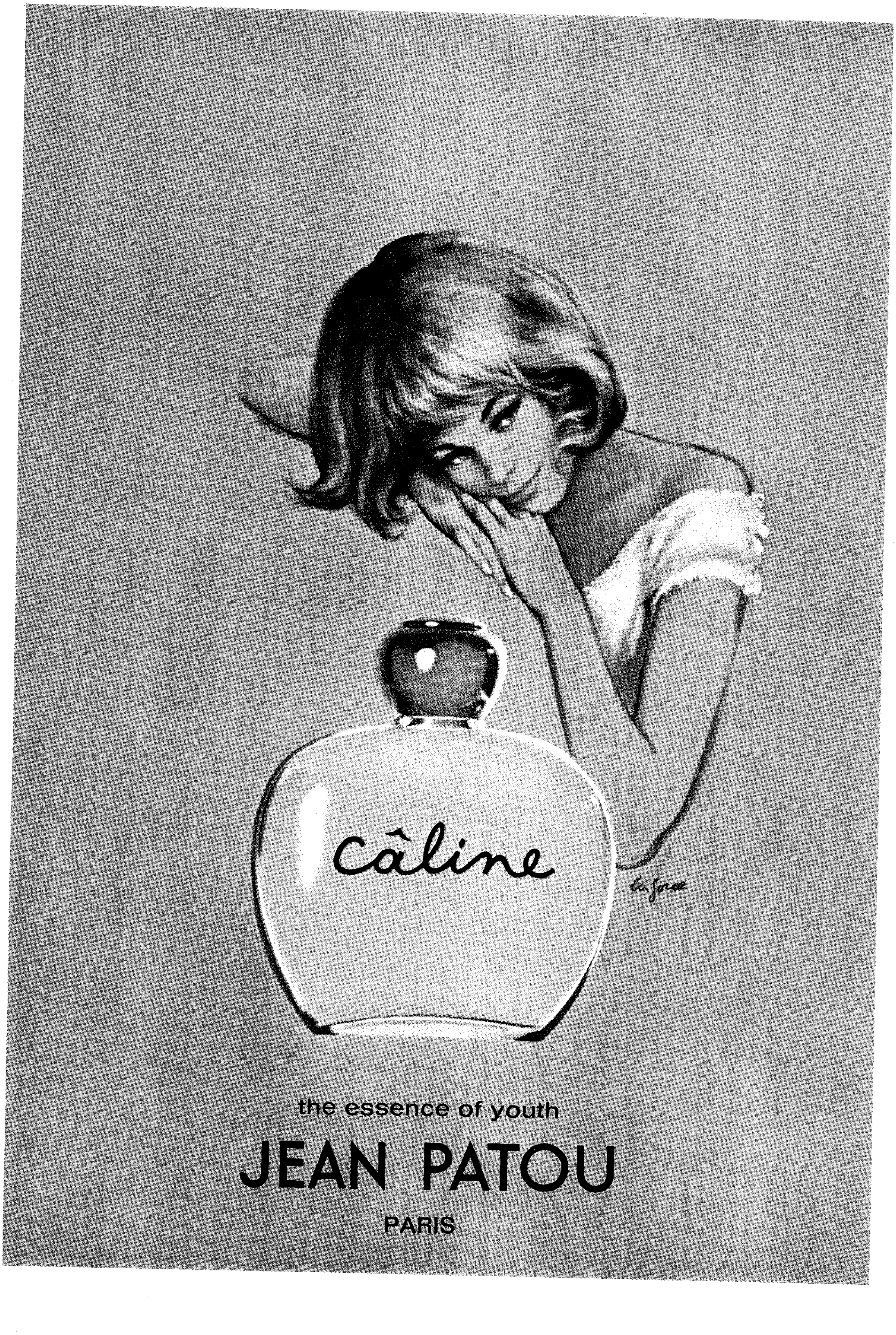
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denial of religion and his praise of Baal, the god of the earth, there is an almost explosive gratitude. Nothing, he says, is greater than life, and nothing more has been given us—a view that one will hardly encounter either in the fashionable trend toward nihilism or in the reaction against it.

Yet there are nihilistic elements in Brecht's early poetry, and no one, probably, has ever been more aware of them than he was himself. Among the posthumous poems there are a few lines entitled "Der Nachgeborene," or "The Latecomer," which sum up nihilism better than whole volumes of arguments could do: "I admit I have no hope. Blind men talk of a way out. I see. When all the errors are used up, we shall be left with a last companion across the table—nothingness." "The Rise and Fall of the City Mahagonny," which is Brecht's only strictly nihilistic play, deals with the last error, his own, the error that what life has to give—the great pleasures of eating, drinking, fornicating, and boxing—could be enough. The city is a gold-digger sort of place, erected for the sole purpose of providing fun, of catering to man's happiness. Its slogan is "*Vor allem aber achtet scharf/Dass man hier alles dürfen darf*" ("First of all, understand that everything is permitted here"). There are two reasons for the city's downfall, the more obvious one being that even in the city where everything is permitted it is not permitted to lack the money to pay one's debts; underlying this banality is the second reason—the insight that the city of pleasure would end by creating the deadliest boredom imaginable, for it would be the place where "nothing ever happens" and where a man might sing, "Why should I not eat up my hat if there is nothing else to do?"

Boredom, then, was the end of the poet's first encounter with the world, the end of the marvellous, life-praising, jubilant time when he drifted weightlessly through the jungle of what had once been one of the great cities of Europe, dreaming of the jungles of all cities, dreaming of all continents and the seven seas, in love with nothing but earth and sky and trees. As the twenties came to a close, he must have begun to realize that, not poetically but humanly speaking, this weightlessness condemned him to irrelevance—that the world was only metaphorically a jungle and in reality a battlefield.

WHAT brought Brecht back to reality, and almost killed his poetry, was compassion. When hunger

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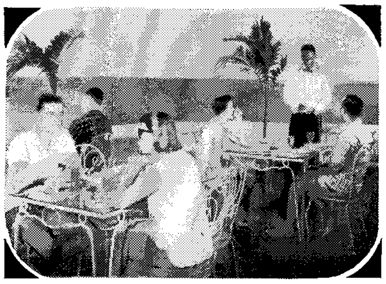

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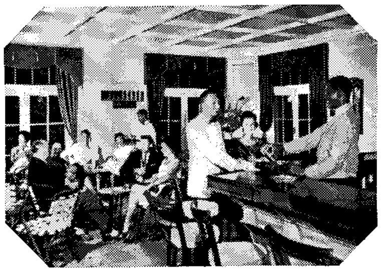

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ruled, he rebelled along with those who were starving: "I am told: You eat and drink—be glad you do! But how can I eat and drink when I rob my food from the man who is hungry, and when my glass of water is needed by someone who is dying of thirst?" Compassion was doubtless the fiercest and most fundamental of Brecht's passions, hence the one he was most anxious to hide and also was least successful in hiding; it shines through almost every play he wrote. Even through the cynical fun of "The Threepenny Opera" there sound the mighty, accusing lines:

Erst muss es möglich sein auch armen
Leuten
Vom grossen Brotlaib sich ihr Teil zu
schneiden.

(First it must be possible even for poor people to cut their slice from the great bread of life.)

And what was sung mockingly there remained his leitmotiv up to the end:

Ein guter Mensch sein! Ja, wer wär's
nicht gern?
Sein Gut den Armen geben, warum nicht?
Wenn alle gut sind, ist Sein Reich nicht
fern
Wer sässe nicht sehr gern in Seinem
Licht?

(To be good! Yes, who wouldn't want that? To give your possessions to the poor, why not? When all are good, His kingdom is not far. Who wouldn't sit with pleasure in His light?)

The leitmotiv was the fierce temptation to be good in a world and under circumstances that make goodness impossible and self-defeating. The dramatic conflict in Brecht's plays is almost always the same: Those who, compelled by compassion, set out to change the world cannot afford to be good. Brecht discovered by instinct what the historians of revolution have persistently failed to see; namely, that the modern revolutionists from Robespierre to Lenin were driven by the passion of compassion—*le zèle compatissant* of Robespierre, who was still innocent enough to admit openly this powerful attraction toward "*les hommes faibles*" and "*les malheureux*." "The classics" (Marx, Engels, and Lenin, in Brecht's coded language) "were the most compassionate of all men," and what distinguished them from "ignorant people" was that they knew how to "transform" the emotion of compassion into the emotion of "anger." They understood that "pity is what one does not deny those whom one refuses to help." (The quotations are from an odd little book of aphorisms, written chiefly during the thirties and interesting for Brecht's desperate

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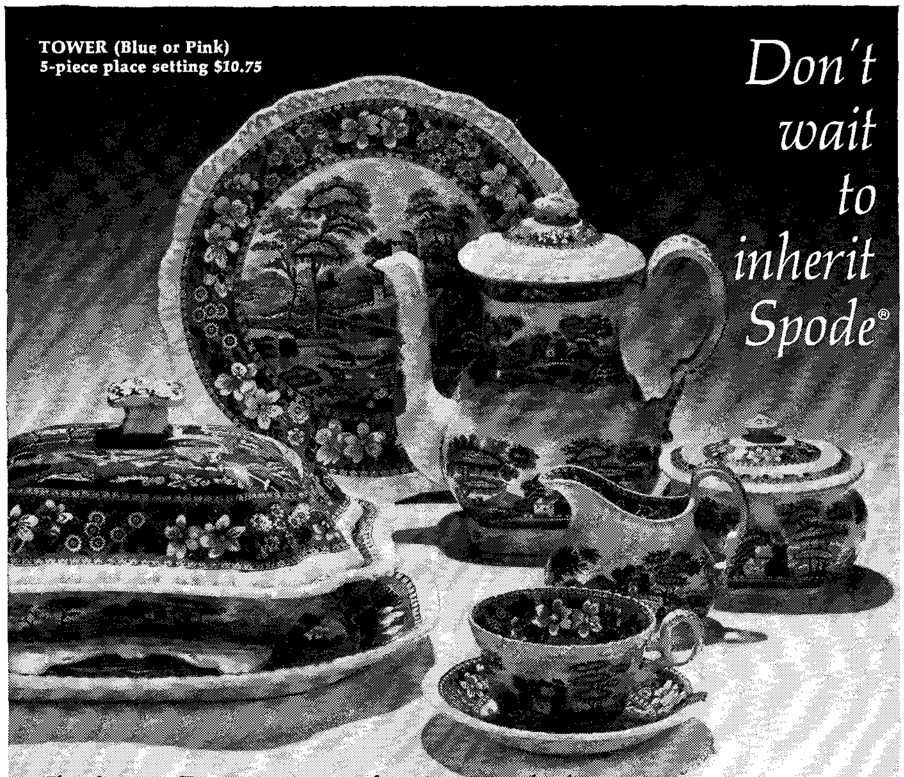
attempts to come to terms with Stalin. Found among his papers after his death, it was edited by Uwe Johnson and published in 1965 under the title "Me-ti. Buch der Wendungen.") Hence Brecht became convinced, probably without knowing it, of the wisdom of Machiavelli's precept for princes and statesmen, who must learn "how not to be good," and he shares with Machiavelli the sophisticated and seemingly ambiguous attitude toward goodness which has been open to so many simple-minded and learned misunderstandings—in his case as in the case of his predecessor. "How not to be good" is the subject of "St. Joan of the Stockyards," the marvellous early play about the Chicago girl in the Salvation Army who has to learn that on the day you must leave the world it will be of greater consequence to leave behind you a better world than to have been good. The purity, fearlessness, and innocence of Joan are matched in Brecht's plays by Simone in "The Visions of Simone Machard," the child who dreams of Jeanne d'Arc under the German Occupation, and by the girl Grusche in "The Caucasian Chalk Circle," where for once the whole predicament of goodness is spelled out: "Terrible is the temptation to be good" ("*Schrecklich ist die Verführung zur Güte*")—wellnigh irresistible in its attraction, dangerous and suspect in its consequences (Who knows the chain of events resulting from what was done on the spur of the moment? Will not the simple gesture distract him from more important tasks?), but also irrevocably terrible for him, too busy either with his own survival or with saving the world, who resists temptation: "She who doesn't listen to the cry for help but passes by with distracted ear: never again will she hear the soft call of the beloved, or the blackbird at dawn, or the happy sigh of the tired vintager when the bells toll the Angelus." Whether or not one should yield to this temptation and how one is to resolve the conflicts that being good inevitably leads one into are the ever-recurring themes of Brecht's plays. In "The Caucasian Chalk Circle," the girl Grusche yields to temptation, and everything ends well. In "The Good Woman of Setzuan," the problem is solved by the creation of a double role: the woman, who is too poor to be good, who literally cannot afford pity, becomes a tough businessman during the day, makes a lot of money by cheating and exploiting the people, and in the evening gives the earnings of the day away to the very same people. This was a practical solution, and Brecht was a



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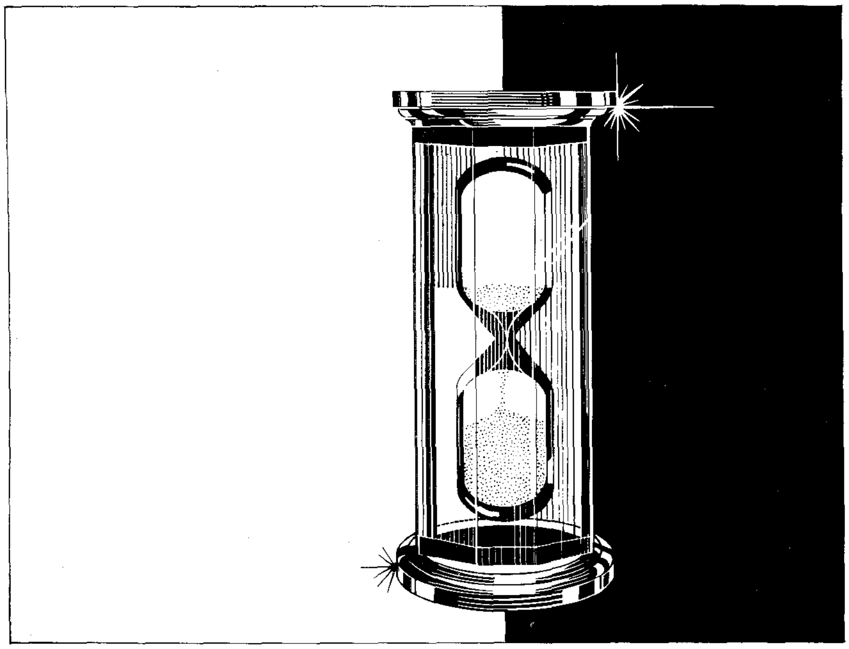

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India

very practical man. The theme is also present in "Mother Courage" (Brecht's own interpretation notwithstanding), and even in "Galileo." And any last doubts about the authenticity of this passionate compassion should be dispelled when we read the last stanza of the concluding song to the film version of "The Threepenny Opera":

Denn die einen sind im Dunkeln
Und die andern sind im Licht.
Und man siehet die im Lichte
Die im Dunkeln sieht man nicht.

(For some are in darkness, and others stand in the light. And you see those in the light, those in darkness are not seen.)

Ever since the French Revolution, when like a torrent the immense stream of the poor burst for the first time into the streets of Europe, there have been many among the revolutionists who, like Brecht, acted out of compassion and concealed their compassion, under the cover of scientific theories and hardboiled rhetoric, out of shame. However, there have been very few among them who understood the insult added to the poor's injured lives by the fact that their sufferings remained in the dark and were not even recorded in the memory of mankind.

Mitkämpfend fügen die grossen umstürzenden Lehrer des Volkes
Zu der Geschichte der herrschenden Klassen die der beherrschten.

(The great subversive teachers of the people, participating in its struggle, add the history of the ruled class to that of the ruling classes.)

This is how Brecht put it in his curiously baroque poetic version of the "Communist Manifesto," which he planned as part of a long didactic poem "On the Nature of Man," modelled after Lucretius' "On the Nature of Things," and which is an almost total failure. Anyway, he understood and was outraged by not only the sufferings of the poor but their obscurity; like John Adams, he thought of the poor man as the invisible man. And it was out of this outrage, perhaps even more than out of pity and shame, that he began to hope for the day when the tables would be turned, when the words of Saint-Just—"*Les malheureux sont la puissance de la terre*"—would come true.

Moreover, it was out of a feeling of solidarity with the downtrodden and oppressed that Brecht wrote so much of his poetry in ballad form. (Like other masters of the century—W. H. Auden, for instance—he had the latecomer's facility in the poetic genres of the past,

"I can't get over them. They get California skins made into a coat by an Englishman. Absurd."

On the surface, have to agree with you, Mr. Thompson. There's a certain sort of suppleness you get, though, when you tan the skins of a California lamb. Never found it anyplace else. And there's this Englishman whose family has been tailoring leather almost since Manhattan Island was sold. They do things to seams, and button-holes, and pocket-linings that nobody else can quite do. So we got the two together, and came up with the finest sheepskin coat possible for the money. Those are the kinds of absurdities we're in the business for. Or is it "for which we are in business"? Full 32" long. Tan. $100

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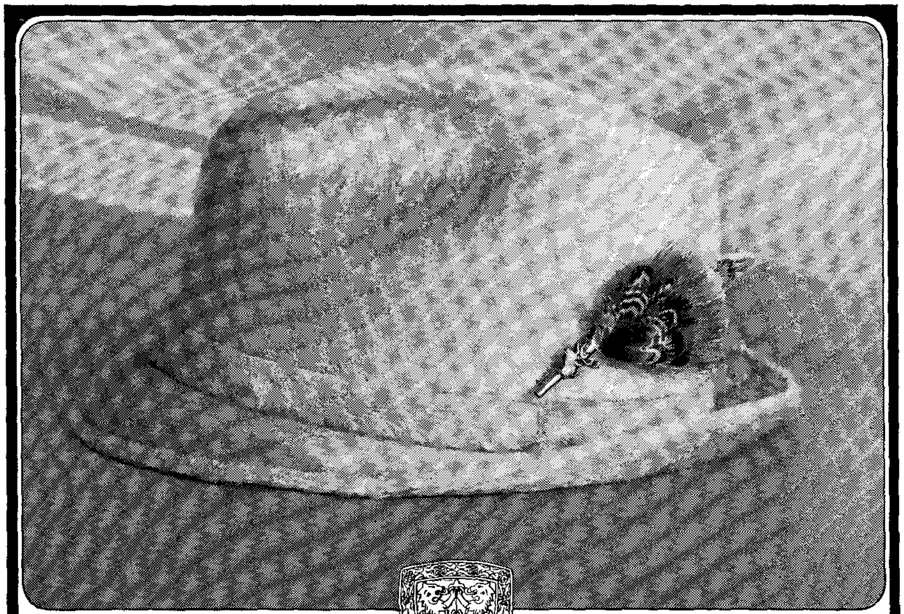

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and hence was free to choose.) For the ballad, grown out of folk and street songs, and, not unlike Negro spirituals, out of endless stanzas in which servant girls in the kitchen lamented unfaithful lovers and innocent infanticides—"*Die Mörder, denen viel Leides geschah*" ("The murderers sorely afflicted with grief")—had always been the vein of unrecorded poetry, the art form, if such it was, in which people condemned to obscurity and oblivion attempted to record their own stories and create their own poetic immortality. Needless to say, the folk song had inspired great poetry in the German language before Brecht. The servant girls' voices sound through some of the most beautiful of German songs, from Mörike to the young Hofmannsthal, and before Brecht the master of the Moritat was Frank Wedekind. Also, the ballad in which the poet becomes a storyteller had great predecessors, including Schiller and poets before and after him, and, thanks to them, had lost, together with its original crudeness, much of its popularity. But no poet before Brecht had stuck with such consistency to these popular forms and succeeded so thoroughly in gaining for them the rank of great poetry.

If we add these things up—the weightlessness and the yearning not so much for gravity as for gravitation, for a central point that would be relevant within the setting of the modern world; plus compassion, the almost natural, or, as Brecht would have said, animal-like, inability to bear the sight of other people's suffering—his decision to align himself with the Communist Party is easy to understand, under the circumstances of the time. As far as Brecht was concerned, the main factor in this decision was that the Party not only had made the cause of the unfortunate ones its own but also possessed a body of writings upon which one could draw for all circumstances and from which one could quote as endlessly as from Scripture. This was Brecht's greatest delight. Long before he had read all the books—indeed, immediately upon joining his new comrades—he began to speak of Marx, Engels, and Lenin as the "classics." But the main thing was that the Party brought him into daily contact with what his compassion had already told him was reality: the darkness and the great cold in this valley of tears.

Bedenkt das Dunkel und die grosse Kälte
In diesem Tale, das von Jammer schallt.

From now on, he would not have to eat his hat; there was something else to do.

And this, of course, was where his troubles, and our troubles with him, began. He had scarcely joined the Communists before he found out that in order to change the bad world into a good world it was not enough "not to be good" but that you had to become bad yourself, that in order to exterminate meanness there should be no mean thing you were not ready to do. For—"Who are you? Sink into dirt, embrace the butcher, but change the world, the world needs change." (I quote from "Measure Taken," the only strictly Communist play Brecht ever wrote.) "We can only be right with and by the Party, for history has provided no other way of being in the right," so Trotsky proclaimed even in exile, and Brecht elaborated: "One man has two eyes, the Party has a thousand eyes, the Party sees seven countries, one man sees one city. . . . One man can be destroyed, but the Party can't be destroyed. For . . . it leads its struggle with the methods of the classics, which were drawn from the knowledge of reality." Brecht's conversion was not quite as simple as it looks in retrospect. There were contradictions, heresies, that crept into even his most militant verses: "Let no one talk you into something, look for yourself; what you don't know yourself you don't know; examine the bill, you'll have to pay it." (Hasn't the Party a thousand eyes to see what I can't see? Doesn't the Party know seven countries while I know only this city where I live?) However, these were only occasional slips, and when the Party—in 1929, after Stalin, at the Sixteenth Party Congress, had announced the liquidation of the right and left Opposition—began to liquidate its own members, Brecht felt that what the Party needed right then was a defense of killing one's own comrades and innocent people. In "Measure Taken" he shows how and for what reasons the innocent, the good, the humane, those who are outraged at injustice and come running to help are being killed. For the measure taken is the killing of a Party member by his comrades, and the play leaves no doubt that he was the best of them, humanly speaking. Precisely because of his goodness, it turns out, he had become an obstacle to the revolution. When this play was first performed, in the early thirties, in Berlin, it aroused much indignation. Today we realize that what Brecht said in his play was only the smallest part of the terrible truth, but at the time—years before the Moscow Trials—this was not known. Those

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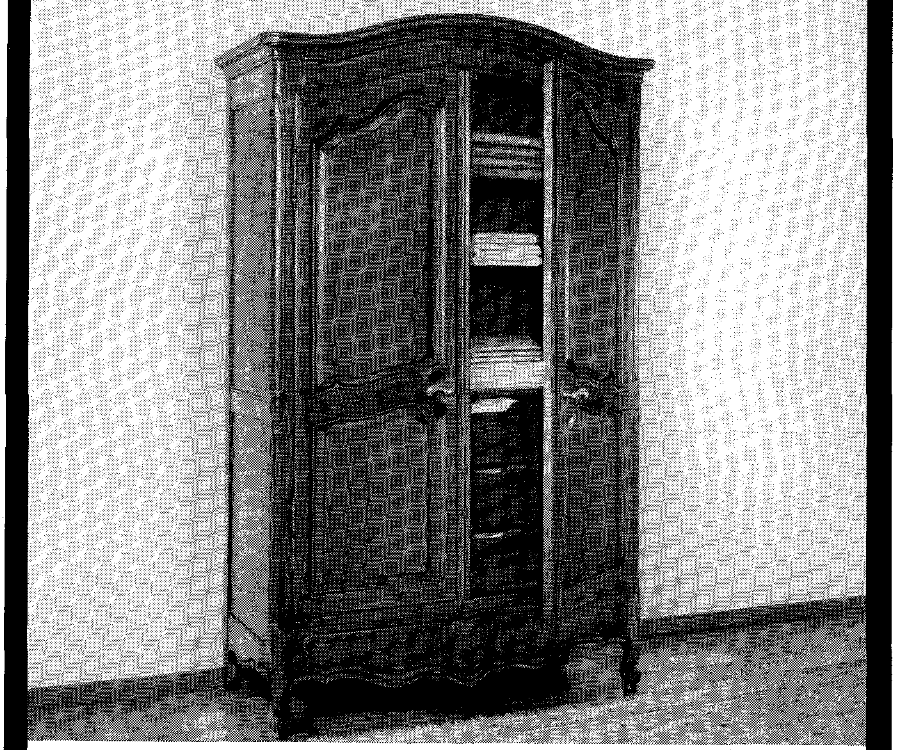

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who even then were bitter opponents of Stalin, both inside and outside the Party, were outraged that Brecht had written a play defending Moscow, while the Stalinists denied vehemently that anything seen by this "intellectual" corresponded to the realities of Communism in Russia. God knows, Brecht never earned less thanks from his friends and comrades than with this play. The reason is obvious. He had done what poets will always do if they are left alone: He had announced the truth to the extent that this truth had then become visible. For the simple truth of the matter was that innocent people *were* killed and that the Communists, while they had not stopped fighting their foes (this came later), had begun to kill their friends. It was only a beginning, which most people still excused as an excess of revolutionary zeal, but Brecht was intelligent enough to see the method in the madness, although he certainly did not foresee that those who pretended to work for Paradise had just started establishing Hell on earth, and that there was no meanness, no treachery they were not prepared to perpetrate. Brecht had shown the rules according to which the infernal game was being played, and, of course, he expected applause. Alas, he had overlooked a small detail: It was by no means the intention of the Party, or in the Party's interests, to have the truth told, least of all by one of its loudly proclaimed sympathizers. On the contrary, the point, as far as the Party was concerned, was to deceive the world. Rereading this play that once caused such an uproar, one becomes conscious of the terrible years that separate us from the time it was written and first produced. (Brecht did not produce it again later, in East Berlin, and, as far as I know, it has not appeared in other theatres; however, a few years ago it enjoyed a strange popularity on American campuses.) When Stalin made ready to liquidate the old guard of the Bolshevik Party, it may have taken the foresight of a poet to know that the best elements in the movement were going to be murdered during the next decade. But what then actually happened—and today is already half forgotten, overshadowed by even darker horrors—compared to Brecht's vision as a real storm compares to a storm in a teacup.

FOR my purpose, which is to present my thesis that a poet's real sins are avenged by the gods of poetry, "Measure Taken" is an important play. For

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Ernest interrupted her thoughts, "As long as you're still up," he said, "get me another drinkee poo."

She returned with the bottle and poured it slowly over his head.

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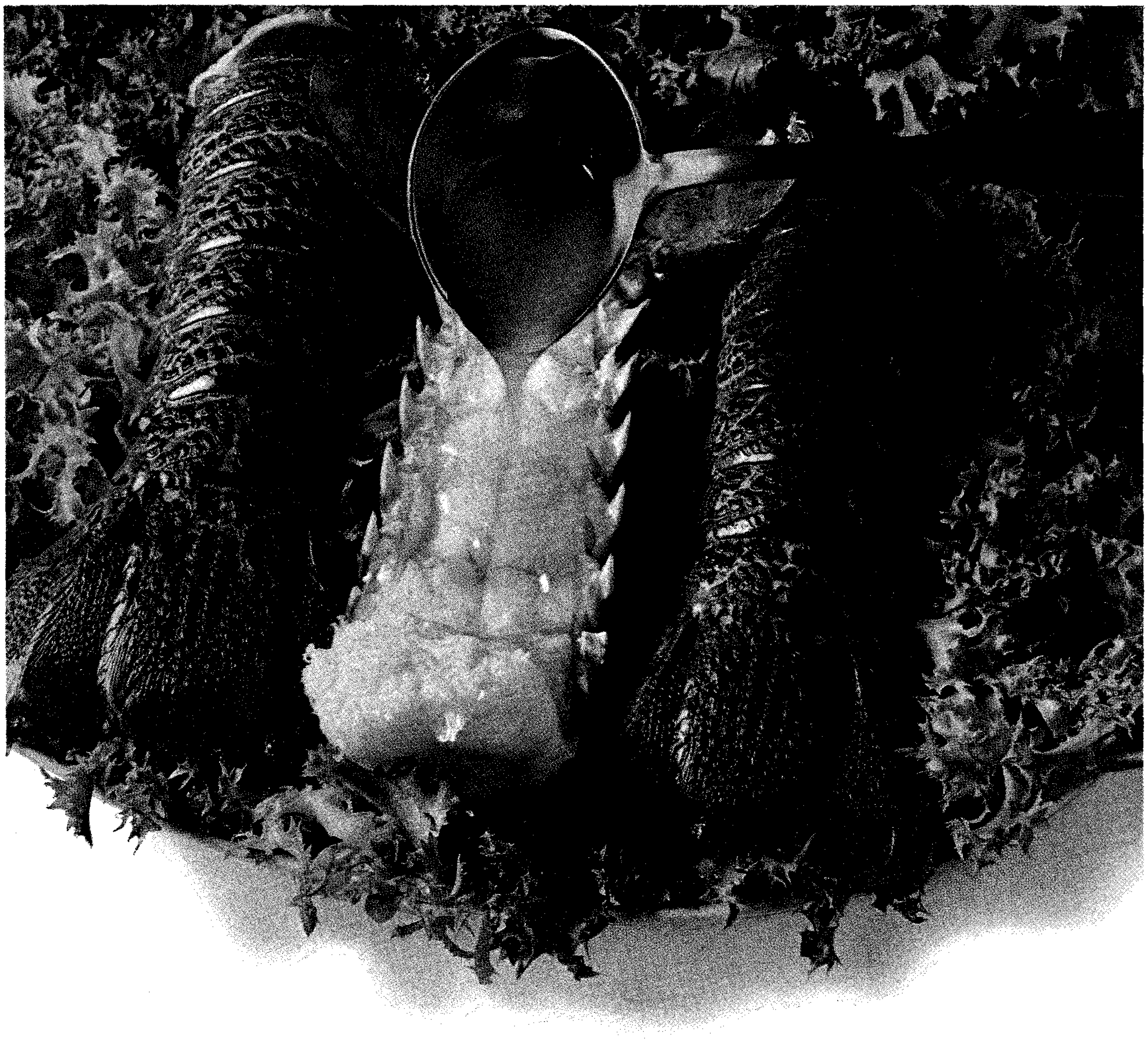

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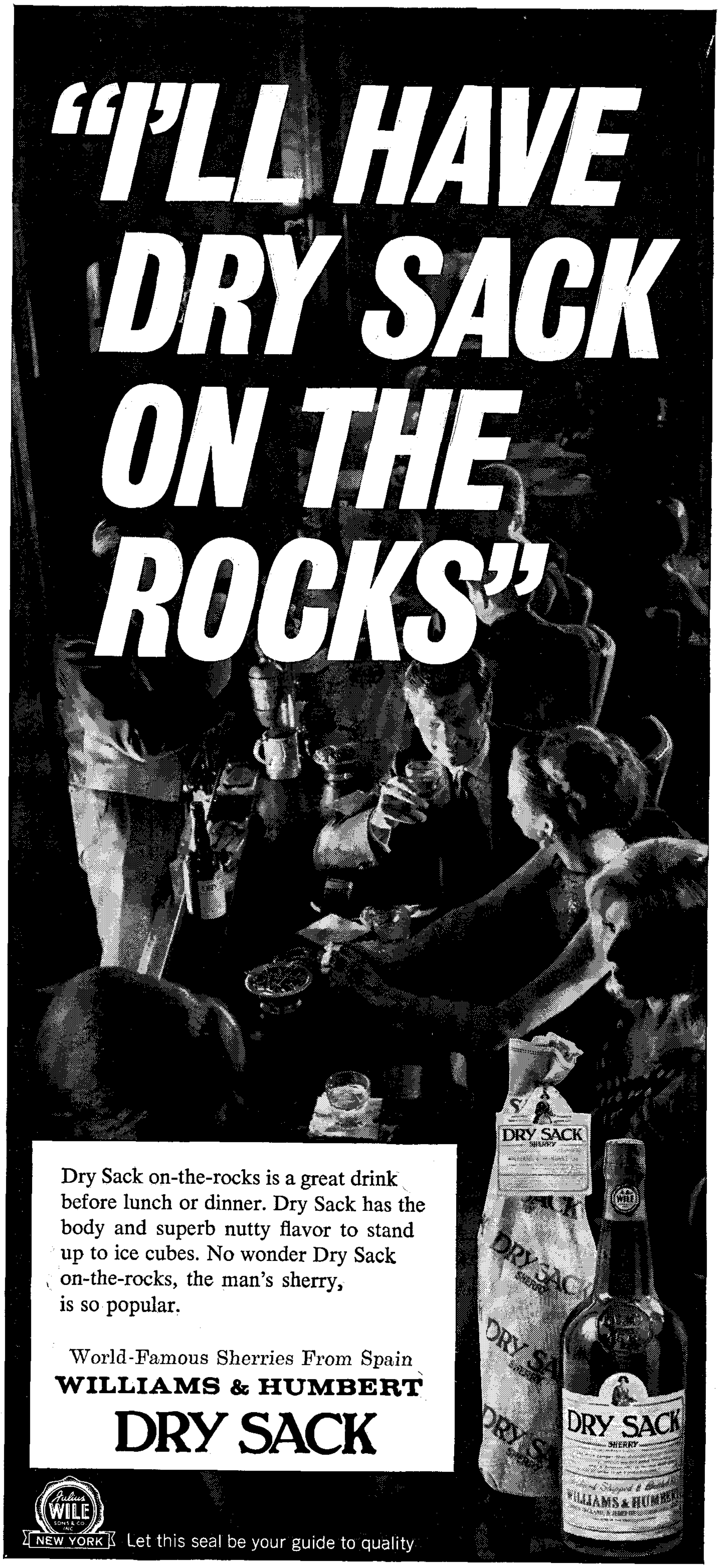
from an artistic viewpoint this is by no means a bad play. It contains excellent lyrics, among them the "Rice Song," which was rightly famous and whose terse, hammering rhythms ring well enough even today:

> *Weiss ich, was ein Reis ist?*
> *Weiss ich, wer das weiss!*
> *Ich weiss nicht, was ein Reis ist*
> *Ich kenne nur seinen Preis.*
>
> *Weiss ich, was ein Mensch ist?*
> *Weiss ich, wer das weiss!*
> *Ich weiss nicht, was ein Mensch ist*
> *Ich kenne nur seinen Preis.*

(Do I know what rice is? Do I know who knows it! I don't know what rice is, I only know its price. Do I know what man is? Do I know who knows it! I don't know what man is, I only know his price.)

No doubt the play defends in all earnestness—not just for the fun of it, or in Swiftian sarcastic earnestness—things that are more than morally wrong, that are unspeakably hideous. And yet Brecht's poetic luck did not then forsake him, because he was still speaking the truth—a hideous truth, with which he wrongly tried to come to terms.

Brecht's sins were revealed for the first time after the Nazis had seized power and he had to confront the realities of the Third Reich from without. He went into exile on February 28, 1933, the day after the Reichstag fire. The "classics" by which he stubbornly tried to take his bearings did not permit him to recognize what Hitler actually did. He began to lie, and wrote the wooden prose dialogue in "Fear and Misery of the Third Reich" that anticipates later so-called poems, which are journalese divided into verse lines. By 1935 or 1936, Hitler had liquidated hunger and unemployment; hence, for Brecht, schooled in the "classics," there was no longer any pretext for not praising Hitler. In seeking one, he simply refused to recognize what was patent to everybody—that those really persecuted were not workers but Jews, that it was race, and not class, that counted. There was not a line in Marx, Engels, or Lenin that dealt with this, and the Communists denied it—it was nothing but a pretense of the ruling classes, they said—and Brecht, stolidly refusing to "look for himself," fell into line. He wrote a few poems about conditions in Nazi Germany, all of these poems quite bad, a representative one being entitled "Burial of the Agitator in the Zinc Coffin." It deals with the Nazi custom of shipping home in sealed coffins the remains of people beaten to death in



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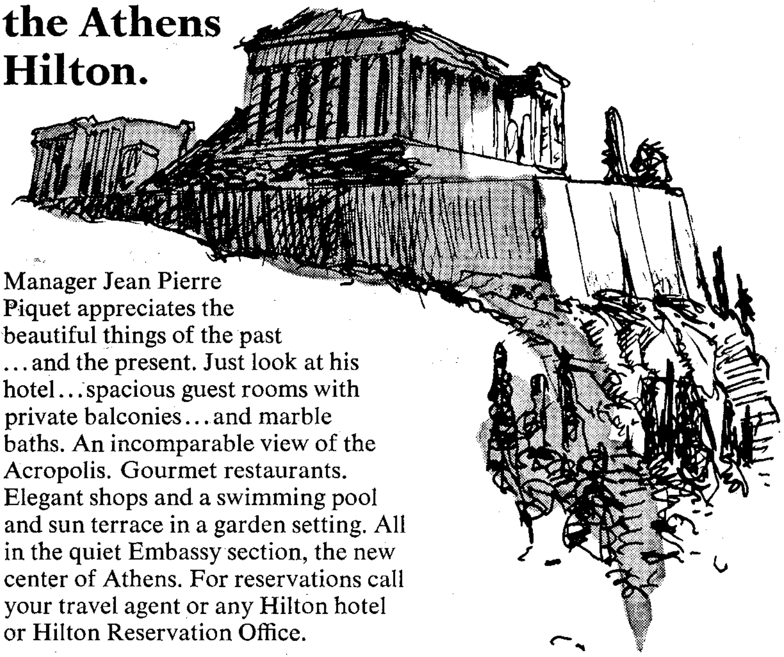

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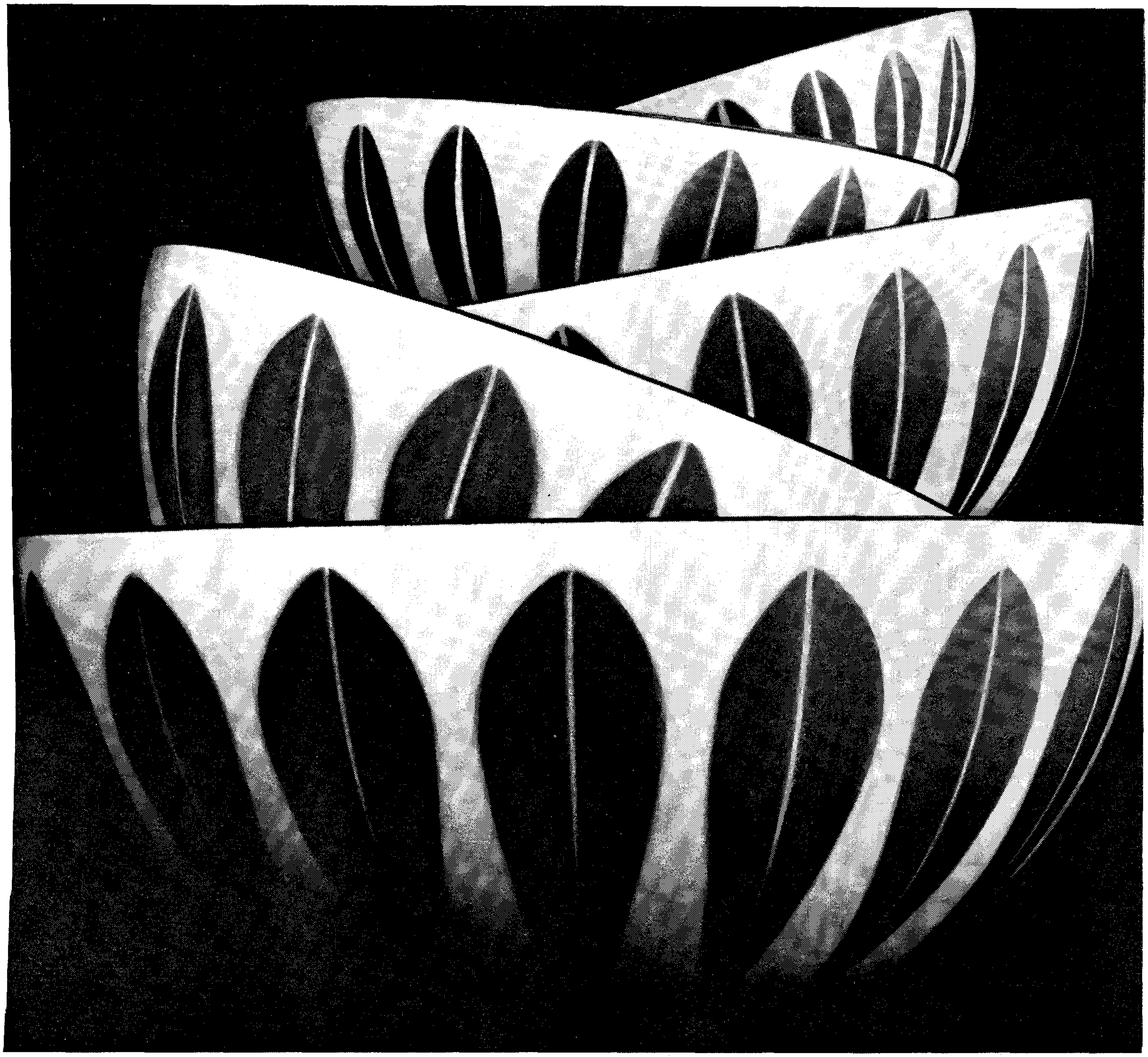
concentration camps. Brecht's agitator had suffered this fate because he had preached "eating your fill, a roof over your head, feeding your children;" in short, he was a madman, for no one went hungry in Germany at that time, and the Nazi slogan of the *Volksgemeinschaft* (folk community) was by no means mere propaganda. Who would have bothered to put him out of the way? The real horror, the only point to be made, was the way this man had died, that he had to be hidden in the zinc coffin. The zinc coffin was indeed important, but Brecht did not follow up the indication of the title; in his version, the agitator's fate was hardly any worse than the fate that an opponent of any kind of capitalist government was likely to suffer. And this was a lie. What Brecht wanted to say was that there was a difference only in degree between countries under capitalist rule. And this was a double lie, for in capitalist countries opponents were not beaten to death and shipped home in sealed coffins, and Germany was not a capitalist country any longer, as the Messrs. Schacht and Thyssen were to learn, to their sorrow. And how about Brecht? He had escaped from a country where everybody could eat his fill, had a roof over his head, and could feed his children. This is how it was, and this he did not dare to face. Even the anti-war poems of these years were undistinguished. However, bad as the work of this whole period was, it was not the end. The years of exile, as they went on and carried him farther and farther away from the turmoil that had been postwar Germany, had a very salutary effect upon his production. What could be more peaceful in the thirties than the Scandinavian countries? And whatever he might have said, rightly or wrongly, against Los Angeles, it was not a place famous for unemployed workers and hungry children. Although he would have denied it to his dying day, the poetic evidence is that he was slowly beginning to forget the "classics," and that his mind had started turning on themes that had nothing to do with capitalism or the class struggle. Out of Svendborg came poems like the "Legend on the Origin of the Book Tao-te Ching During Lao-tse's Journey Into Exile," which, narrative in form and making no attempt at experimenting with either language or thought, is among the stillest and—strange to say—most consoling poems written in our century. Like so many of Brecht's poems, it wants to teach (in his world, poets and teachers lived



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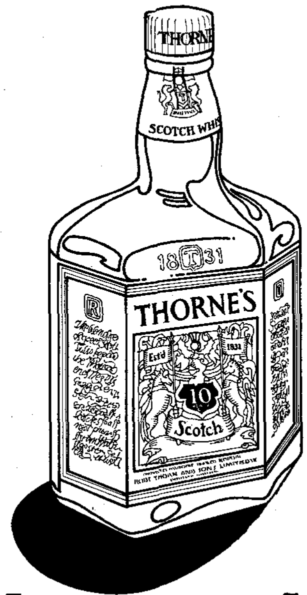

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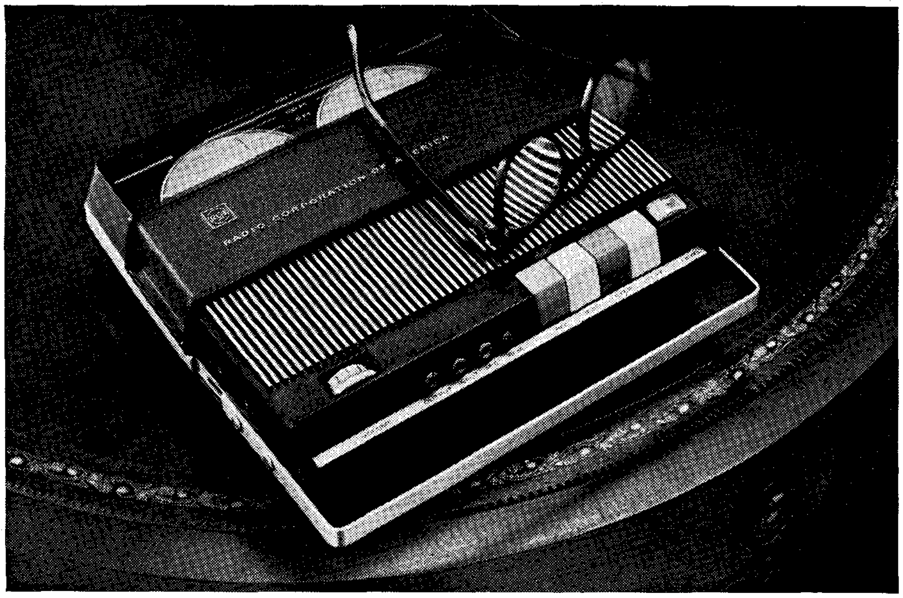

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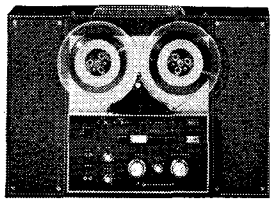

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close together), but this time the lesson is of non-violence and wisdom:

Dass das weiche Wasser in Bewegung
Mit der Zeit den mächtigen Stein besiegt.
Du verstehst, das Harte unterliegt.

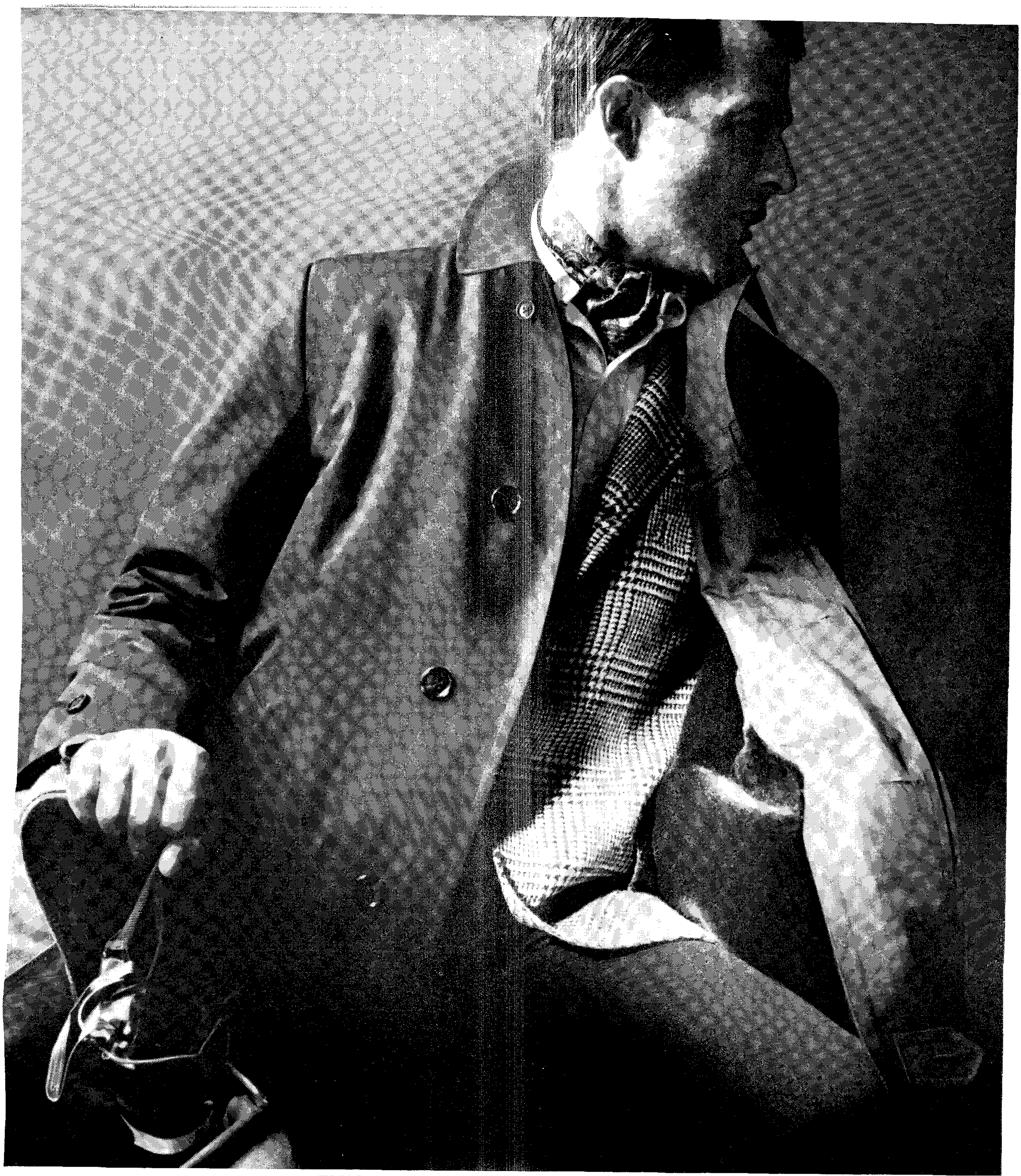
(That soft water in movement defeats
the mighty stone in time. You understand,
the tough are beaten.)

As indeed they were. This poem had not yet been published when, at the beginning of the war, the French government decided to put its refugees from Germany in concentration camps, but in the spring of 1939, Walter Benjamin had brought it back to Paris from a visit to Brecht in Denmark, and speedily, like a rumor of good tidings, it travelled by word of mouth—a source of consolation and patience and endurance—where such wisdom was most needed. It may be of some relevance that in the sequence of the Svendborg poems the Lao-tse poem is followed by "Visit with the Exiled Poets." Dante-like, the poet goes down to the nether world and meets his dead colleagues, who were once in trouble with the powers of the upper world. Ovid and Villon, Dante and Voltaire, Heine, Shakespeare, and Euripides sit cheerfully together and give mocking advice, but then

> There came a call from the darkest corner: "You, there, do they know your lines by heart? And those who know them, will they survive the persecution?" And Dante explained softly, "These are the forgotten poets; not only their bodies but even their works were destroyed." The laughter ceased abruptly. No one dared to look at the guest. He had turned white.

Well, Brecht didn't need to worry.

Even more noticeable than the poems were the plays he wrote during these years of exile. After the war, no matter what the Berliner Ensemble tried to do, whenever "Galileo" appeared in East Berlin, every line sounded like an open declaration of hostility to the regime, and was understood as such. Up to this period, Brecht had consciously avoided—by means of the so-called epic theatre—creating characters of any individuality, but now, all of a sudden, his plays were peopled with real persons, who, if they were not characters in the old sense, were clearly unique and individual figures, such as Simone Machard, and the Good Woman of Setzuan, and Mother Courage, and the girl Grusche and Judge Azdak in "The Caucasian Chalk Circle," and Galileo, and Puntila and his servant Matti. Today, all the plays in this group are part of the repertoire of good theatre inside and outside Germany, though when Brecht wrote them



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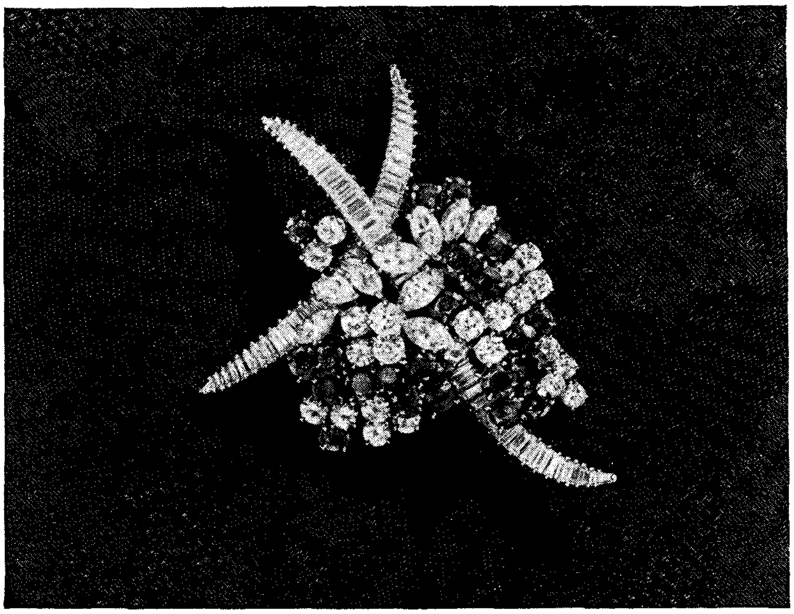

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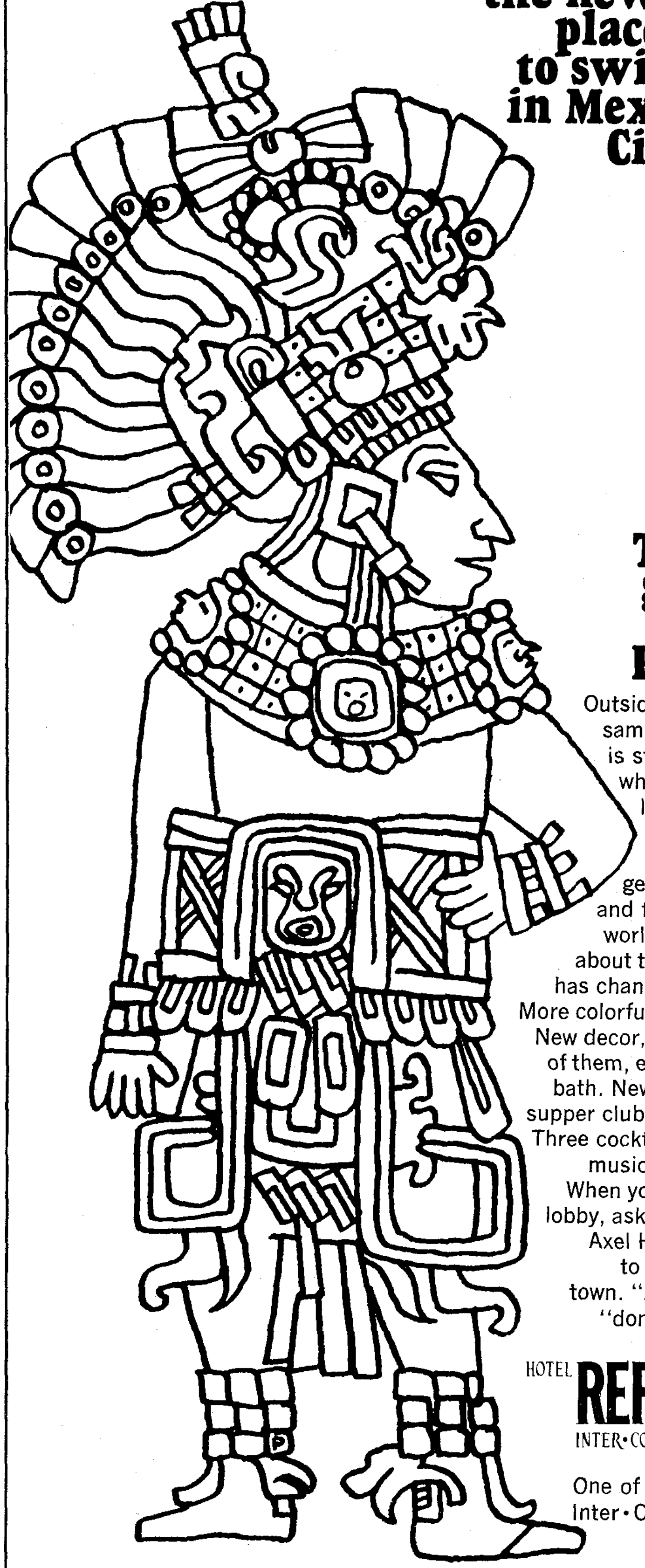
they went unnoticed. No doubt this belated fame is a tribute to Brecht's own merits, and not merely the merits of the poet and playwright but those of the extraordinarily gifted theatre director, who had at his disposition one of Germany's great actresses, Helene Weigel, who was his wife. But this does not alter the fact that everything he staged in East Berlin had been written outside Germany. Once he was back there, his poetic faculty dried up from one day to the next. He must finally have realized that he was confronted with circumstances that no quotation from the "classics" could explain or justify. He had stumbled into a situation in which his very silence—let alone his occasional praise of the butchers—was a crime.

Brecht's troubles had started when he became *engagé* (as we would say today, for the concept did not exist then), when he tried to do more than be a voice, which was how he began. A voice of what? Not of himself alone, but of the world and of everything that was real. Yet that was not enough. To be a voice of what he thought was reality had carried him away from the real; wasn't he on the way to becoming what he liked least—one more solitary great poet in the German tradition, instead of what he wanted most to be, a bard of the people? And yet, when he went into the thick of things, his remoteness as a poet was what he carried, willy-nilly, into the newfound reality, his sharp and tricky intelligence notwithstanding. This remoteness from the real was revealed when he did not break with a party that killed his friends and allied itself with his worst enemy, and when, for the sake of the "classics," he refused to see what was actually happening in his homeland—something that in his more prosaic moments he understood only too well. In the concluding remarks to "The Resistible Rise of the Man Arturo Ui"—a satire on Hitler's "irresistible" rise to power, and not one of the great plays—he noted, "The great political criminals must be exposed by all means, and especially by ridicule. For they are above all no great political criminals but the perpetrators of great political crimes, which is not at all the same. . . . The failure of Hitler's enterprises does not mean that Hitler was an idiot, and the range of his enterprises does not mean that he was a great man." This is considerably more than most intellectuals understood in 1941, and it is precisely this extraordinary intelligence, breaking like lightning through the rumble of Marxist platitudes, that has made it so difficult for good men to forgive Brecht his sins, or to reconcile themselves to the fact that he could sin *and* write good poetry. But, finally, when he went back to East Germany, essentially for artistic reasons, because its government would give him a theatre—that is, for that "art for art's sake" he had vehemently denounced for nearly thirty years—his punishment caught up with him. Now reality overwhelmed him to the point where he could no longer be its voice; he had succeeded in being in the thick of it—and had proved that this is no good place for a poet to be.

This is what the case of Bertolt Brecht is likely to teach us, and what we ought to take into consideration when we judge him today, as we must, and pay him our respect for all that we owe him. The poets' relation to reality is indeed what Goethe said it was: They cannot bear the same burden of responsibility as ordinary mortals; they need a measure of remoteness, and yet would not be worth their salt if they were not forever tempted to exchange this remoteness for being just like everybody else. On this attempt Brecht staked his life and his art as few poets had ever done; it led him into triumph and disaster. From the beginning of these reflections, I have proposed that we grant poets a certain latitude, such as we would hardly be willing to grant each other in the ordinary course of events. I do not deny that this may offend many people's sense of justice; in fact, if Brecht were still among us he would certainly be the first to protest violently against any such exception. (In the posthumously published book "Me-ti," which I mentioned before, he suggests a verdict for the "good man" gone wrong. "Listen," he says after the interrogation is completed, "we know you are our enemy. Therefore we shall now put you against a wall. But in consideration of your merits and virtues, it will be a good wall, and we shall shoot you with good bullets of good guns, and we shall bury you with a good shovel in good soil.") However, the equality before the law whose standard we commonly adopt for moral judgments as well is no absolute. Every judgment is open to forgiveness, every act of judging can change into an act of forgiving; to judge and to forgive are but the two sides of the same coin. But the two sides follow different rules. The majesty of the law demands that we be equal—that only our acts count, and not the person who committed them. The act of forgiving, on the contrary, takes the person into account; no pardon pardons murder or theft



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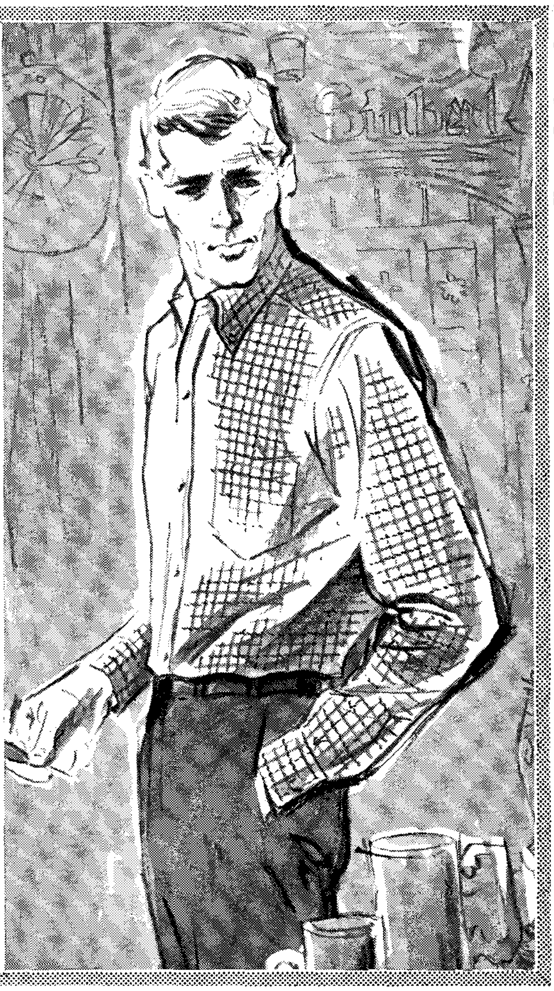

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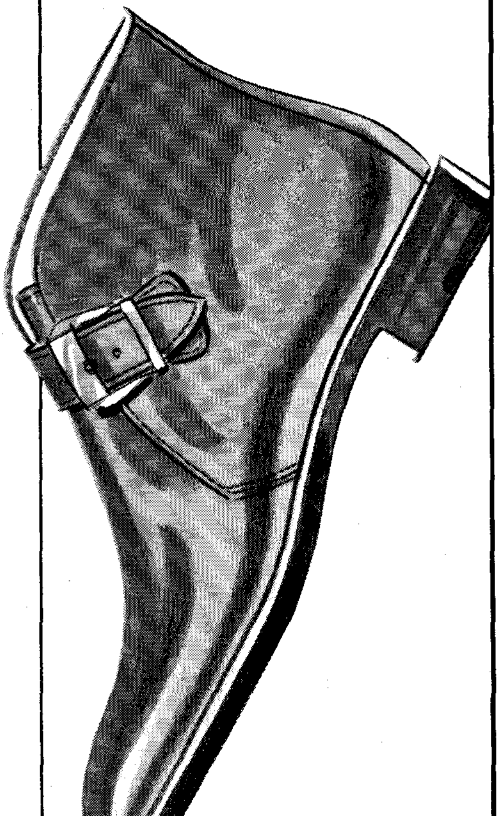

but only the murderer or the thief. We always forgive some*body*, never some*thing*, and this is the reason people think that only love can forgive. But, with or without love, we forgive for the sake of the person, and while justice demands that all be equal, mercy insists on inequality—an inequality implying that every man is, or should be, more than whatever he did or achieved. (In his youth, before he adopted "usefulness" as the ultimate standard in judging people, Brecht knew this better than anybody else. There is a "Ballad About the Secrets of Each and Every Man" in the "Manual of Piety," whose first stanza, in Bentley's translation, reads as follows:

Everyone knows what a man is. He has
 a name.
He walks in the street. He sits in the bar.
You can all see his face. You can all hear
 his voice
And a woman washed his shirt and a
 woman combs his hair.
But strike him dead! Why not indeed
If he never amounted to anything more
Than the doer of his bad deed or
The doer of his good deed.)

The standard that rules in this domain of inequality is still contained in the old Roman saying "*Quod licet Iovi non licet bovi*" ("What is permitted to Jove is not permitted to an ox"). But, for our consolation, this inequality works both ways. One of the signs that a poet is entitled to such privileges as I here claim for him is that there are certain things he cannot do and still remain who he was. It is the poet's task to coin the words we live by, and surely no one is going to live by the words that Brecht wrote in praise of Stalin. The simple fact that he was capable of writing such unspeakably bad verse, worse by far than any fifth-rate scribbling versifier who was guilty of the same sins, shows that "*quod licet bovi non licet Iovi*" ("what is permitted to an ox is not permitted to Jove"). For whether or not you can praise tyranny in "fine-sounding voices," it is true that mere intellectuals or literati are not punished for their sins by loss of talent. No god leaned over their cradle; no god will take his revenge. There are a great many things that are permitted to an ox but not to Jove; that is, not to those who are a bit like Jove—or, rather, are blessed by Apollo. Hence the bitterness of the old saying cuts both ways, and the example of "poor B.B.," who never wasted a shred of pity on himself, may teach us how difficult it is to be a poet in this century or at any other time.

—HANNAH ARENDT

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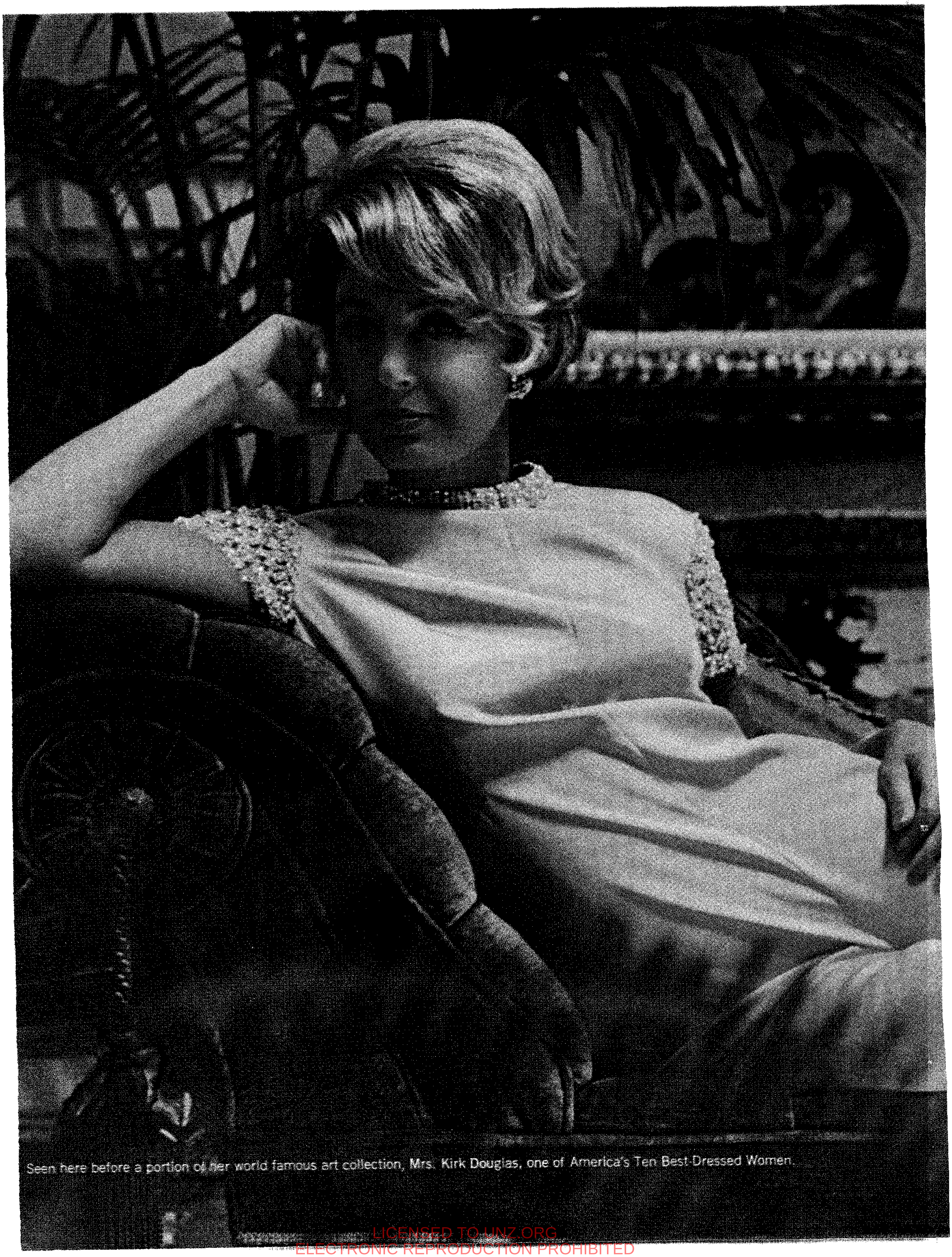

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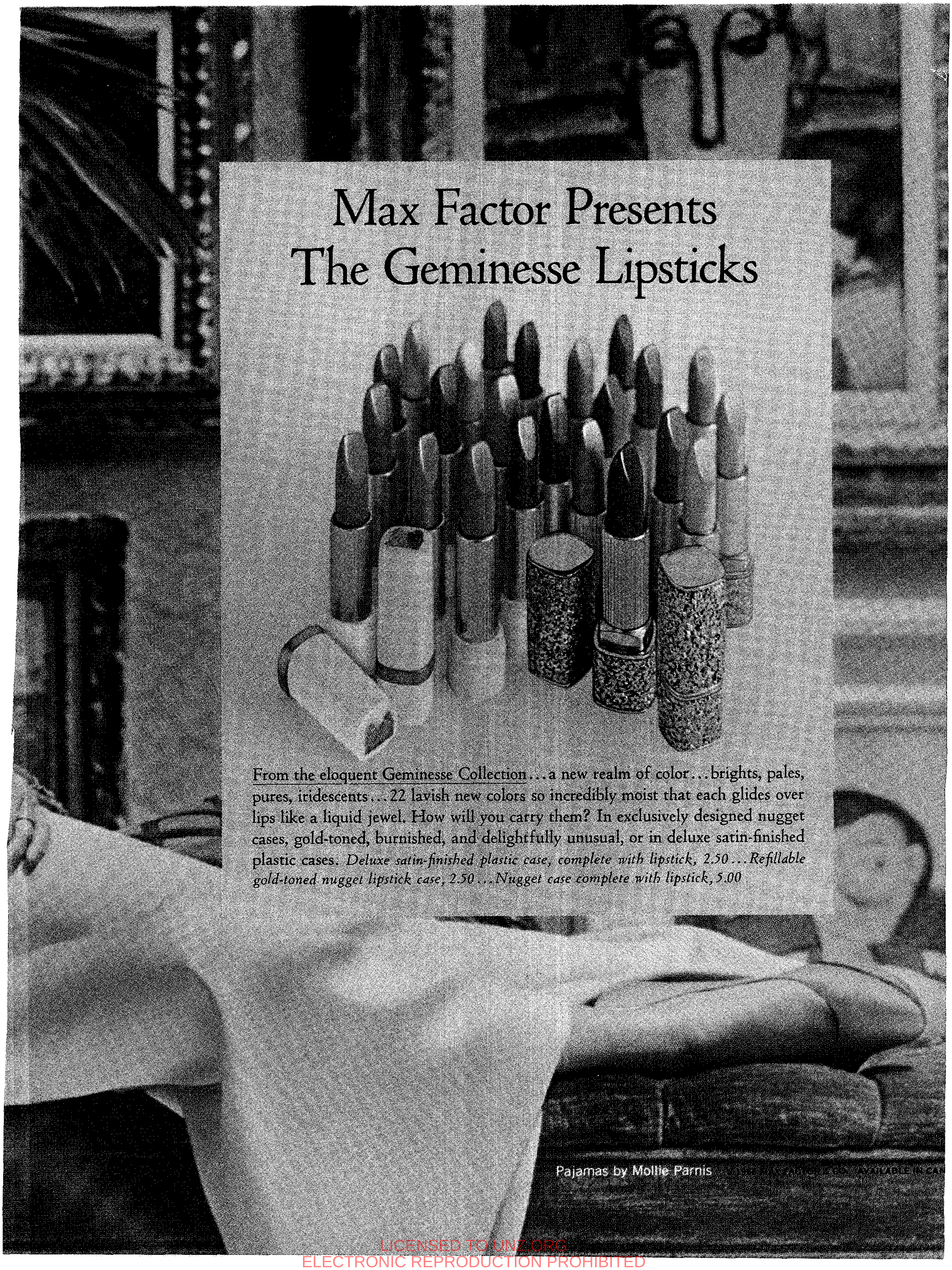

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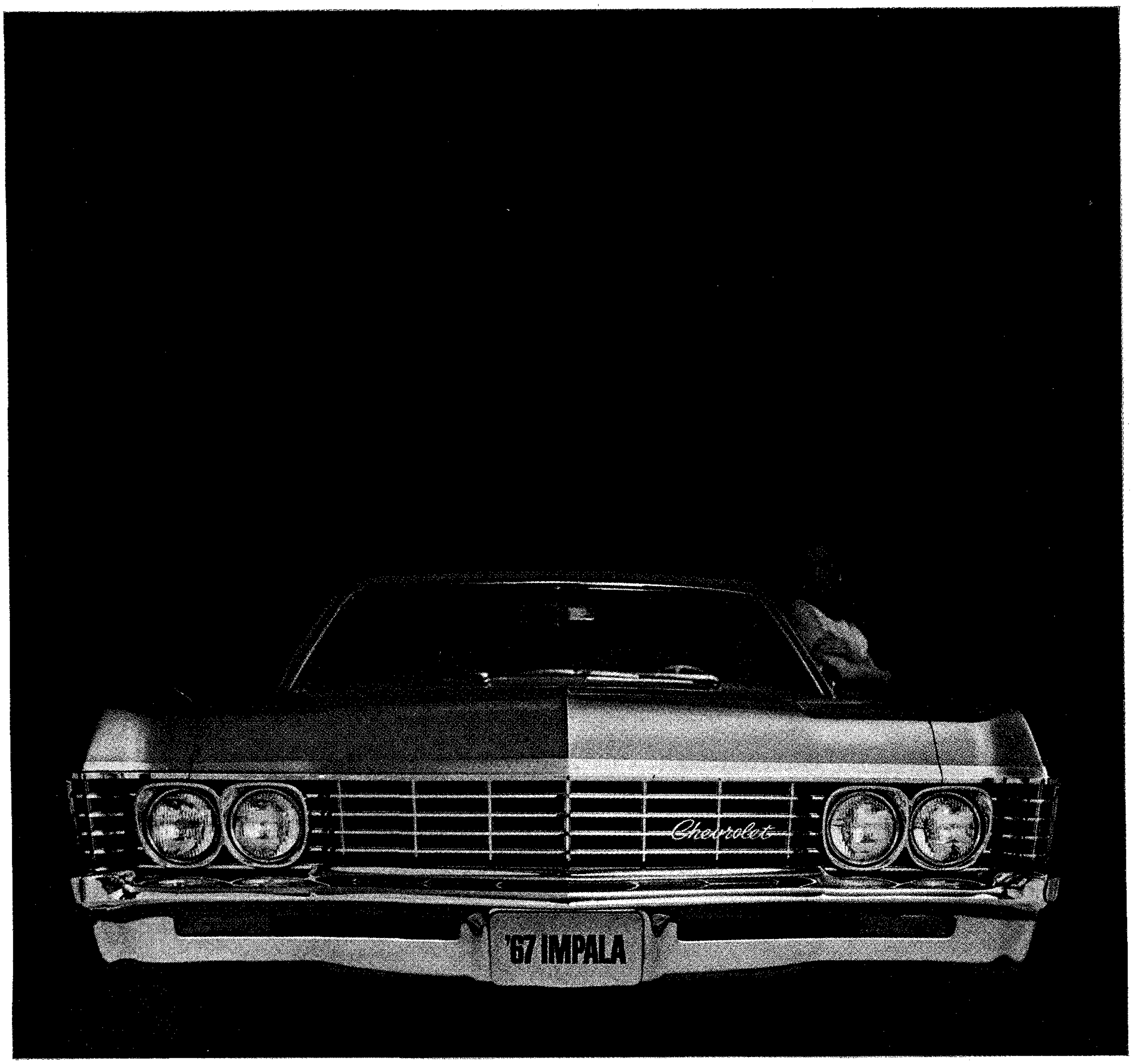

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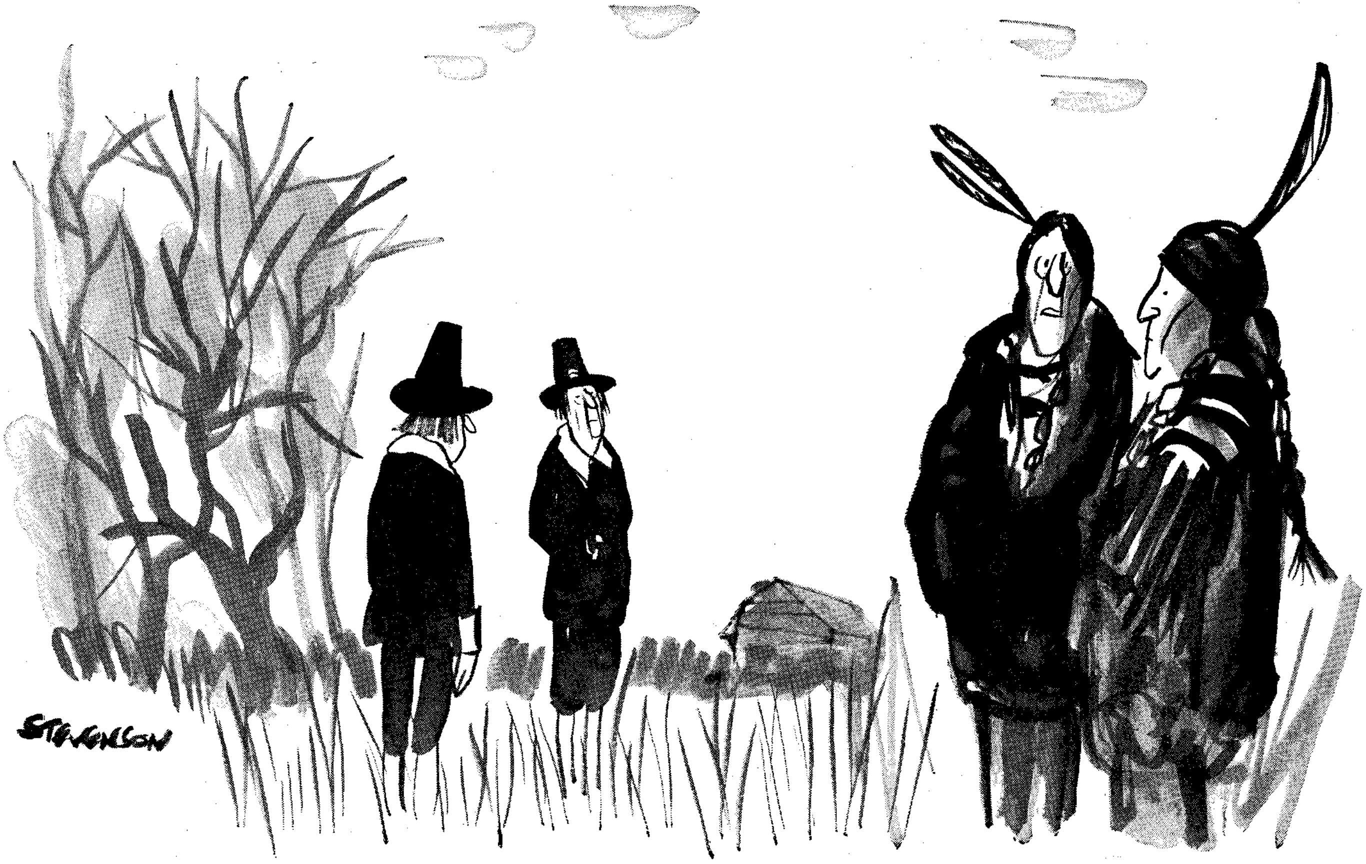
CHEVROLET

THE THEATRE

LOOK, MA, I'M PLAYWRITING

OSCAR WILDE once complained that George Moore in his writings revealed a predilection for conducting his education in public. The same complaint might be registered against the novelist Saul Bellow, who has been striving of late to become a playwright. Apparently, Mr. Bellow believes that it is a good idea to earn while you learn, and although his first full-length exercise, "The Last Analysis," was a full-blown disaster when exhibited on Broadway in 1964, he has gamely come on once again to show us how he is progressing in his studies. This time, he offers us, at the Cort, three one-act comedies with the blanket title "Under the Weather." They are acted, for the most part, by two performers (a third appears briefly in the first episode), which may indicate that Mr. Bellow is going to develop into a very economical playwright. But while he has limited himself to a small cast, he is unrestrained in his dialogue and his ideas, and some of the happenings at the Cort give evidence that he might be happier writing scripts for underground movies than trying to create plays without submitting to the discipline of the theatre.

In the first stanza of "Under the Weather," the scene is Bethpage, Long Island, where a blizzard is raging. Here we meet a middle-aged cardiac case and the woman he is due to marry—a stout party he used to know in high school. Both he and his betrothed have been married before, and he is nervous about embarking on a second marital venture. Maybe that's why he lets the air out of a tire on a car blocking his driveway. In any event, he is confronted by a cop who has been watching from a prowl car and insists that he fix the tire, even though he and his intended are supposed to head for an engagement party right away. The lady in question attempts to fix the flat, but eventually her weak-hearted lover gets involved in the business, has an attack, and is carted off to the hospital, a broken but free man. This is thin stuff, and the characters are dull. So, for that matter, is the team that turns up in the second stanza, which has as its locale Miami under the threat of a hurricane. The woman this time is a simple matron—a chiropodist's wife—who is vacationing alone in a dreary hotel. Into her quarters there pops a twitchy fellow who identifies himself as an old childhood playmate, and whom she presently recognizes not only as her former chum but also as a physicist who has won the Nobel Prize and become a hot rod in government atomic circles. After a good deal of backing and filling, the physicist begs her to let him gaze on an awkwardly situated wen that he once beheld when they were boy and girl together. The wen, he says, has been his inspiration throughout his life. The lady obliges the physicist, and that's all there is to this prurient and purposeless segment of "Under the Weather." In Stanza III, Mr. Bellow takes us to Indiana Harbor, near Chicago, where it is raining. The woman in this go-around is a whore who is busily dressing an octogenarian after their regular monthly joust in her quarters. The lecherous antique, we learn, is loaded with cash, and it is the prostitute's earnest hope that he will see his way clear, now that they have known each other for ten years, to set her up as chatelaine of an elegant residence he maintains in Florida. She is anxious to leave Indiana



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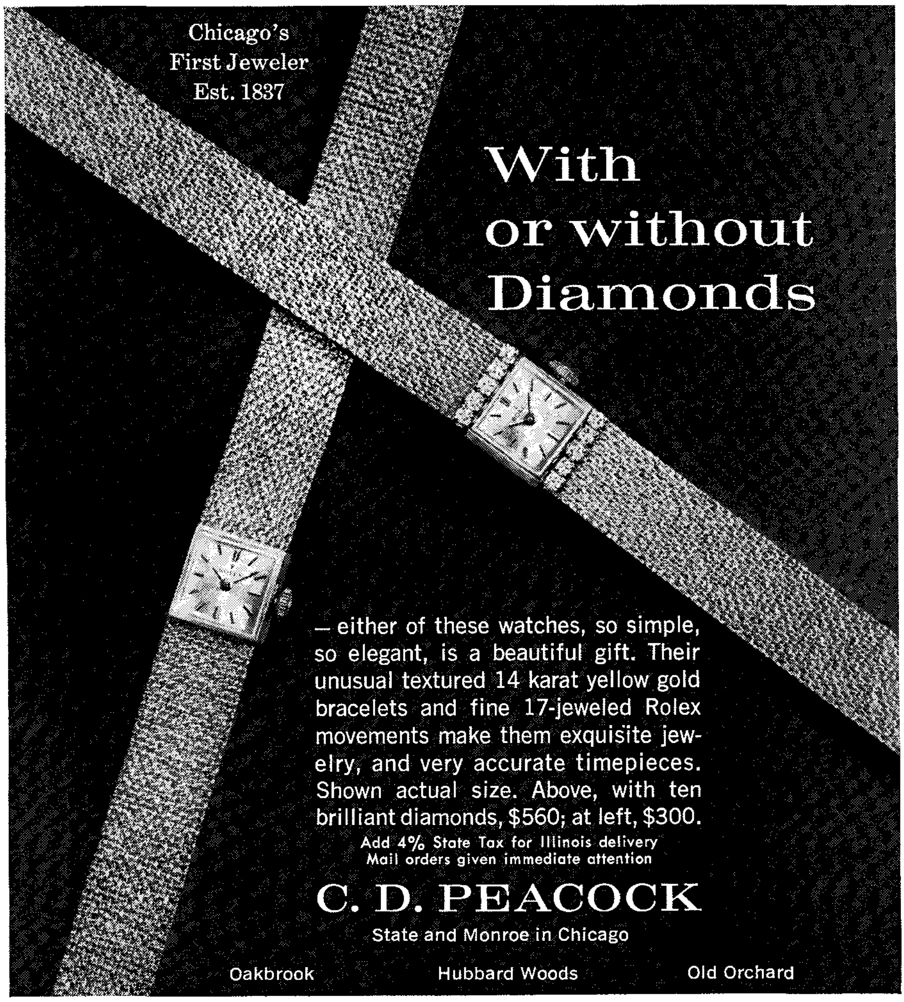

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Harbor, because the factories oppress her, and because her sister and her sister's former son—he's been transformed into a girl by Danish physicians—are about to open a dress shop in her neighborhood, a development that she is sure will embarrass her. Mr. Bellow doesn't spare the double-entendres in this one, and he never persuaded me that the participants were worth a second thought.

Portraying the various types that populate "Under the Weather" are Shelley Winters and Harry Towb. Miss Winters is quite expert at depicting dowdy females, and Mr. Towb does as well as he can with the material provided for him. The enterprise was directed by Arthur Storch, whose touch is not electric.

AT a coming-out party in a stately home in England, a father looks benignly at his unwed daughter, seven months pregnant, who is dancing with her seducer, a schoolteacher. "I hope nothing is developing between them," says the father. "How's the World Treating You?," an English comedy at the Music Box, is full of knee-slappers like that one, but it does have the benefit of a couple of rowdy music-hall performances by Patricia Routledge and Peter Bayliss. The play, which was written by Roger Milner, spans twenty years in the life of a failure (James Bolam) who yearns to become headmaster of a reputable school but finds himself shunted into a salesman's berth with a washing-machine company. In the course of three acts, we accompany our hero through a demobilization camp, where he meets up with a mad colonel (Mr. Bayliss) who is a master of fricative utterance, and the colonel's wife, a nymphomaniac (Miss Routledge) who seduces him; then it's on to the home of an industrialist and his wife (Mr. Bayliss and Miss Routledge again) whose daughter he has seduced in passing; and, finally, after the hero's frustrations in marriage and business have driven him to attempt suicide, to the home of a couple (Mr. Bayliss and Miss Routledge once more) who refer to their residence as a suicide sanctuary. The journey from the demobilization camp to the lunatic surroundings of the suicide sanctuary is accompanied by all sorts of broad slapstick, but I'm afraid the fun, despite the fervor the cast puts into it, is hopelessly primitive. Still, if you're an enthusiast about English music-hall turns you might find the antics of Miss Routledge and Mr. Bayliss worth while.

—John McCarten

FOOTBALL

Function Follows Form

THE Army and Navy teams that met last Saturday at Michie Stadium would have to meet again every year until 1973 to be granted the audience that attended the match between Army and Tennessee in Memphis, until 1976 to be granted the audience that attended the match between Navy and Notre Dame in Philadelphia, and until 1974 to be granted the audience that attended the match between Yale and Dartmouth in New Haven. The reason is that the Army and Navy squads that met at West Point were the hundred-and-fifty-pound teams, which drew an attendance of just seven thousand, a not especially worthy honor guard to oversee the demolition of almost the last of the Eastern champions—Navy's lightweights, who a year ago were the leaders of their little league. At that, Navy was still the champion until forty-six seconds before the end of the afternoon's outing; then Ken Bevis threw a pass to Tom Dyer for sixty-five yards and the touchdown that beat Navy, 13–9. (Last year's equally wild, equally woolly encounter finished up at Navy 21, Army 15.)

Everything else hereabouts, and even down in Memphis, ran to form, such as it ever is anymore. Army lost, 38–7, to a Tennessee that ran and passed at will; Navy lost, 31–7, to a Notre Dame that, without Seymour as first-string catcher, ran, rather than passed, *almost* at will. Sterling little Colgate, likewise running instead of passing, beat Lehigh, 21–15, and those other sterling small-timers, Amherst (handsomely beating Tufts, 28–6) and Williams (handsomely beating Union, 27–12), also accomplished the expected. Columbia, bewitched, bothered, and bewildered (by its own misdemeanors as much as by the enemy maneuvers), continued its seemingly permanent state of relapse—Cornell 31, Columbia 6. Brown, over whose portals "Welcome" is emblazoned this fall, was dilatory about opening up, but finally went down, 24–7, against Princeton. Harvard, the sole surviving Eastern champion, was outpassed by Pennsylvania, which is reasonable (Pennsylvania has almost no runners left), but outraced it with ease, 27–7. Yale, a protean actor, hero one day and bumpkin the next, tried both roles against Dart-

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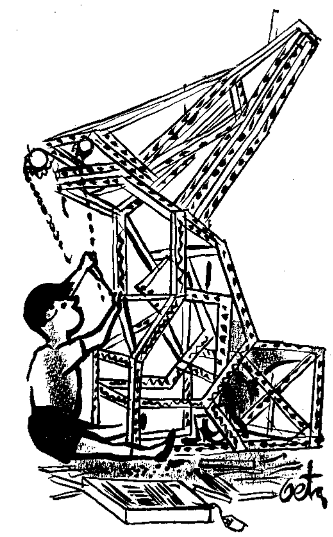
mouth but couldn't make the first one work: Dartmouth 28, Yale 13.

If you didn't bother to catch Brian Dowling in one of his wildfire, spitfire performances as Yale's freshman quarterback a season ago, you may have to wait until 1967 to see this invalid run the Yale varsity, and you may have to wait until then to see a really ready Yale varsity. Doherty, his senior replacement, is a good lad and a hard worker, but he is not up to monkeying with a buzz saw like Dartmouth, and his teammates, valiant and often ingenious, were too edgy, too eager, against a respected opponent, and so bagged a bunch of penalties. As it is, the best of Dowling's fine last year's freshman team is Hill, a dogged, weighty runner who has not yet acquired the punch of, say, Walton and Klungness, the Dartmouth pile drivers. Give, as I was saying, Yale another year, and give the Dartmouth backfield a deep bow. After the nineteenth of this month, we will see three of these men no more—Beard, the quarterback, one of the finest exponents of the performing arts I have ever watched, and the mighty Walton and Klungness. Klungness, reputedly damaged beyond repair in earlier sessions, put on an astonishing dying-man performance against Yale. Of this backfield, only Ryzewicz, who runs four ways at once, will outlive the compulsory-retirement rule this fall.

OH, there were a few unusual occurrences last Saturday. Cornell's French ran with the ball after a touchdown, instead of trying the customary kick, and actually made his two points by diving over the goal. It is the first time this season that such a thing has happened within range of my private radar. And the Princeton management at last moved James, the fastest sprinter on the squad, from defense (he



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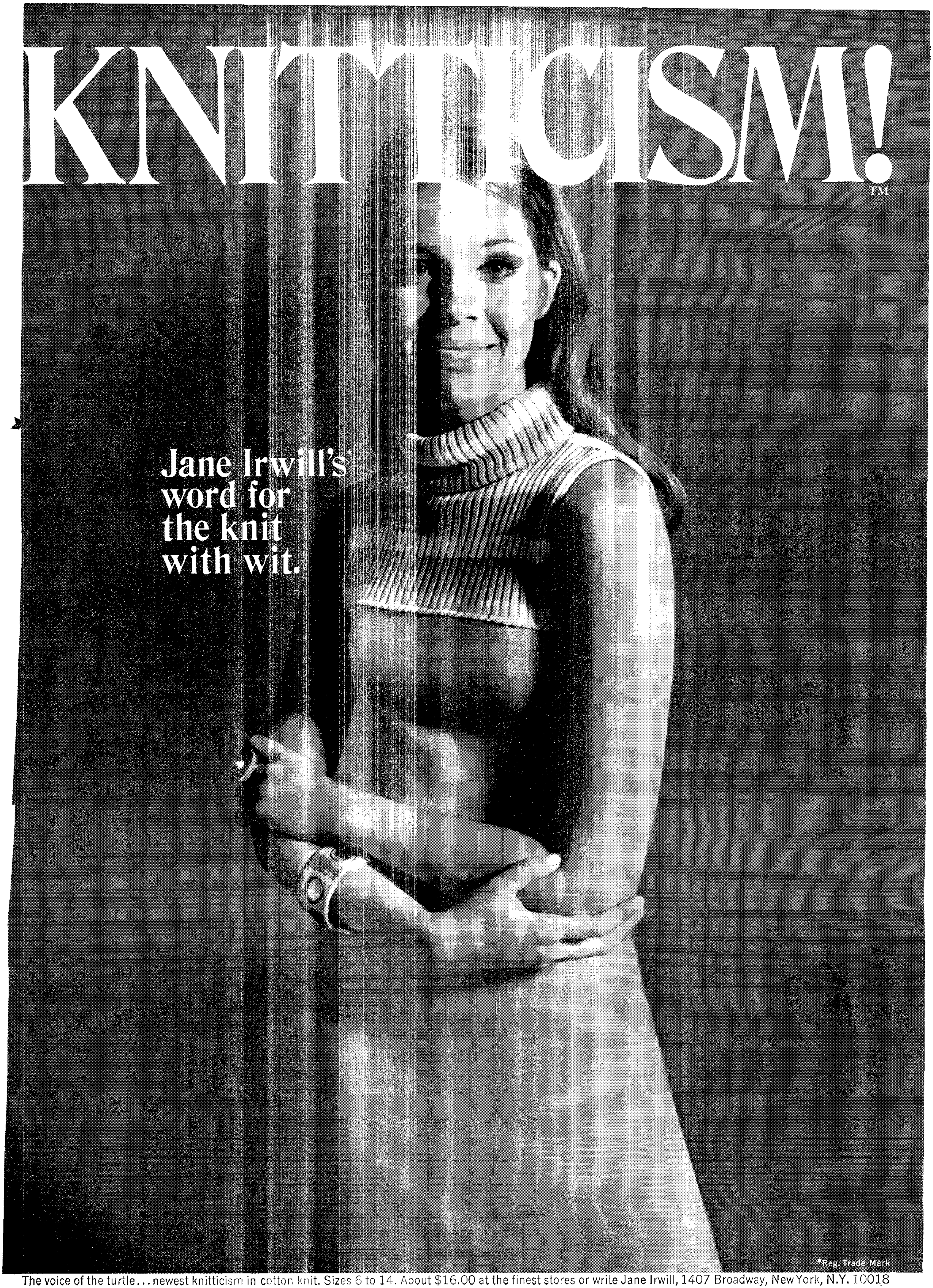

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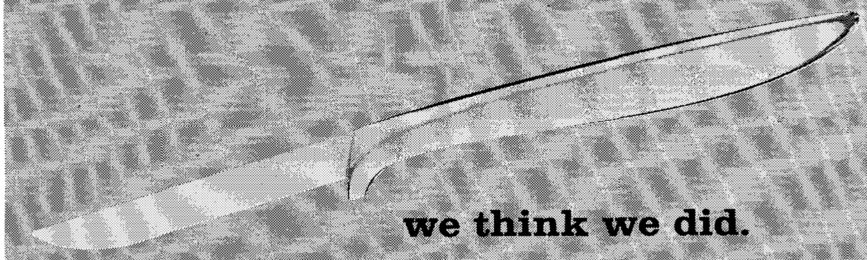
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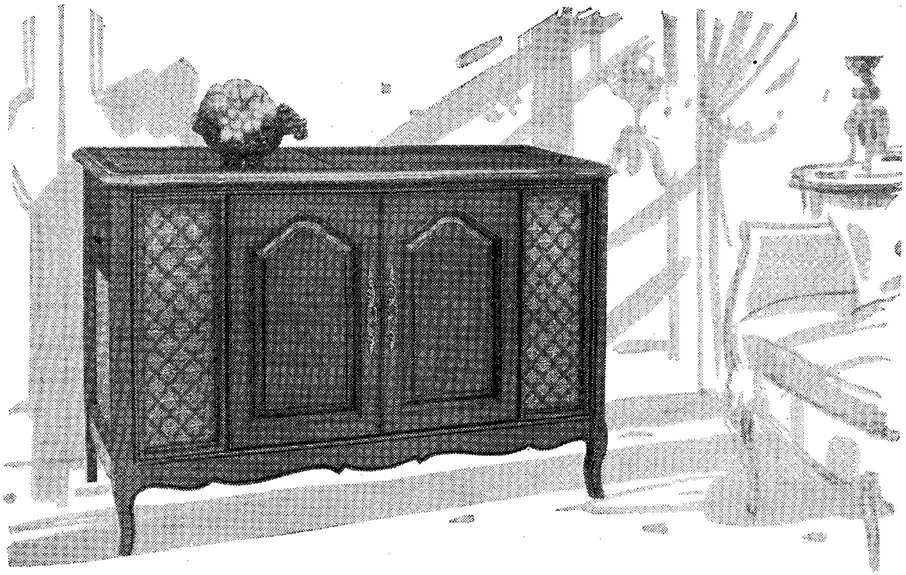
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can be hell on wheels at running back punts) to an offense that could do with some more rapidity. Remember the days before the platoon system, when performers played both ways? And a couple of the field goals here in the East were kicked by men who are *not* barefooted, left-footed reformed soccer players from Ndola, Iceland, or Outer Mongolia. To sum up, there was a plaintive cry from Kingman Brewster, the Yale prexy, who is bothered about the way Harvard is collecting "superior" high-school students. Can he be thinking, and with special anguish, of Leo and Gatto, the galloping ghosts of the Harvard varsity and the most celebrated Roman twins since Romulus and Remus?

WHAT *is* it about officials? A Harvard punt goes into the Penn end zone, and the ball, naturally, is brought out to exactly the twenty-yard line. Two running plays put it a foot short of the thirty-yard line, and the officials call time out and bring on the linesmen with their measuring sticks. No, it is *not* a first down, because the thirty-yard line is ten yards—not nine yards and two feet—from the twenty-yard line. Well! And shouldn't the officials get a five-yard penalty (and lose their television residuals) for delaying the game? —J. W. L.

•

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("Free Shoes. Help Yourself.")

Buckling their thin soles,
These squads of shoes
In lines under the rain
Are shining this morning,
Rocking on round heels
Or turning up at the toes
As if to jump for joy
Or jump out of the way;
Oxfords and safety shoes
And boots whose arches fell
Flat as a handprint
Are warping back to life,
The cracked and wrinkled hides
As supple as fishskins
Now, in the falling water,
Under their own steam
Like the rising ghosts of socks,
The sneakers stuck together,
Slippers whose pompons
Bloom like anemones,
Golf shoes for trespassing,
The tongueless, the mismatched
For an hour helping themselves,
Free as long as they last.

—DAVID WAGONER

THE RACE TRACK

An Even Dozen

BUCKPASSER's victory in the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct last Saturday was a fitting windup of his remarkable season hereabouts. It was his twelfth in a row, and at the end of the two miles he won with his ears pricked forward—a sign that he was enjoying himself. He beat Niarkos by a length and three-quarters; O'Hara was third, half a length away; and the four other runners were strung out down the course for a sixteenth of a mile. The time was slow (3:26⅗), because the race was run in a wind-and-dust storm that seemed to come from several directions, making speed impossible. I suppose the big blow was one of those fronts passing through that the weathermen on television talk about. It pepper-and-salted the starters on their way to the paddock, and they had to be dusted off before they were saddled. Once more, I was struck by how well Buckpasser looked; he'd even taken on weight in the ten-day interval between the Lawrence Realization Stakes and the Gold Cup. No doubt that's because he sleeps and eats so much. In fact, on the way to the stalls under the stand he stopped and nibbled the grass that ornaments the walking ring. After the break, Poker, his stablemate and pacemaker, was first to show in front, but, to the surprise of most of us, Niarkos, an old campaigner with moderate form, passed Poker in a couple of furlongs and continued to lead until Buckpasser caught him in the last quarter of a mile. Incidentally, Buckpasser was much closer to the pace than usual, never worse than fourth, and could have gone to the front at any time. Perhaps he was eager to get it over with and go home to dinner. Next week, Ogden Phipps, who owns him, is sending him to Santa Anita. I hope he likes California.

Perhaps I'm a pushover for the big colt, but I don't remember a more appropriate result than that of the Gold Cup, or, to judge from the applause as Buckpasser went into the winner's circle, a more popular one this season. Of course, there has been much discussion of his achievements and his merit, comparing him with some of the great horses of the past. The fact that he has earned so much prize money—the Gold Cup's $71,825 brought his total

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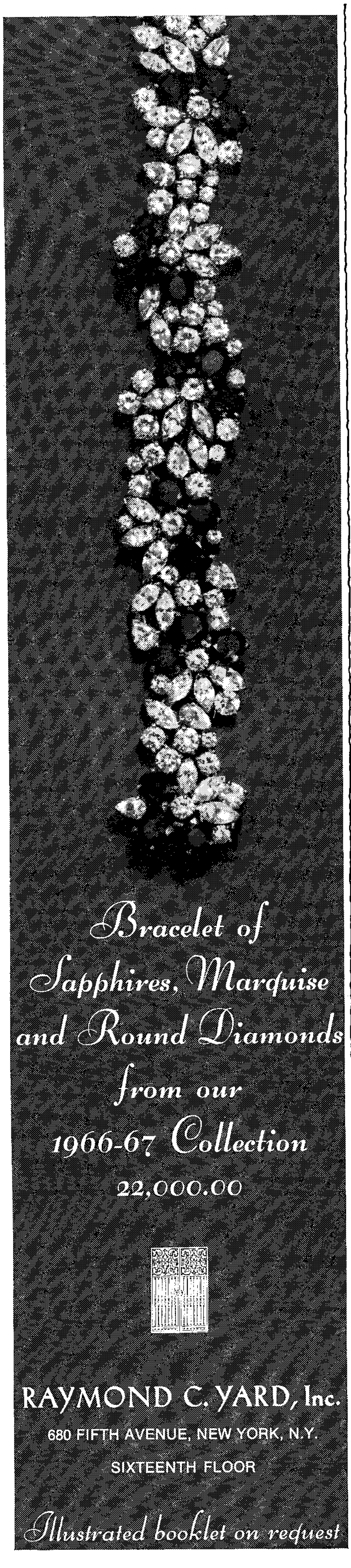

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to $1,218,874—is gratifying to his stable but means little, for purses are enormous these days. On the other hand, he ran the fastest mile on record over a dirt track—1:32⅗—and he has beaten older horses; in the Brooklyn Handicap, he gave them big weight. That's good enough for me.

EDDIE NELOY, having saddled his thirty-eighth stakes winner of the season with Buckpasser in the Gold Cup, tried for forty the same afternoon, but Successor finished second to In Reality in the Pimlico Futurity at Laurel, and Irish Ruler wasn't in the money in the Benjamin Franklin Handicap at Garden State Park. From all accounts, the Wheatley Stable's Disciplinarian set the pace for three-quarters of the distance in the Maryland fixture, to pave the way for his stablemate Successor. All went well for Successor until he got into close quarters on the home turn, and after that he swerved sharply to the rail, losing several lengths and permitting In Reality, who was always in a good position, to win by a neck. Proviso was third. In Reality, who was second to Dr. Fager in the Cowdin, picked up a purse of $121,667. Now Mrs. Frances Genter, of Minneapolis, who owns him, is sending him out for the season's last jackpot for two-year-olds, the Garden State Stakes, next Saturday. As I watched the Benjamin Franklin on television, I recalled a remark Neloy had made about Irish Ruler: "This is just a routine one for that fellow." Edgehill Farm's Our Michael won the race in a four-horse photo finish with King's Jest, Advocator, and Yonder.

STEEPLECHASING in 1966 ended with the Temple Gwathmey Handicap, the main event of the United Hunts meeting at the Big A last week. Pete Bostwick saddled the winner, Lumiere, who rolled in eight lengths ahead of Bampton Castle. Mako was third, after leading by ten lengths at one stage. Apparently, top weight of 168 pounds was too much for him. Taking one thing with another, the jumping game was no better and no worse than it was last year. A few more horses would help it a lot.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

> He described it only as a "lipo-protein," or fatty protein particle, and "light, fluffy, white and tasteless."
> vk h,"og
> —*Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*

Well, almost tasteless.

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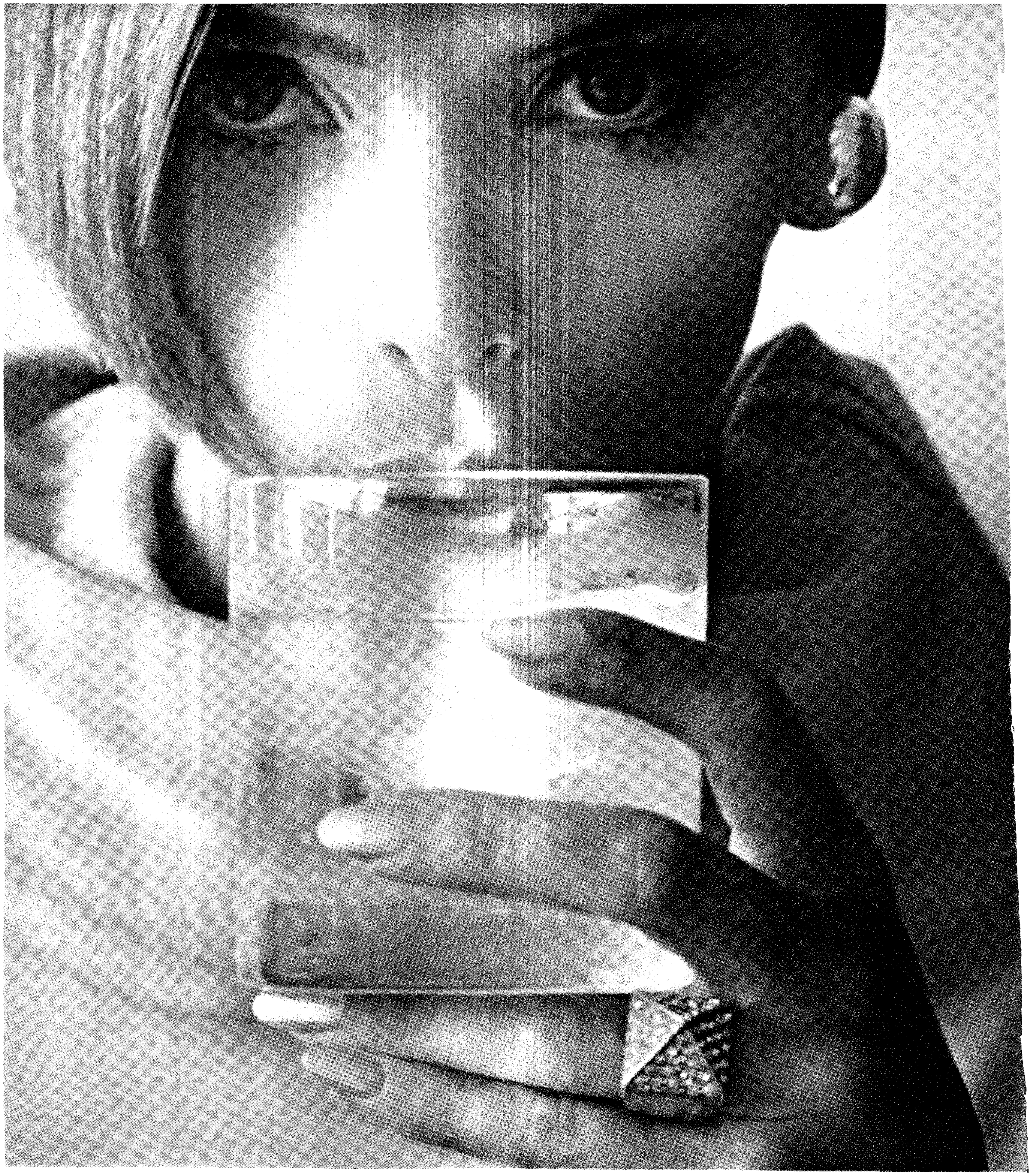

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Most people do.
And most people just go sipping along.
But this woman drinks ice water
the same way she enters a room;
with flair, with presence and with a
touch of mystery. She has a perfume.
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ma griffe

Her signature is **carven's ma griffe.**

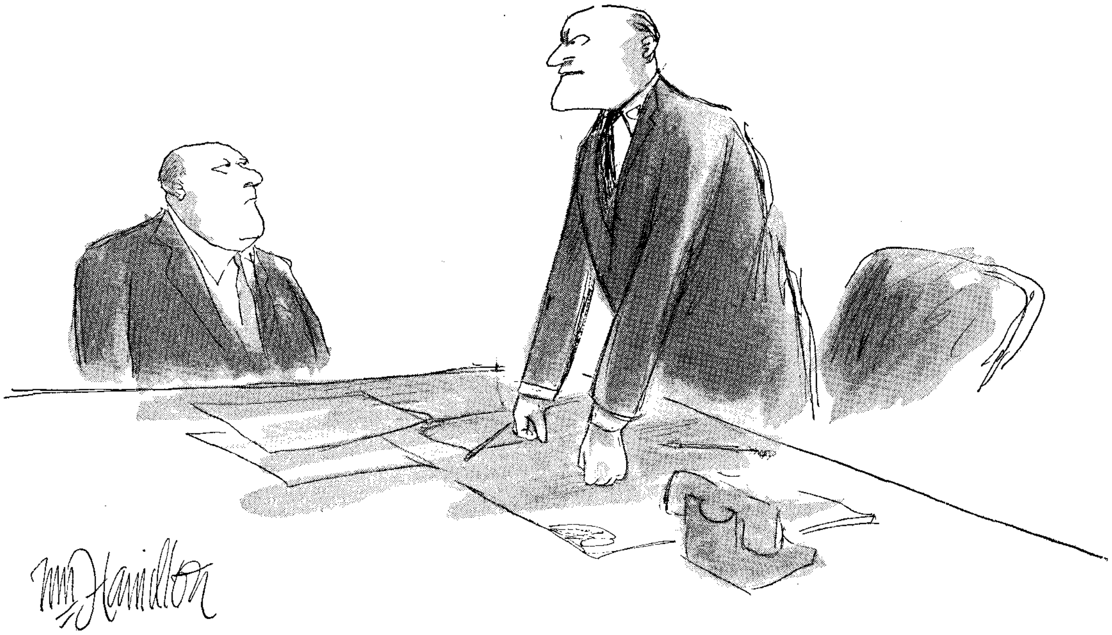
A REPORTER AT LARGE

LE QUANG

Le Quang, as he will be known here, is a thirteen-year-old orphan. He earns his living selling ice cream on the streets of Danang. He was born about forty miles from Danang, in the hamlet of what will here be called Hoai Chau, in the village of Tuong An, in the province of Quang Nam, in the central lowlands of South Vietnam. Quang's parents grew rice on a little over an acre of rented land until 1961, when his father enlisted in the Army. Quang, the oldest of six children, attended primary school in his native hamlet, studying Vietnamese, French, mathematics, and history. Although Quang has heard of Saigon, he has no idea where it is. He has never met any French people, and he wonders why he studied French. School was in session three and a half days a week; when Quang wasn't in school, he helped in the rice fields and took care of the family's two oxen. His help was especially needed after his father went into the Army and was stationed in another province. Quang remembers dimly that there was peace in his area until he was seven. There has been fighting in and around Hoai Chau ever since. In 1963, Hoai Chau became a strategic hamlet, and the Vietcong attacked it on several occasions. In early 1964, Hoai Chau came under increasing Vietcong dominance, and the Vietcong instructed all the women in the hamlet whose husbands were in the government Army to talk them into deserting and returning home. Quang doesn't know whether his mother tried to persuade his father to desert. He knows only that his father stayed in the Army and that one evening while his mother was out fishing with some friends the Vietcong stopped the sampan she was in, ordered her to disembark, and took her away. Her body was found a while later; she had been shot in the head. Quang's father learned about her death, but he couldn't come home. A few months later, he was killed in action. His body was brought back to Hoai Chau and was buried in the hamlet graveyard, not far from his wife's. The Vietcong killed a number of men in Hoai Chau, but Quang's mother was the only woman they killed. The wives of other government soldiers were forced to go to a nearby Vietcong mountain redoubt to attend political lectures, and then were released.

After their mother's death, Quang and his brothers and sisters remained in their parents' house. Relatives and neighbors helped care for them. Quang did many chores in return for food they were given, but he was able to continue his schooling. In November, 1964, shortly after his father's death, floods struck the central lowlands. Many people drowned, thousands of buildings were swept away, crops were destroyed, and scores of animals, including Quang's oxen, perished. The grownups in Hoai Chau considered it too dangerous for the children to live alone any longer. Each of the six went to live with a different family of neighbors or relatives. One day, the waters rose to an alarming height; the neighbors Quang was staying with, their two small sons, five of their relatives, and Quang quickly boarded a sampan and paddled to Danang, the second-largest city in South Vietnam. Everyone in the sampan was Catholic. In the late nineteen-fifties, the hamlet chief of Hoai Chau was a fanatical Catholic. He treated Catholics well and behaved badly toward non-Catholics. Most of the people in the hamlet changed their religion as a matter of self-interest. Hoai Chau benefited from the conversions, for Catholic hamlets received much more material aid than non-Catholic hamlets did from the government of the late President Ngo Dinh Diem, a Catholic. Quang's parents, who had been Buddhists, became Catholics, partly because of the hamlet chief and partly because a relative who had joined the Army under Diem discovered that Catholics were promoted much faster than non-Catholics, and urged their conversion.

It took the sampan containing Quang and the nine other people from Hoai Chau two days to reach Danang. Upon arriving in that busy port, they went to An Hai, one of many camps for flood victims that had been set up across the river from the main part of the city. An Hai had been organized by Catholics, and a priest from Hoai Chau had advised Quang's group to go there. During their first weeks at the An Hai camp, they slept in tents; later they were given a few sheets of steel and some money with which to build a hut. Quang went to work collecting firewood in the mountains around Danang. The men found employment as porters and laborers on the docks, and the women became fruit-and-vegetable venders in the city's markets. Quang earned about forty piastres (forty cents) a day collecting firewood. He found the work strenuous and dull. In three months, he had saved two thousand piastres, and he took the money to an ice-cream company in the center of Danang, where he applied for a concession as an ice-cream vender. The company, which has many boys his age among its concessionaires, requires a deposit of two thousand piastres from



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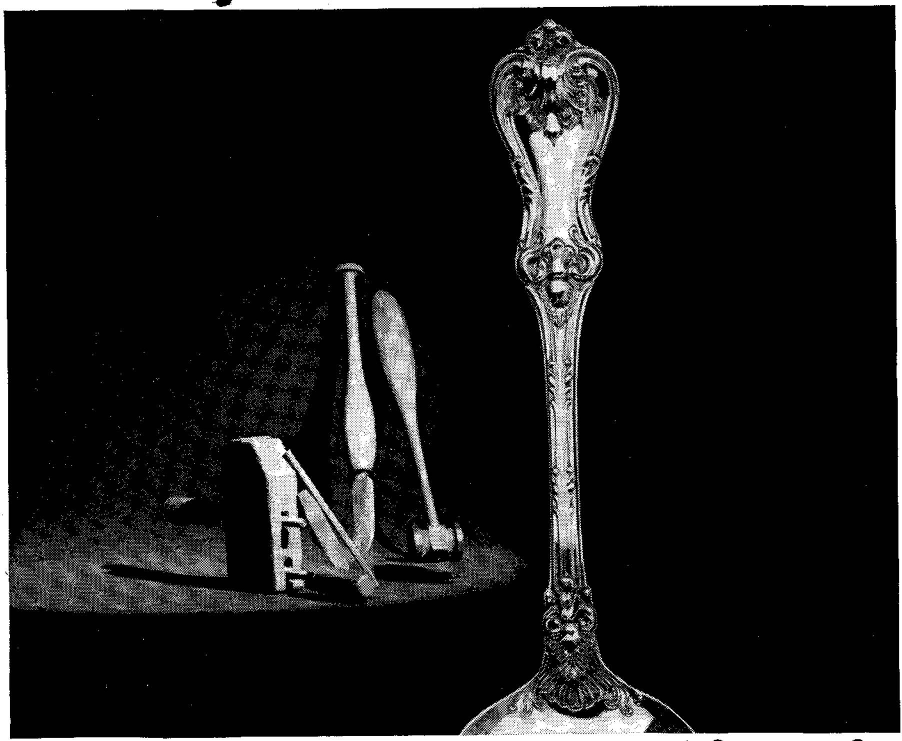

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every boy to whom it entrusts an ice-cream box and a supply of ice cream. The money is refunded when the boy retires from the ice-cream trade. Quang has now been selling popsicle-like ice-cream sticks for over a year.

WHEN the weather is good, Quang shows up at the ice-cream company early in the morning and fills his box—an insulated wooden container with a metal top and a strap, which he slings over his left shoulder. The box is painted bright green; the name of the ice-cream company, the Vietnamese words for "ice cream," and the likeness of a cow have been splashed on in white. Packed with seventy small sticks—all it can hold—the box weighs over twenty-five pounds. The company makes chocolate, orange, pineapple, and vanilla sticks. Chocolate sells best, and vanilla is least popular. Quang has no jurisdiction over the variety he is given to sell. Flavors are dispensed at the whim of the company manager. The sticks sell for two piastres apiece. Quang can refill his box at any time of the day or evening—the company hardly ever runs out of sticks—and on a sunny day he can sell two to three hundred. He earns three piastres for every ten sticks he sells; his income averages seventy piastres per working day.

If the weather in Danang were nice every day of the year, Quang would be quite affluent, for his daily expenses average less than thirty piastres, but Danang has a rainy season that lasts several months. Since few people buy ice cream when the weather is bad, Quang doesn't go to the ice-cream company on wet mornings. Some rainy days, he tries to earn a few piastres by helping people tote produce from one market to another. Carrying things is tiring and not very remunerative, so on other rainy days he doesn't bother to go to a market but instead visits the barracks of some of the thousands of American Marines stationed in and around Danang to see what he can salvage from their trash pails. Quang rather likes the American military, who buy ice cream from him when he is working, and occasionally grab his ice-cream box and try to help him sell his wares. When he visits the barracks, the Marines often kid around with him. "The American soldiers are funny and friendly people," Quang says. "They are very tall and husky, and they sometimes behave like children. They are cheerful, and they don't try to chase us off, the way Vietnamese soldiers do. Vietnamese soldiers don't like children

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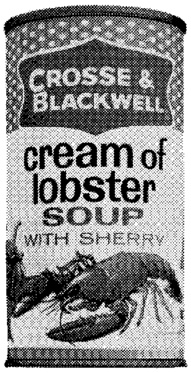
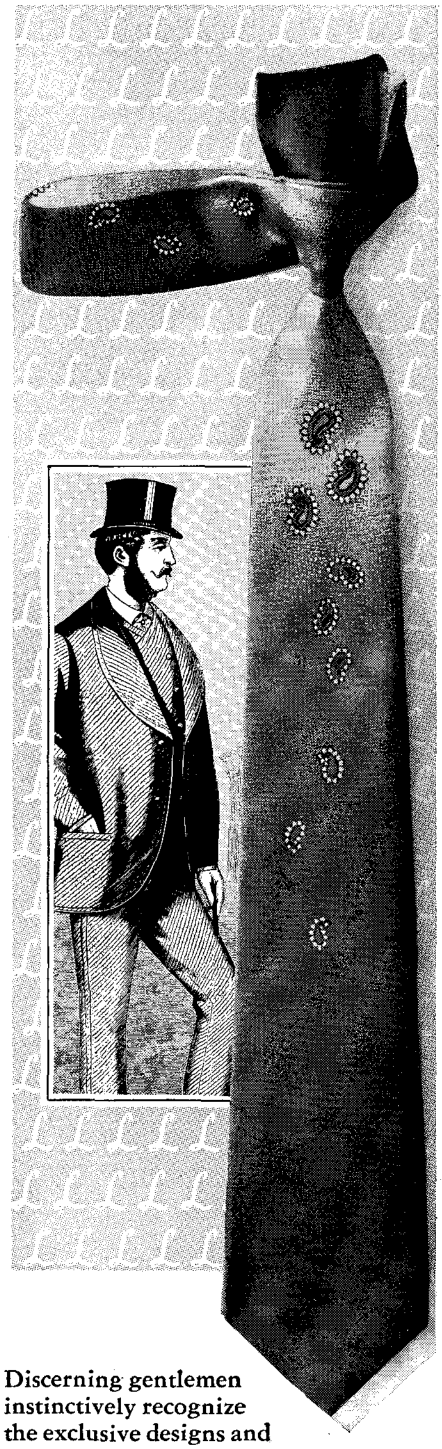


hanging around. I don't know why." Some of the Marines whom Quang has met speak a little Vietnamese, and they have taught him a few words of English. He can count in English from one to ten and from fifteen to twenty; for some reason, his American acquaintances have not taught him the numbers eleven through fourteen. Quang doesn't know the names of any famous Americans—past or present Presidents, or ambassadors to South Vietnam. The only Americans he knows by name are two Marines, Tom and Bill. Quang finds the Marines generous with cigarettes and candy. He eats the candy with pleasure; since he doesn't smoke, he passes the cigarettes on to contemporaries who do. The English vocabulary of most urchins in Danang includes the words "Give me one dollar." Quang has never asked for money. "I think I can always earn enough so that I can eat," he says. "So far, I've always had a few piastres in my pocket." Quang and his friends appreciate the access they are usually accorded to the American soldiers' trash pails. "When the garbage is old, the G.I.s try to prevent us from picking things up, because we usually eat and drink whatever is left in the cans and bottles they throw out," he says. "They always say it's not good for us, and we have to play many tricks on them to get at it. But if the garbage is fresh, they let us collect whatever we want."

Almost all of Quang's clothes derive from G.I. trash pails. He has two olive-drab shirts and two pairs of olive-drab trousers. A tailor in Danang cut his two outfits down to size for him from two discarded Marine uniforms for forty-five piastres apiece. The rest of his wardrobe consists of one pair of rubber sandals, which he bought for twenty-five piastres, and one old Marine fatigue cap. Quang is a dark-skinned boy with coarse features, and he looks about ten years old. He cuts a dignified olive-drab figure as he walks along, manfully carrying his heavy working equipment and pushing the peak of his oversize cap up from his eyes. Life on the streets, where he often sleeps as well as works, has not improved the quality of his Vietnamese—he slurs many of his words—but it has not yet impaired his honesty or his pleasant disposition.

Quang doesn't cross the river from the main part of Danang to the An Hai camp every night, although he can commute free. The usual boat fare is one piastre. One-piastre coins, which the boatmen need in order to make change for five- and ten-piastre bills



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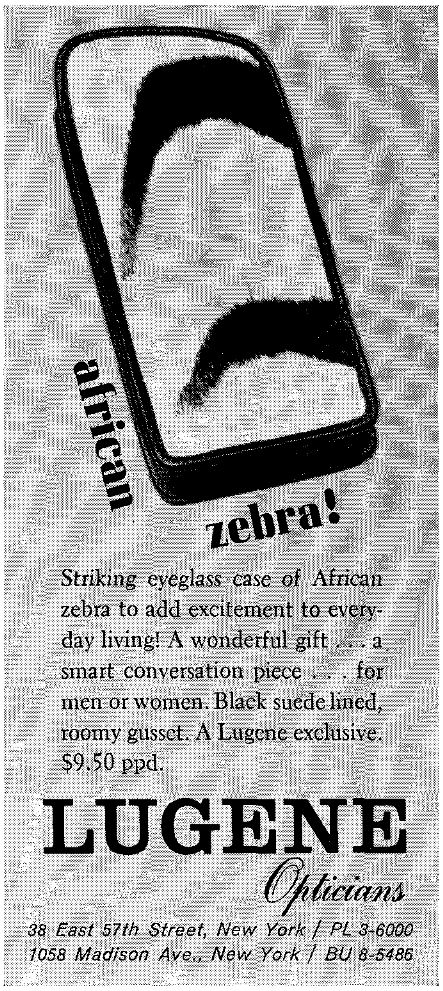

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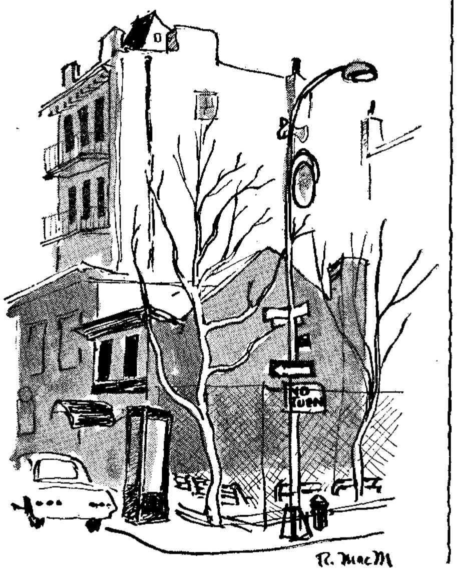
But don't say we didn't warn you. Once it's in the house, you're going to be unbearable.

handed them by passengers, are always in short supply. Quang is generally paid for his ice cream in small change. For ten one-piastre coins the boatmen give him a ten-piastre bill and a free ride across the river; this arrangement suits Quang, since he doesn't like to spend one unnecessary piastre. The last sampans and ferries leave for An Hai around eight o'clock at night, however, and if Quang crosses the river at that time he loses his chance to sell ice cream to evening strollers and moviegoers. "It's in the evening that you can often make the most money," he says. On clear nights, Quang prefers to work late and sleep in the city—sometimes in a movie theatre or under a movie marquee.

When Quang does return to An Hai for the night, he doesn't have a home, or even a bed, to return to. The nine people with whom he left Hoai Chau were able to build only a tiny hut, which is divided into two rooms and furnished with just three bamboo beds. In one room, four men and two young boys sleep on two of the beds; in the other room three women sleep on the third bed. Since there is no place in the hut for Quang when he comes to An Hai, he sleeps on the concrete floor of the camp church, along with many other homeless people. He hasn't invested in any such luxury as a sleeping mat, a blanket, or a mosquito net; he does have some rice sacks to lie on (they are adorned with the United States AID symbol of clasped hands), and he doesn't mind sleeping on the church floor. "There aren't many mosquitoes, it's very cool, I have other kids to talk to, and there's plenty of room there," he says. After spending a night in the church, he goes to the hut of his former sampan-mates for breakfast. "They give me some rice to eat in the morning and they don't take money for



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it, although they are quite poor," he says. "They treat me quite well. But I am not one of the family." Quang goes to An Hai at least once a week. He keeps his rice sacks and his spare outfit there—he has no other possessions—and he takes a weekly bath beside the camp well. He washes his clothes in the river every second or third night, wherever he has chosen to sleep.

During the dry season, Quang works a seven-day week. Sunday, an excellent day for selling ice cream, he gets up very early, sells one boxful, attends Mass, and then goes to the company to refill his box. The rainy season prevents him from saving much money, because his expenses are the same all year round. He always spends five piastres for lunch and five for dinner; each meal is a bowl of rice with soy sauce, or a small portion of fish. He usually has tea with his meals and drinks a glass of cold water at the ice-cream company on his reloading expeditions. He buys his own breakfast, unless he is at An Hai, and he indulges in occasional snacks, including two of his own ice-cream sticks a day. Bimonthly haircuts cost him five piastres each. From time to time, he has a headache, and then he goes to a drugstore to buy a few piastres' worth of headache pills. Quang had typhoid fever at the age of seven, and his family was afraid he would die; a practitioner of traditional medicine in his hamlet was credited with saving his life. He has had no serious illness since his arrival in Danang, and he knows nothing about the medical facilities there. Quang has not had to buy clothes for a long time; the cloth of his two outfits is very sturdy, and the tailor altered them with room for him to grow in. He buys his meals at the same place every day, a sidewalk stand run by a woman, although the food at her stand is no better or cheaper than the food sold elsewhere in Danang and the woman shows no sign of appreciating his regular patronage. "She's all right, but she's not particularly friendly," Quang says. "She doesn't talk to me. I don't have conversations with grown-ups. I buy food from her just because I know her stand." Quang is friendly with several of his ice-cream-selling colleagues, and talks with them every day; he has no best friend. He has never been harassed by the police. "The cops only chase boys who hang around outside G.I. bars and beg," he says. "They don't bother me, because I'm selling ice cream honestly."

No one has ever tried to put Quang in

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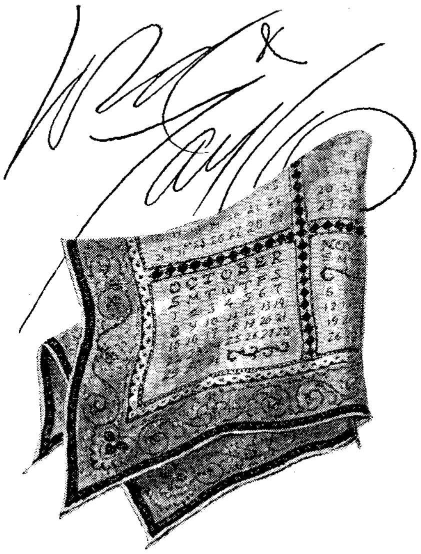

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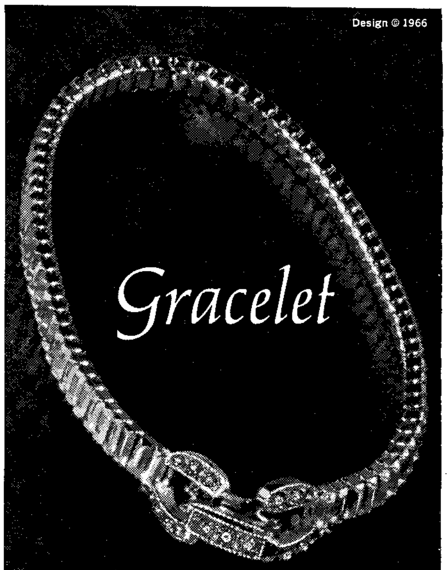

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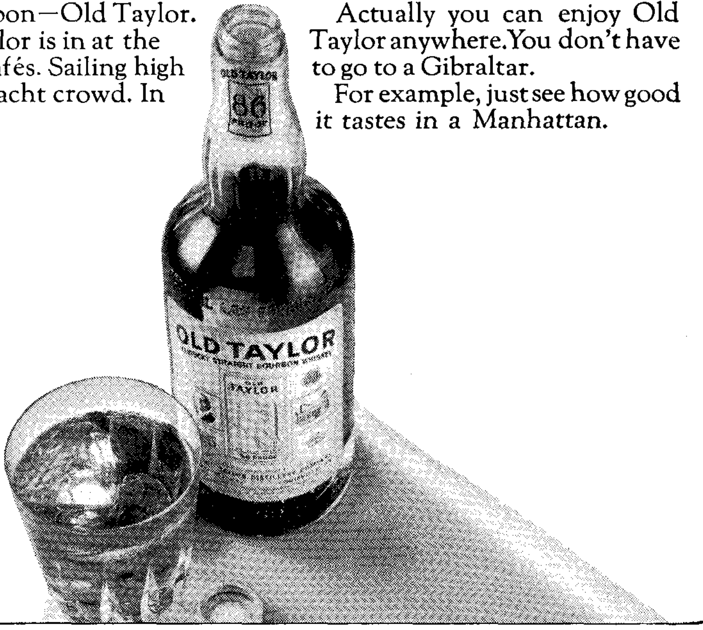

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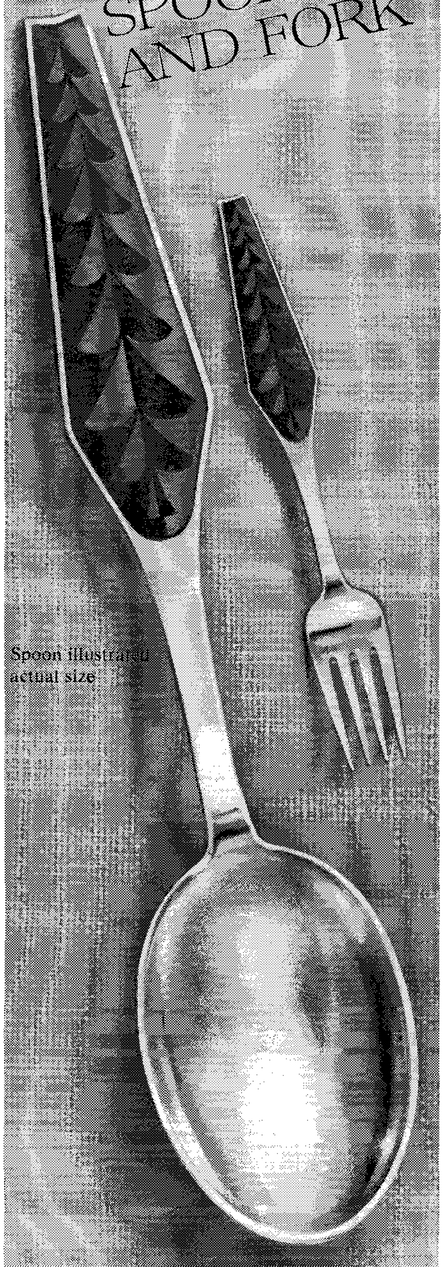

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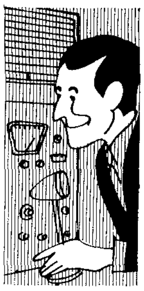
an orphanage, and he is glad. He has no clear idea of what an orphanage is like, but he knows without having seen one that he prefers his freedom, even though it exposes him to certain perils, such as older boys who bully him from time to time. "They want to take ice cream without paying for it, and they threaten to beat me up," he says. "They haven't been able to so far. I've always managed to run away."

WHEN Quang left Hoai Chau on the sampan, he expected to be reunited with his brothers and sisters in his hamlet as soon as the floodwaters subsided, but shortly after he reached Danang, Vietcong strength increased in his region. He has heard that the Vietcong attacked his hamlet and wiped out the militia, and that some of the people of the hamlet were killed in the crossfire, although they had all been told to build underground shelters in which to take refuge when shooting started. The hamlet, he heard, was then bombed several times by the Americans. "I know of five whole families who were wiped out by the bombs," he says. "Leaflets were dropped five days before the bombing, warning them to go away from the hamlet, but they didn't, or maybe they couldn't." Quang has been told that American troops staged an operation in his region not long ago. They arrived in helicopters and occupied Hoai Chau for a while. As soon as they went away, the Vietcong returned. It would be imprudent for Quang to go back to his hamlet now, because the Vietcong control it and are drafting boys his age. "I guess some of my neighbors were with the Vietcong before," Quang says. "Now I think all of them have to be on the Vietcong side. I don't think they are active fighting men. They just have to coöperate with Vietcong units." Quang isn't sure where his brothers and sisters are living. Some of them may still be in the vicinity of Hoai Chau; others may have been taken to barracks some miles away by several of his uncles who are soldiers.

Quang doesn't weep when he talks about the loss of his parents. He weeps only when he talks about school. He seems to associate education with the happier life he had in the past in Hoai Chau and with the possibility of leading a decent life in the future. "In my hamlet, I was able to go to school even after my father's death," he says. "I was in the fifth year of primary school—the last year—when the floods came and washed everything away. If

this ham didn't buy a pig in a poke



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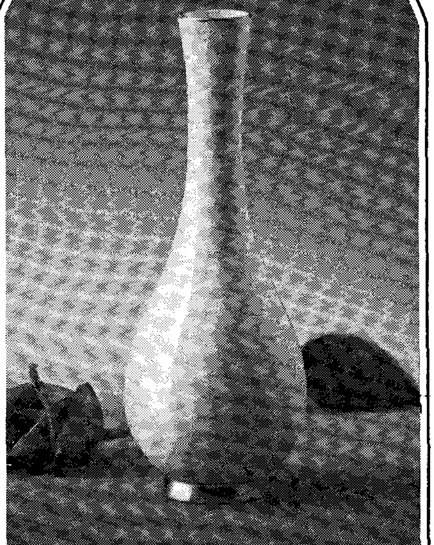

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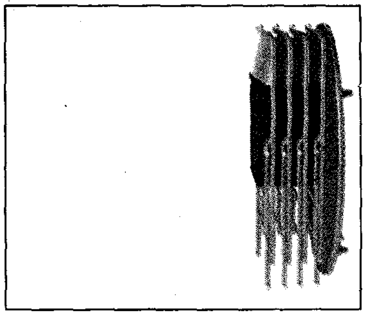

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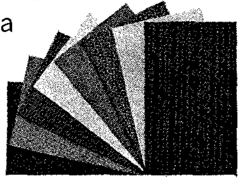

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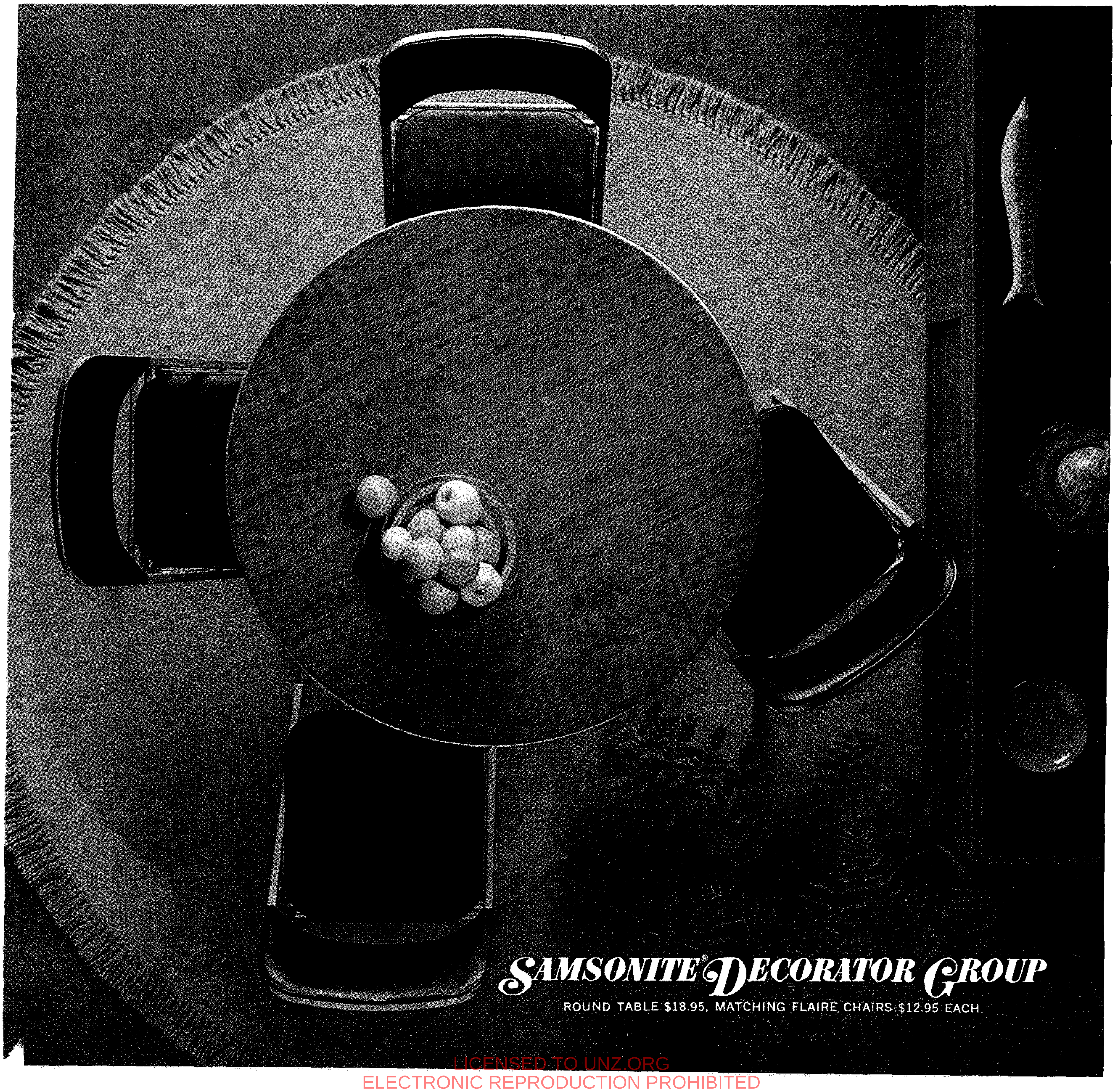

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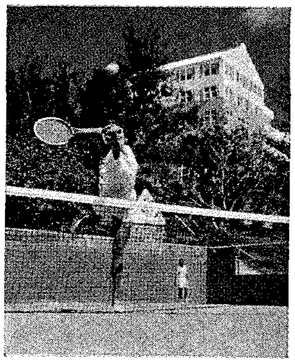

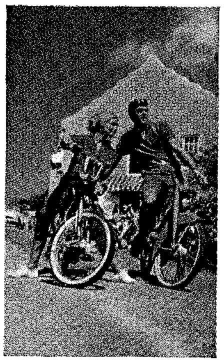

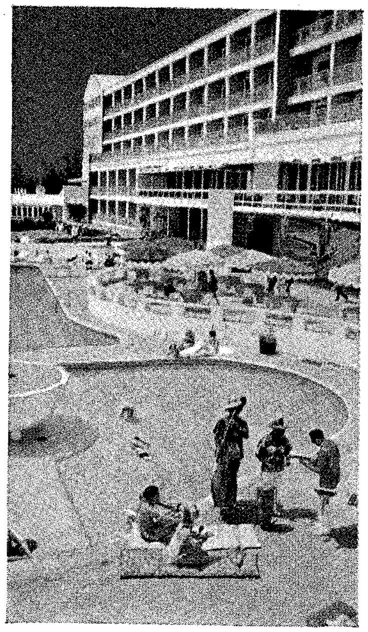

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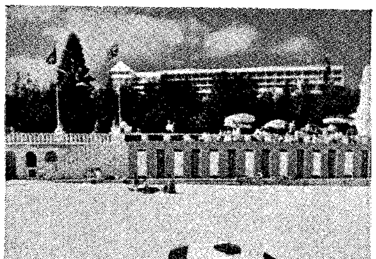

there were peace back home, I could go to secondary school and work in the fields as well. School is quite cheap at home, and you don't need much money there for other things, either. We always got enough to eat. We could find fish, crabs, and all kinds of different vegetables in the river. I had to stop my education only after I left my father's hamlet." If Quang went to school in Danang, he wouldn't have time to earn enough money to live on, let alone cover his school expenses. He doesn't know what he would like to be when he grows up, but he doesn't want to sell ice cream indefinitely. "A good education is necessary if you want to be a priest or a teacher," he says. "Also, the better your education, the better the life you have in the Army."

If an American soldier offered to adopt Quang, take him to the United States, and give him a good education, he wouldn't accept. "I only want to return to my hamlet, even though I don't really expect to," he says. "I don't know how the war started, and I can't believe it will ever end. I would like to see my brothers and sisters soon, because I'm afraid that if I don't we'll no longer be able to recognize each other. I was quite happy in Hoai Chau, even after my parents died. I worked hard, but I enjoyed the company of my brothers and sisters and our neighbors and relatives. I was able to go to school. I didn't have to worry about the future. Here in Danang, I'm too busy in the daytime to feel sorry for myself. Sometimes I cry at night, after I've said my prayers and before I fall asleep—when I realize that I don't mean anything to anyone and that I'm alone in the world."

—SUSAN SHEEHAN

•

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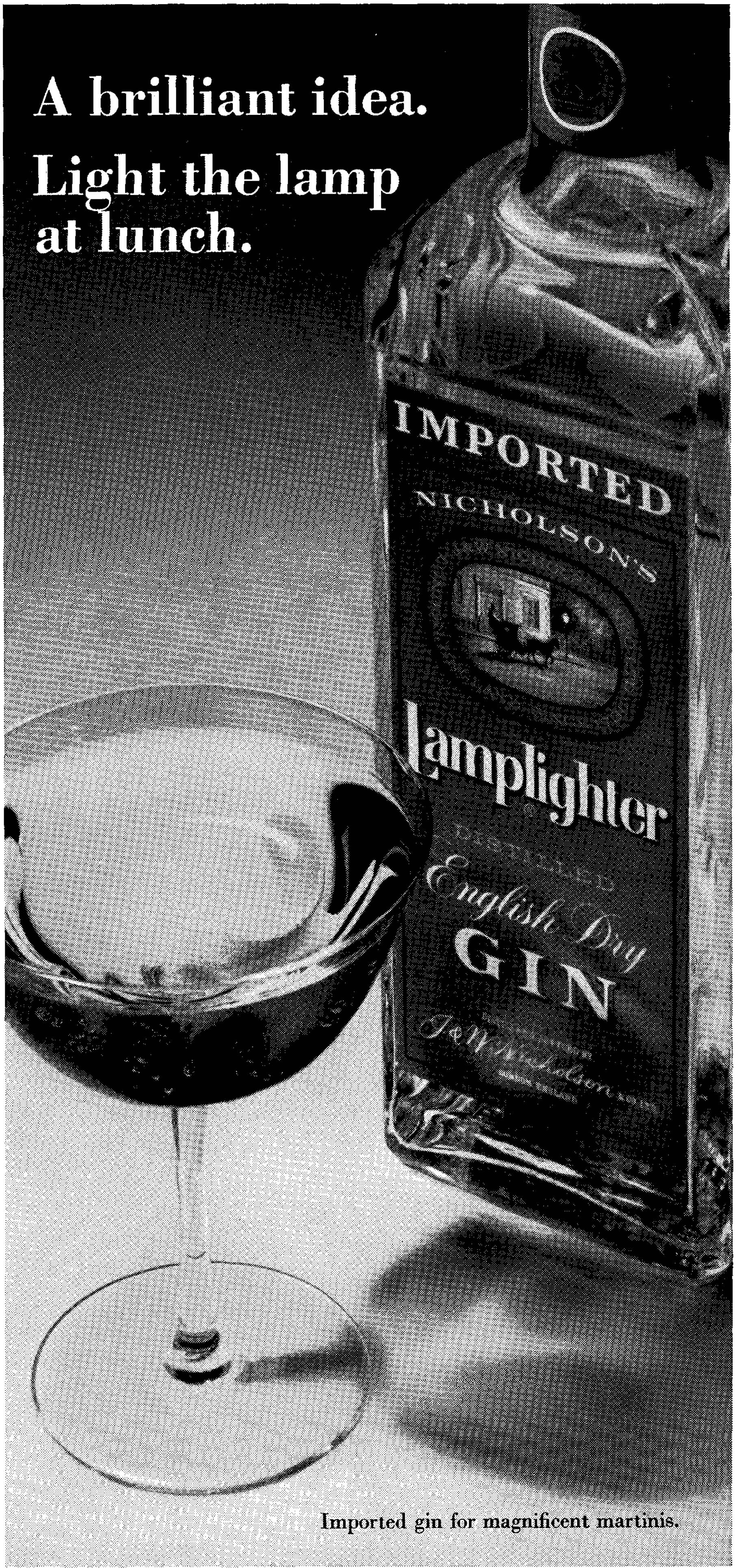
to forgive an earth that shakes so
with savage important noise?

—ERNEST SANDEEN



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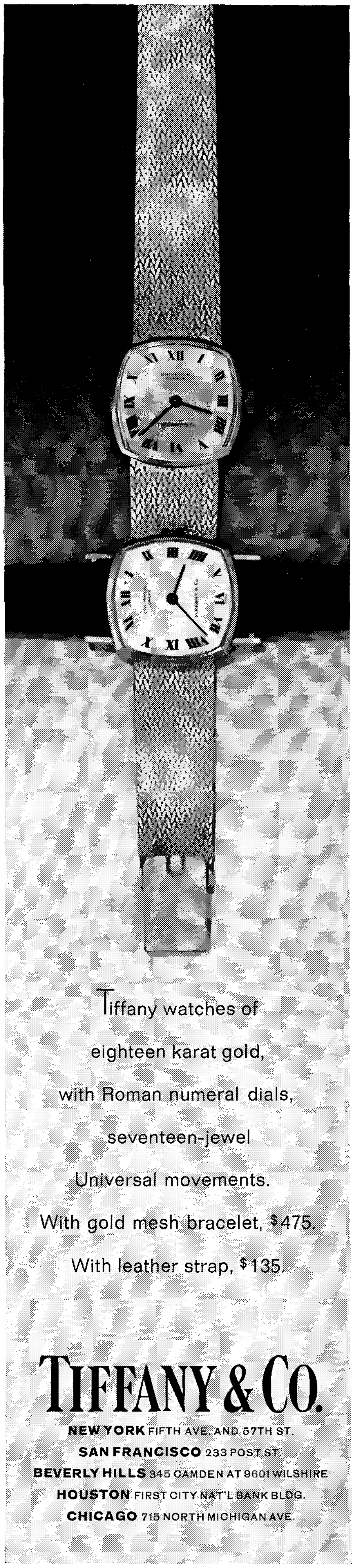

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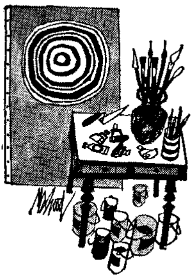

THE Sculptors Guild, now celebrating its twenty-sixth annual in the Lever House off-lobby gallery, has had a more than usually peripatetic, not to say nomadic, career. Conceived in the late nineteen-thirties, it had its first exhibition in the spring of 1938, and the site was appropriate to the circumstance. This was in the backwash of the Great Depression, and the place was a vacant lot at the corner of Park Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street. (There were vacant lots all over Manhattan in those days—not just areas razed to make room for still taller skyscrapers but really *vacant* ones.) This one had been made temporarily available to the fledgling organization through the influence of Mayor LaGuardia, ever a patron of the arts. It was a small plot, as I remember, probably marking the location of an outmoded town house whose owners had moved to a more modern apartment farther uptown. But the show was small, too, for the Guild numbered only some fifteen members at the time, and, as I recall, there were no invitees. The spot may have been pretty grubby when the Guild members took it over, but they all fell to with what must have been considerable zeal and dressed it up with latticework and vines to veil the bare brick walls enclosing the plot, and a screen of canvas on the street side, and potted plants, gravelled paths, and so on, to make a thoroughly charming outdoor exhibition area. The whole idea of showing sculpture in the open air was so new then, and the affair was so nicely planned, that I remember the presentation more clearly than the pieces in it. But I've checked back, and I can report that the list of sculptors on display included Concetta Scaravaglione, William Zorach, and Louis Slobodkin, all of whom went on to build up fairly impressive reputations.

From then on, though, for some time, the Guild led a pillar-to-post and—I can't help but imagine—a rather harried existence, and for this reason, perhaps, it has never got quite the attention it deserves. It showed once in another vacant lot, facing Washington Square, and at another time the Mu-

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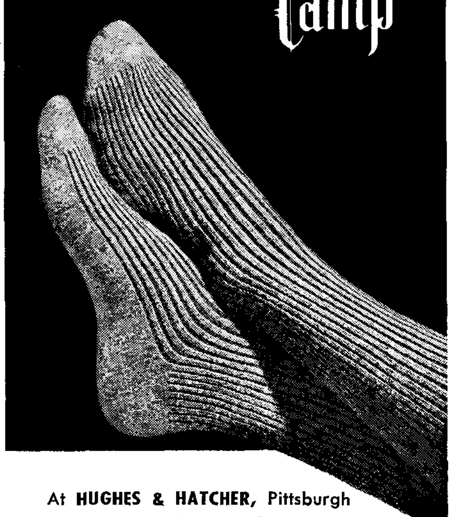

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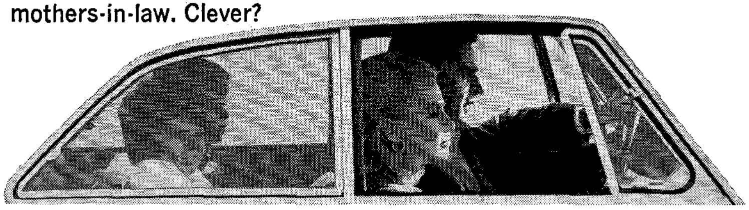

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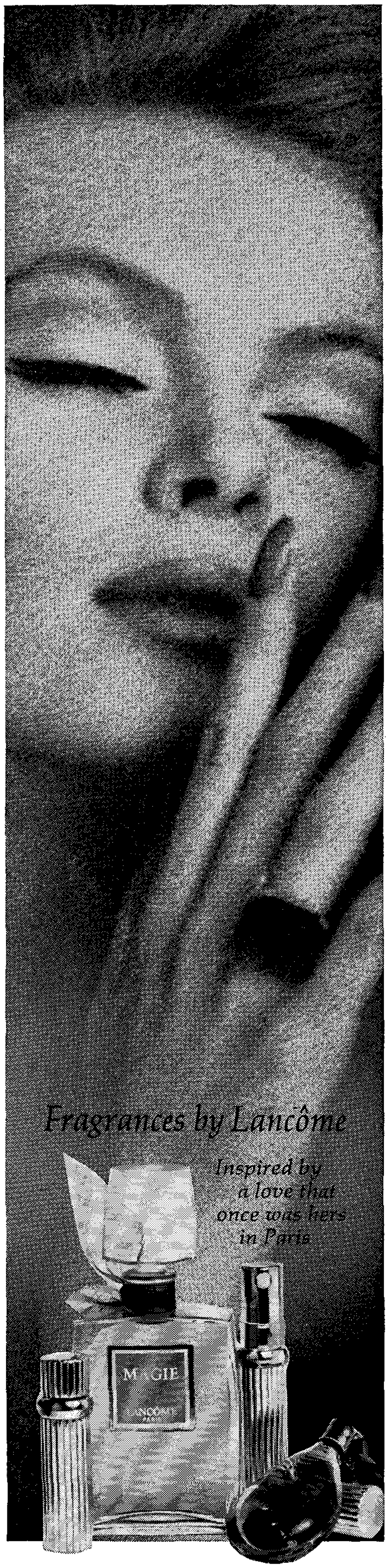

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seum of Natural History gave it asylum in its Education Hall. (I didn't see all its shows, for one reason or another, and my listing here is certainly not all-inclusive.) Once it held its annual at the headquarters of the Architectural League, on East Fortieth Street, and it is interesting to note that the slogan of that exhibition was "Architecture Needs Sculpture," which should place the Guild among the forerunners of the current tendency of architects to return to the practice of incorporating sculpture in their over-all designs. The Guild's farthest journey afield was to the Roosevelt Field Shopping Center, near Garden City, where the pieces were displayed in the central plaza. (This again was a foretaste of subsequent developments. What up-and-coming shopping center anywhere is now without its cultural centerpiece of sculpture?) For the last eight years, the Guild, as befits its increased age, has given up rambling and has been ensconced at Lever House—a fact I can't help regarding as a happy outcome in more ways than one, for surely Lever House, designed by Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, is the most graceful and imaginative of all our glass-and-steel skyscrapers.

The showing has some of the easy-going, almost family atmosphere that must have obtained at Washington Square and the Shopping Center. I was there on a weekday, around noon, and since the gallery is a glass-walled room that also serves as a shortcut to the main lobby, the number of visitors who had come specifically to see the sculptures was augmented by messenger boys hurriedly taking the shortcut, businessmen sauntering through on their way to lunch (and starting back now and then in mock dismay at one or another of the more avant-garde pieces), and young neighborhood housewives (some with babies in their strollers), who tended to titter. I can't believe that this sudden and random introduction to some of the controversial tendencies in modern art could have been an apocalyptically illuminating experience for many of these wanderers; on the other hand, I don't suppose it could have done them any harm, either, and certainly they *were* looking.

As for the exhibition itself, the main thing that impressed me was its immense and highly praiseworthy air of catholicity. From the original list of fifteen, the membership has grown to around ninety—which, in view of the fact that there must be four or five hundred professional sculptors of some repute in this country, still makes it a remarkably exclusive organization. Mem-

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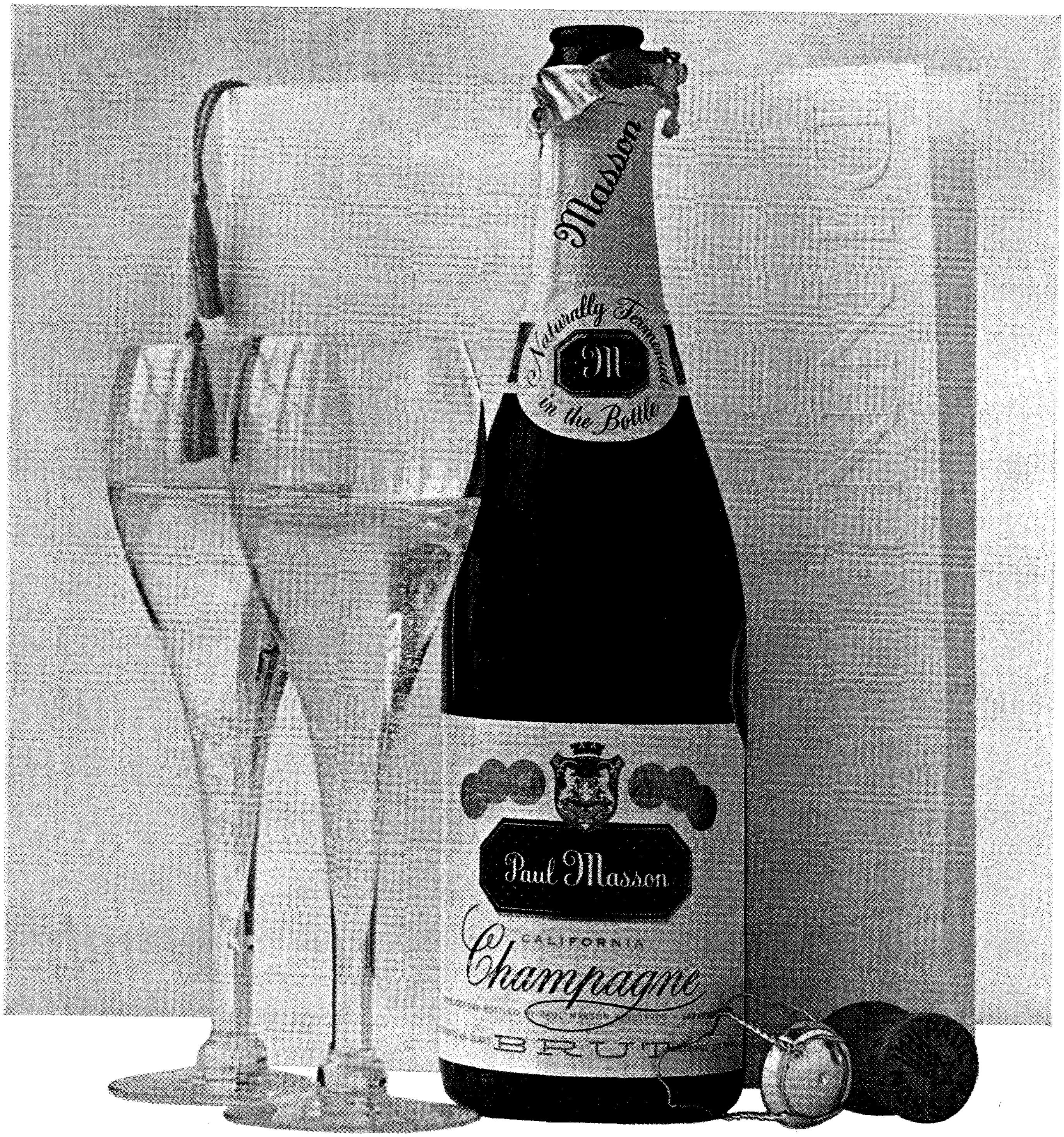
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ONE OF FIVE SPARKLING WINES BY PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA, © 1966 bership is obtained by invitation; members suggest names to a committee, which sifts them and presents its selections to the full membership of the Guild for a vote. To my overly cautious mind, this could offer opportunities for tendentiousness and logrolling, particularly because of the restricted size of the Guild and the power of the membership committee, and I was happy to note that there are absolutely no signs of anything at all of this sort; the selection is just as varied as could possibly be wished.

There are, to be sure, a few stylistic gaps, of which the most noticeable are the complete lack of examples in the field of kinetic and mobile sculpture and the scarcity of abstract welded sculpture—which is a pity, for there is no question but that a great deal of inventive and imaginative work is being done in both these areas. Yet if this tends to act as a limitation, and even to give a slight air of conservatism to some sections of the affair, it remains only a tendency; the range is actually wide indeed, from such artists of the old line (so to speak) as William Zorach, Dorothea Greenbaum, and José de Creeft (all, I believe, founder members of the organization), through such more Expressionistic artists as Nathaniel Kaz, with his gaunt, striding figure called "Decalogue (Moses)," and Costantino Nivola (see his swirlingly patterned relief "Mother and Child"), to more or less complete abstractionists—Irene Hamar and her sinuous "Tribute," a fine mixture of compact stylization and figurative suggestion; Lily Landis and her soaring "Arcanum;" Joseph Konzal and his a trifle overweight "Champion," in welded metal. As has been noted, a number of the more conservative exhibitors are older members of the Guild, which may set things in the direction not precisely of true conservatism but toward predictableness. A shade too often, I found myself able to identify a piece a bit too readily because it was so patly in the artist's accepted manner.

As against this, there is a more than creditable preponderance of sculptures

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that are fresh, alive, and vigorous, though there is precious little that carries any suggestion of the monumental. I'd mention in this category only Herbert Kallem's constructivist "Homage to Paul Klee," Robert Cronbach's "Columns," and—a superb example—Rhys Caparn's small but enormously impressive poetic "A Dream of Mountains." Other sculptures try for the same effect (I am still, it seems, weighing pros and cons, but it's that kind of show), among them Luise Kaish's "Void I," Kenneth Campbell's "Space Station," and Lorrie Goulet's "Mother and Son," but don't quite make it.

There are surprises, some good, some not so, but enough of both to give spice to the affair. On the plus side, I'd list Hy Freilicher's "Chassidic Dance II," with its two beautifully balanced male figures (who would have thought of translating an essentially Max Weber subject into sculpture and doing it so neatly?), as well as Priscilla Pattison's "Hilltown," an odd idea for an exercise in abstract sculpture, but again successful; and Robert Laurent's "Girl in a Tub," which is just that, and—for that matter—Juan Nickford's leaping "She Goat," which has a comfortable little blanket of real fur over its copper torso. And there are, to top things off, pieces of such sheer excellence—Louise Bourgeois's "Weight Three," another example of monumentality, this in miniature form; Chaim Gross's charming "7 Dancing Girls," like a three-dimensional frieze, and full of movement; and Raymond Rocklin's "Baroque Scale"—that they would be standouts in any show.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Colleges across the country regretfully acknowledge that the practice of competent English prose is an anemic, if not dying art, and sadly throw in the towel. St. Peter's College, Jersey City, chose instead to throw $110,000 into the two-year opening phase of a crash program that will be taught by professional writers and required of all its students.

The program, known as Operation TeePee (T-P: Teach Prose) . . . —*St. Peter's College news release.*

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•

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[*Adv. in a Phoenix tourist guide*]

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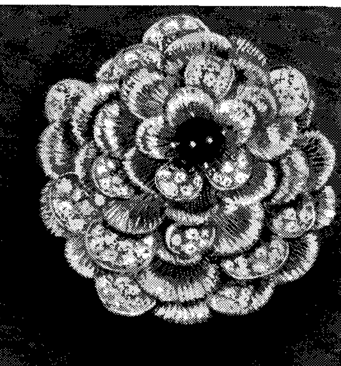

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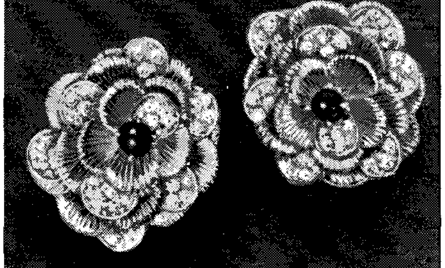

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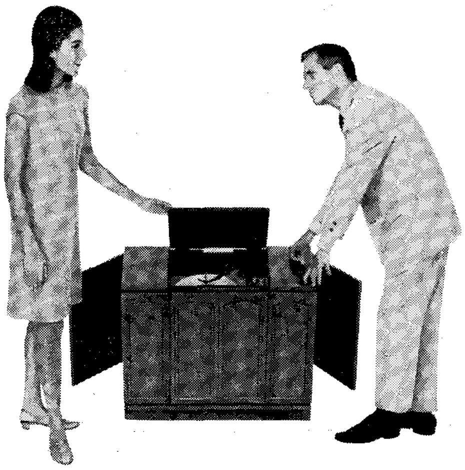

The new KLH* Model Twenty-Five is not like most consoles.

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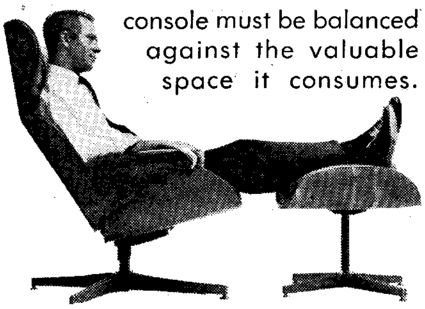
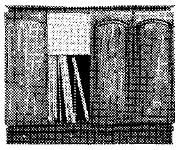
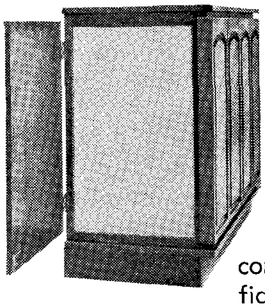


The Twenty-Five is different in another way, too. It is a high-performance instrument; its sound is more spacious than that of far larger consoles.

One reason for the excellent stereo effect from the Model Twenty-Five is the "outboard" placement of its speakers at the sides of the cabinet. The sound from the speakers reflects off the opened side doors of the cabinet and provides an increased sensation of stereo depth and separation.



The speakers themselves are in completely sealed acoustic-suspension enclosures. (This design is used only in the most sophisticated component high fidelity systems; rarely in consoles.) And their response is specifically tailored to their "outboard" placement in the Twenty-Five.



The Model Twenty-Five will play monaural and stereo records and monaural and stereo FM broadcasts. It also has input and output jacks so that you can connect a tape recorder or other sound equipment.

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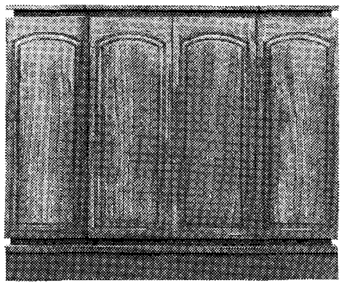

Just a few more words about the considerate design of the Model Twenty-Five. Although the cabinet is small, it will hold up to one hundred records. The controls are easy to get at and easy to operate. And the solid-state electronics will probably never need servicing.

We've tried to make the Model Twenty-Five the most considerate console on the market. We've even given it a considerate price. $425.†

For more information and a list of stores where you can see and hear the Twenty-Five, write: KLH Research and Development Corp., 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139, Dept. NY-7.

†Suggested Price in Traditional fruitwood cabinet illustrated; other cabinet styles slightly less.

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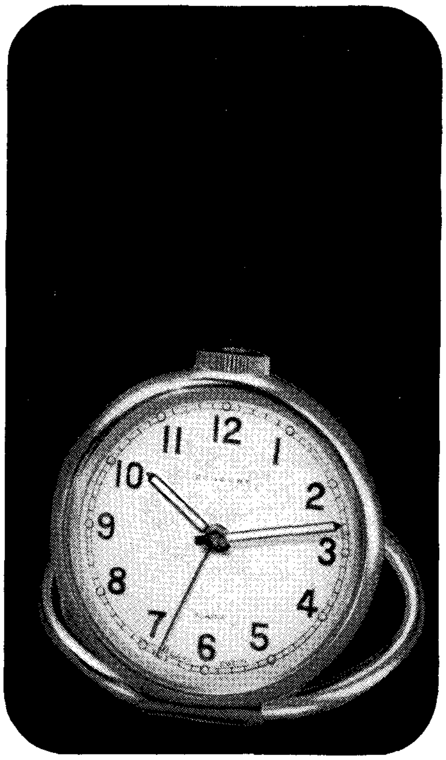

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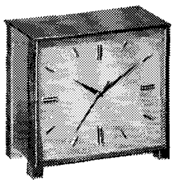

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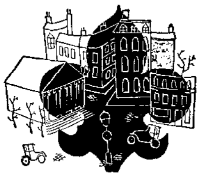
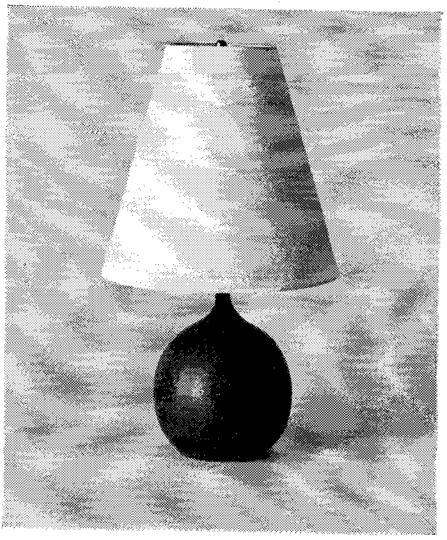
LETTER FROM PARIS

OCTOBER 25



THE giant Picasso exhibitions that will open on November 18th at both the Grand and the Petit Palais to honor his eighty-fifth birthday (which happens to be today) are already animating Paris art and political circles, since he is a member of the Communist Party and, whenever the Party can manage it, its greatest single European propaganda figure. Though he had publicly stated that what he did not want as a birthday gift was *hommage*, *L'Humanité*, the Communist daily here, has just given it to him anyhow, in a birthday front-page editorial, published as "Le Message du Parti Communiste Français au Camarade Pablo Picasso" and signed by the Secrétaire-General du Parti. It is quite a remarkable birthday greeting, saying, in part, "Dear Comrade Picasso, For your eighty-fifth anniversary we send you our most fraternal good wishes and the expression of our warm friendship. The radiance cast by your work on France and on the world owes its importance to the evolution of painting and of contemporary art. You are one of those who have contributed the most to our century—a great century of artistic creation that has enriched the cultural patrimony of humanity. Your art explores reality. It plunges its roots into life. Throughout more than a half century, in a long succession of masterpieces, generosity has characterized your work, in which humanism has never failed. You have thus given your warning of the perils that menace the human race, and have expressed its noblest hopes, whether in the struggle for the liberty of the peoples or in their aspiration for peace as symbolized by your dove"—actually, drawn from a plain white pigeon that Matisse gave him years ago and that he repeatedly painted for Party propaganda. "According to your own expression, you 'went toward Communism as one goes to the fountain.' You are one of the most famed members of our Party. The Party is proud of you, you who labor so that there may shine for the happiness of the greatest number all the beauty born of forms and colors. Wishing you a continuation of your creative work in the service of art and humanity, we renew, dear Comrade



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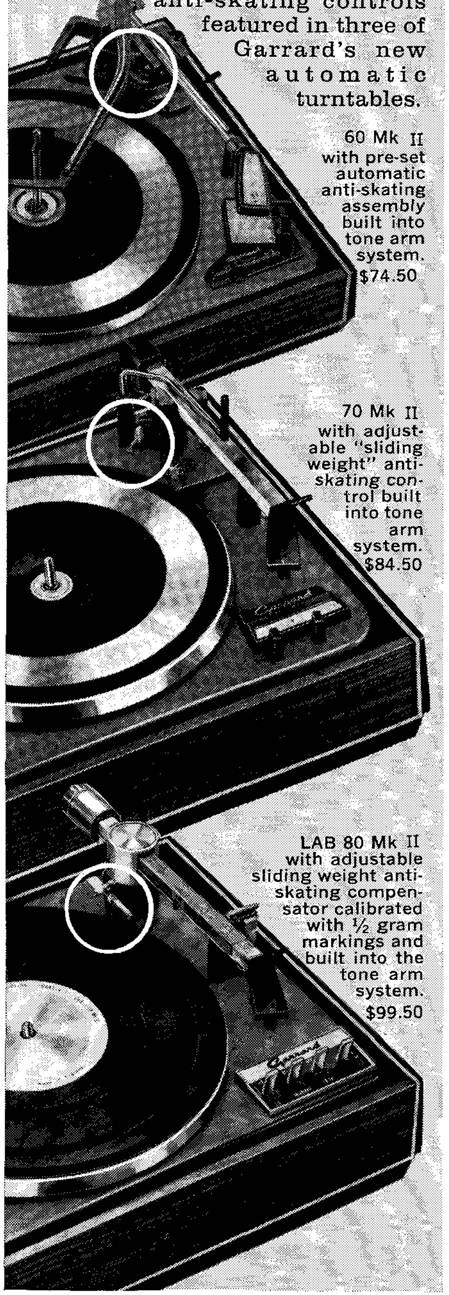

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Picasso, the expression of all our affection." For non-Party art lovers, the most important factor of his generosity right now is, doubtless, his loan of a hundred hitherto unknown and unseen canvases from his private hoard, which will be on view in the coming exhibitions.

There has been a limited retrospective show at the Galerie au Pont des Arts, in the Rue Bonaparte, of forty-three paintings, ink drawings, and pastels by the late Pavel Tchelitchew, taken from private collections—principally those of the Rothschild families and of his sister Mme. Choura Zaoussailoff. Such a showing of his works is rare, and even rarer is the fact that a number of them are being offered for sale. Some of the finest represent his cosmological style, such as he practiced at the end at Frascati, outside Rome—those elaborate armillary traceries in colored chalks, with their circlings and rings like longitudes and latitudes in the world of his imagination, patterns of measurements in space that proposed riddles of the universe, always privately solved on a small drawing board. He was a restless soul and an ascetic, driven to searchings, doubts, and discoveries. In his portraiture he was a neo-romantic and a neo-humanist, his irritable genius calming itself then in facial delineations of a tranquil beauty of line that seemed to enclose both flesh and likeness in the same single sweep of the paintbrush. The signal portrait shown here is of Mme. Igor Markewitch, a large, very strange fantasy, painted in 1932, in which the head appears like a separate portrait, full-face, painted on its own square canvas, which is posed on top of a painted empty drapery lying loose on a chair—the impression being that she herself was artistically beheaded. The rest of the canvas features a second portrait of her, in profile, leaning on an easel, also draped with empty cloth. What it all amounts to is an extraordinary experiment in composite trompe-l'oeil. The Rue Bonaparte show also includes one of Tchelitchew's tremendous jugglers from his circus period and a magnificent big figure in his favorite dark, morbid, and beautiful blue, called "Man with an Apple." This canvas may be included in the Tchelitchew collection that, through the generosity of his former patron, Miss Alice De Lamar, is now being assembled in a house on her estate in Weston, Connecticut, where he lived for years and painted some of his finest pictures.

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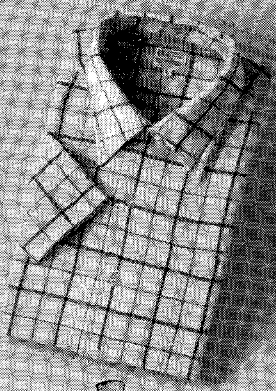

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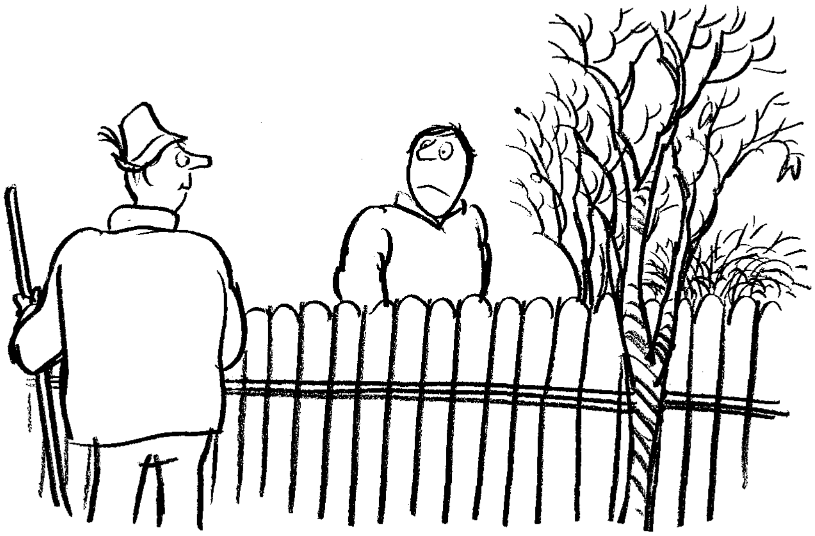

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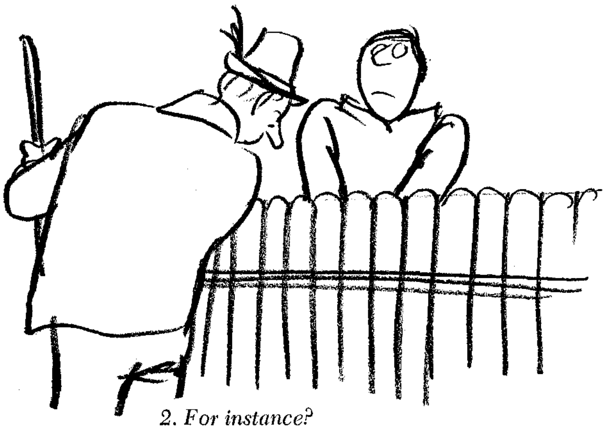

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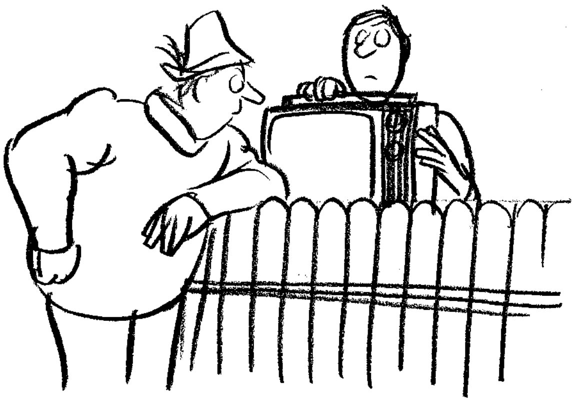

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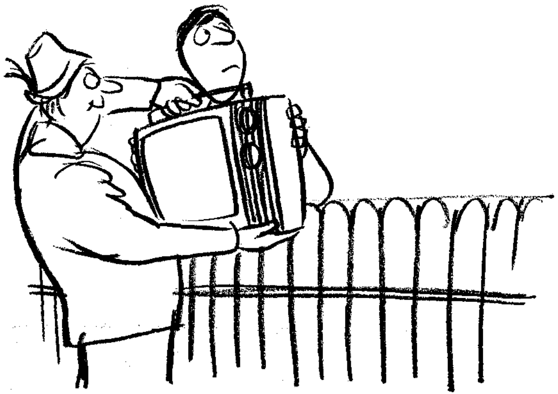

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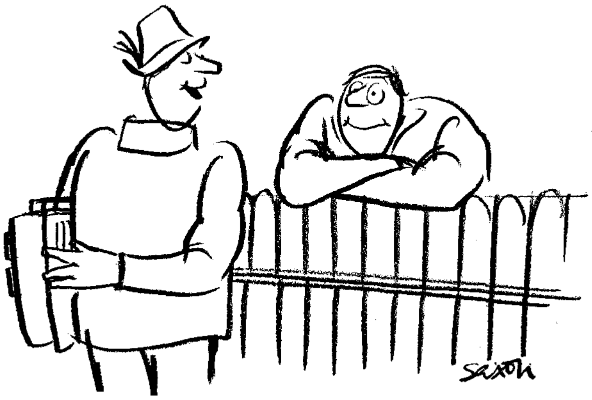

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an example of the pure, abstract, refined Surrealism in painting that so charmed and lured the eyes of the nineteen-twenties in Paris. Now, like another tribute to the influence of the just deceased André Breton, comes a small exhibition at the Mona Lisa Gallery, on the Left Bank, by Georges Malkine, probably the only French Surrealist painter who went out to provincial America and stayed there. He has only now returned with his output over the years, among which are two exquisite early Paris canvases of such pale, floating colors, such aerial dreamlike lightness, depicting nothing solid or identifiable, that today they would be merely called abstractions. But when Malkine painted them they were ranked as perfected Surrealism.

SOMETIMES—as at present, for instance—the Paris theatre boulevards, with their musty revivals and stale importations of other people's plays, remind one of an old beach strewn with familiar flotsam and long since shucked oyster shells. Right now, though, there is one real pearl—a black, sinister pearl—which has just turned up at the démodé Théâtre des Variétés, on the Boulevard Montmartre. This, too, is a revival, in a way, since it is a theatrical version of the Englishman John Fowles' suspense novel "The Collector," which has already been excellently filmed. However, this first stage version, called "L' Obsédé," made by a young woman philosophy student at the Sorbonne, Mlle. France Roche, is a far superior, tighter treatment of the sanguinary butterfly-lover, because of the very restrictions imposed by the stage and, above all, because of the incomparable acting of Robert Hossein, which is the finest, most exciting neurotic performance in town. He has been a familiar Paris film figure principally for his lack of successes until last year, when he appeared in his movie "Le Vampire de Düsseldorf," taken from German real-life crime annals, and a legitimately alarming horror film. Now he has earned his first theatre success almost as much by his subtle stage directing as by his acting. Nature has endowed him for such roles. He is a handsome East European type of male, and his face has a slight disequilibrium, with one eye fractionally higher than the other—just enough out of alignment to give him a singular fixed look of diabolism. A born character actor of high physical intelligence, he makes no false moves with his strangler's hands nor wastes any small

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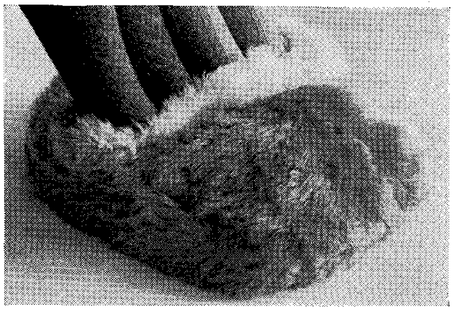

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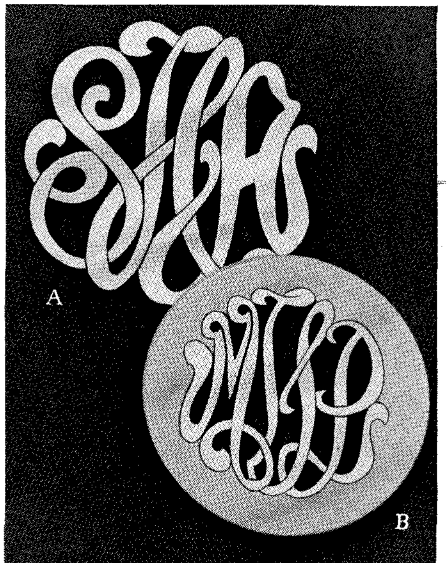

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gestures. He has oddly chosen to play the butterfly man not only as an erotic but as a virgin—a man unendowed with the means for passion. He has used a Grand Guignol style for his production, with blackouts between the scenes and always the same nervous recorded music—the well-known jazz vocal version of a Bach fugue, or a Negro shout that begins with the phrase "It's a Man's World." His stage version supplies a new end to the fate of the girl imprisoned in the castle vault. She falls in love with her captor, thus disgusting him and defrauding his sadism, and then, coughing like Camille, dies of *pneumonia*, having already killed his love for her as well as his plan to murder her. Hossein has supplied Paris with what is so far the only new thrilling theatre event of the winter season.

SUDDENLY—that is to say, forty-six years after the passage of the French law forbidding diffusion of any means or propaganda relative to birth control—Parliament will be hastily offered, just before the end of its present session, a bill to legalize what is called in Franglais *le planning familial*, which shows how foreign the whole idea has been in France. Under the Ministry of Health, an ad-hoc Parliamentary Commission was assembled this summer to study the delicate problem. It included five of the eight women deputies, plus consultant doctors, cancer specialists, demographic experts, sociologists, dermatologists, pharmacists, two Nobel Prize biologists, a rabbi, and a Protestant clergyman. (The expected Catholic prelate, perhaps significantly, failed to materialize.) To the surprise of the nation, the bill is being brought in by a Gaullist deputy, M. Lucien Neuwirth, of the Loire *département*. The taboo subject was first mentioned impromptu by the leftist political leader François Mitterrand nearly a year ago in an unimportant small electioneering speech. It was seized upon by French women of the leftist parties with a grip of gratitude that only incalculable numbers of other women could understand. French men are understanding it better now, since a public-opinion poll has just shown that ninety per cent of French female voters between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-four want legal means for "the voluntary limitation of children"—a politico-gynecological electoral bloc of an importance that cannot be ignored by either the right or the left, with elections coming up in March. What the French government had wanted of women (and men) in

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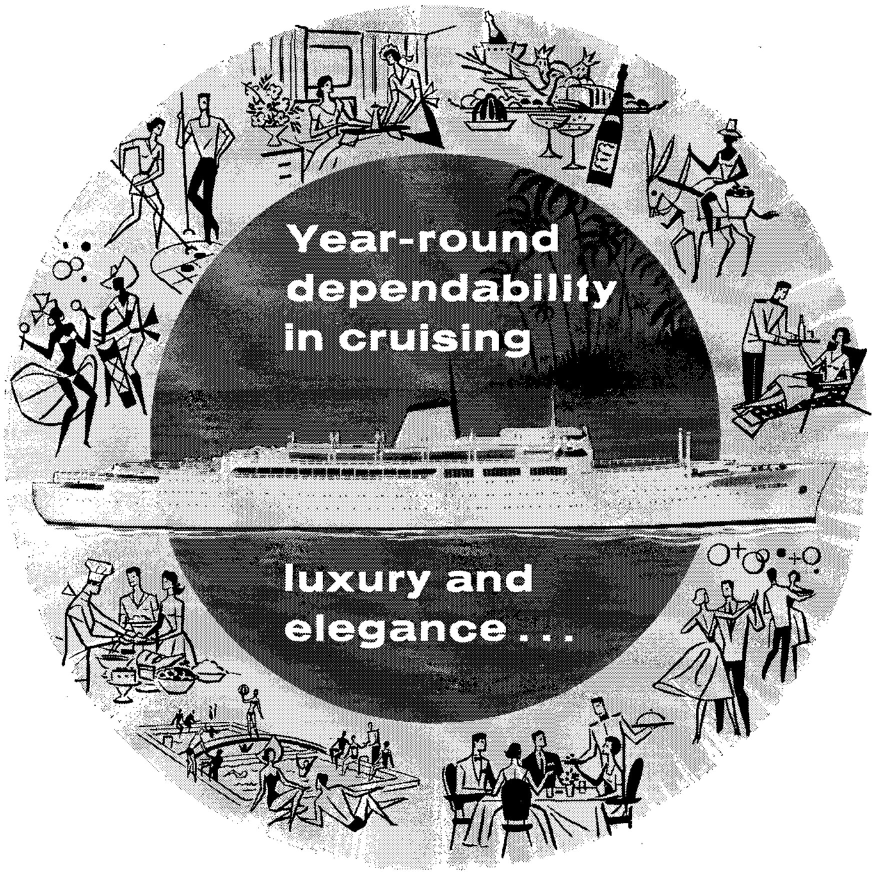
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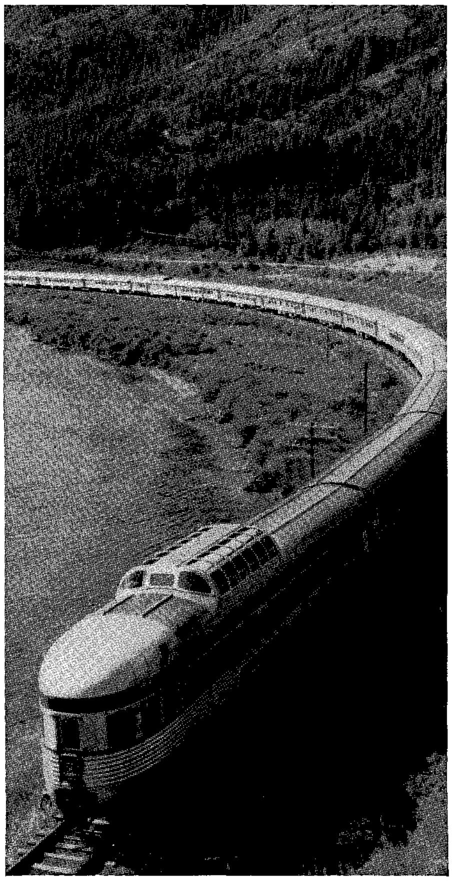

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In the last fortnight, literally every Paris newspaper and important weekly magazine has run articles on some aspect of *les naissances contrôllées*. Because the United States approved use of the contraceptive pill six years ago, most of the articles have featured the American version of what is called here *la pilule*, this being what France has heard of and does not possess, and what French law still forbids concocting. *Le Monde* has run an impressive series, signed by a distinguished medico, on the medical formulas used for contraceptives in various countries, such as Sweden, as well as the United States, since France "must turn to foreign countries," as *Le Monde* says, "to gather disinterested practical information." *France-Soir*, the only French daily with a national circulation of a million, has been running a series on the pill that tends to wind up next to the back sporting pages on autumn horse racing. Gossip columnists report that the young pro-pill generation jeers at its opponents as "*les lapinistes*," or the rabbit clan, devoted to sheer fertility. The leading Paris leftist intellectual weekly, *Le Nouvel Observateur*, has over several months been running highly intelligent articles on what it has just called "the final settlement that touches the secret mainsprings of the morals of our society and the direct future of millions of couples." In this week's number, the *Observateur* cover carries in red letters the announcement "Opération Pilule," and in the text, which gives both sides of the arguments, it cites a second Gaullist deputy, the Abbé Laudrin, from deeply Catholic Brittany, who declares that it is a scandalous act, "shocking to Catholic consciences," for Parliament to presume to vote on birth control "before the Vatican has made its pronouncement." Michel Debré, Economics Minister, who is all for governmental penny-pinching and is always shown in cartoons carrying a piggy bank, has, the *Observateur* claims, already seen to it that the national Social Security list of pharmaceutical products, on which the French get an eighty-per-cent price reimbursement if ordered by their doctor, will not include the pill in any future form, which will prejudice the poorer

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class of women against it. Premier Pompidou has said nothing official except that he wants further scientific backing in the matter. He has certainly not received it so far from the Ordre des Médecins (the French doctors' professional association), which merely declared that it considered birth control "an extra-medical matter," or none of its business. A representative of the Ordre Légal, a Maître Mouquin, recently contributed an article to the society's professional bulletin that went as far as to make a scandal. Denouncing family planning, "which comes to us from America, like racketeers and kidnapping," he ended his diatribe by hoping "not to be here to see what happens when the people, stuffed with pills and ravaged by contraception, find themselves facing millions of the yellow race swarming over their continent." If the bill on birth control is readied for presentation to Parliament before this session ends, it will be the first time in French history that the family bed and cradle have been seen in so glaringly bright a political spotlight.

A LARGE complement of the Fifth Republic's Cabinet Ministers, in full fig, officially attended the Palais de Chaillot's Monday-night première of the movie "Is Paris Burning?" The French government had earlier shown its benevolence to this film on the liberation of Paris by liberating the Place de la Concorde of its parked cars and traffic throughout one Sunday, so the cameramen could use its authenticity like an empty movie set. Even from his height, President de Gaulle reportedly recognized its valuable concentration on the figure closest to his heart—*la belle France*, suffering and then freed, if only by French and American actors. At the première, a gala for patriotic French charities, the European men wore their uniforms and decorations, the French women wore their jewels and best evening gowns, and everybody had wet feet and carried an umbrella in a downpour that lasted all day and evening, cancelling the expected fabulous display of fireworks to be set off from the Tour Eiffel—a big disappointment to the Paris crowds that always turn up to watch.

This is a film with two faces, one being the historical visage, which is what the French have already judged it by, comparing it to their native memories of the Occupation and, above all, to the day of final freedom, with its wild, emotional public joy and full hearts, which the camera could not

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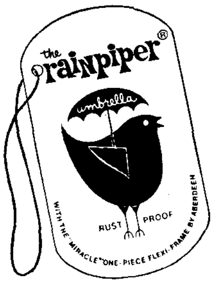
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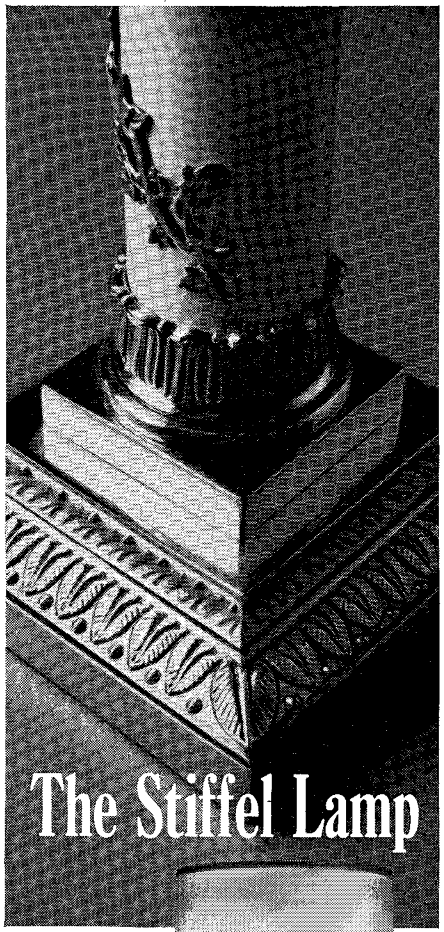

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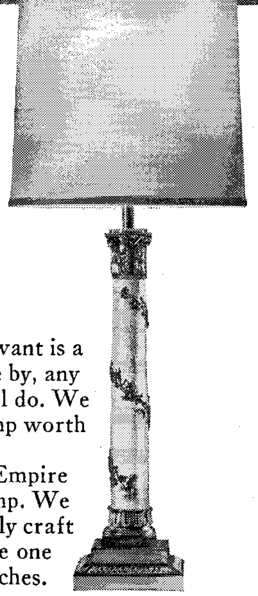

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remember. The film's other face is that of a great American box-office spectacular, peopled with international stars (some not even born when Paris escaped burning). The star system was most effectively castigated by the critic of *L'Express*, who wrote, "Patton is expected; it is Kirk Douglas who walks in. You go into a bistro; Simone Signoret is the barmaid. A jeep stops; Anthony Perkins is driving it. A tank pushes its way onto the Concorde; Yves Montand climbs out. The capture of the Hôtel Matignon? A stunt by Jean-Paul Belmondo. This people's battle for the liberation of Paris is peculiarly lacking in unknown soldiers." No objection, however, was raised against "Goldfinger's" Gert Frobe as General von Choltitz—the only actor who seemed completely to fit and fill his part.

The film's director, the talented, experienced, and conscientious Frenchman René Clément, was noticeably at his best in his big, flowing scenes with nameless individuals. The scenes in which the wretches being herded to the Nazi concentration camps were loaded into the familiar Paris buses and then into freight cars at the Pantin station were masterly in their anonymous tragedy. The execution of the students out by the waterfall in the Bois was heartbreakingly dramatic. The scenes by the French roadsides, with occasional old villagers, their simple, elderly faces showing confusion but still capable of hope, furnished film vignettes of memorable quality, stamped with real life. Americans at home will go to see "Is Paris Burning?" out of curiosity. Parisians, who know what it was all about, were, on the whole, disappointed. —GENÊT

•

The book that relates all these historical incidents says the natives began kicking up a fuss about this time and the viceroy was in a terrible rage.

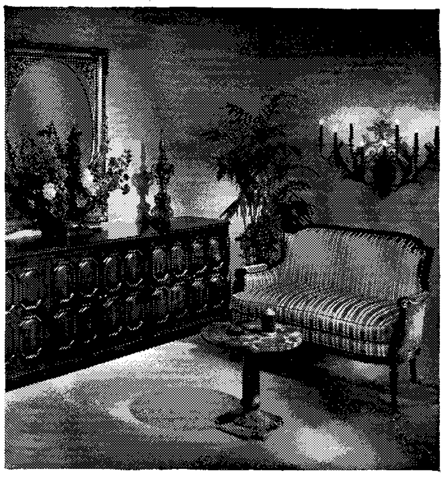
And the author of this book wrote, "There were still belligerent Indians marauding fields and villages greatly alarming and frightening the population. San fiitcotf o,iidiznr ais. . ."

This leads to a great deal of speculation on the part of the readers. Was San fiitcotf o,iidiznr ais a pagan saint of the riled Indians? Or were the Indians merely trying to fiitcotf o,iidiznr ais all the settlers?

If this is a general description of the prevailing situation, it must have been horrible.

—*San Antonio Express-News.*

Yes, it must.



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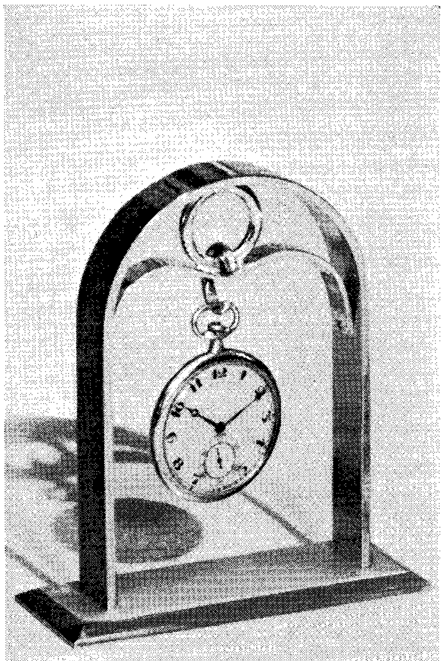

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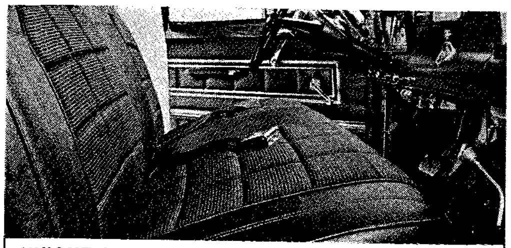

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THE BATTLE OF WENTWORTH

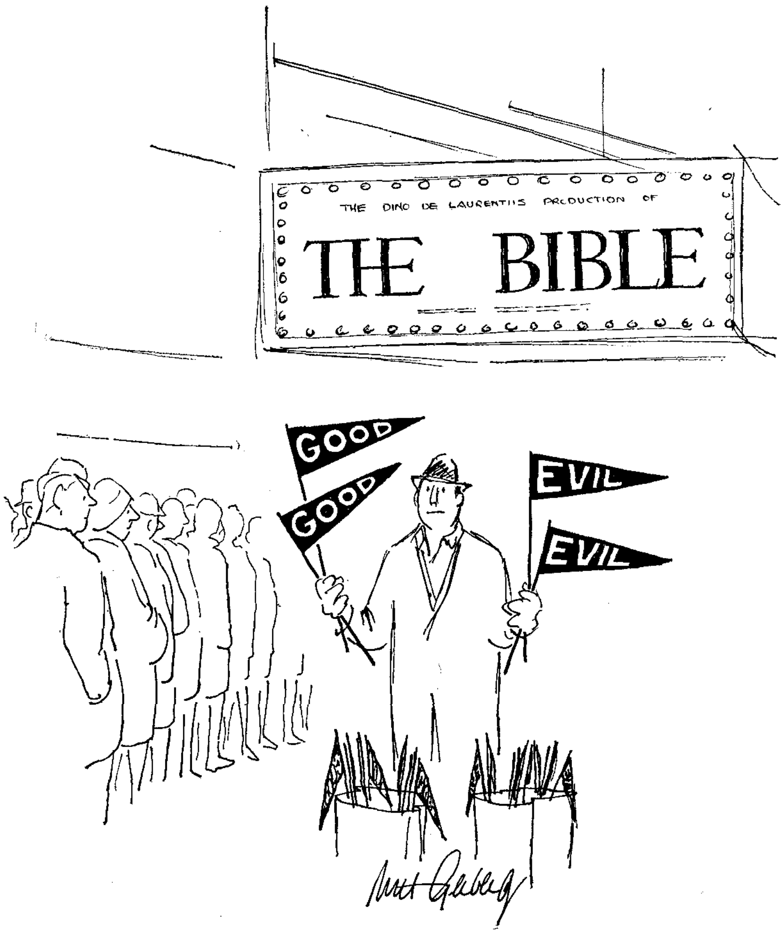
ON a mellow autumn morning in Surrey in the first week of October, a large and rubicund Englishman—a golf correspondent for thirty years or so—saw the boys carrying their white scoreboards above the crowd padding away from the eighteenth green at Wentworth and heard the gasp of surprise from some American latecomers at the news that Jack Nicklaus was four down to Gary Player as they went in to lunch. "You know, there is already a generation of Americans that has never seen professional match play," said this rueful veteran. "What's worse, there is a generation of first-class pros that isn't playing it anymore."

This sorry truth is what gave the three days over the West Course at Wentworth, locally known as the Burma Road, for its twists and turns, a peculiar distinction that has faded from the American golf scene. Not only was there the rare opportunity to watch the world's best golfers make a battle of every hole and suffer the alternation of dismay and elation that is known to every Sunday twosome; there was the even rarer pleasure of watching the collision of character and temperament among the Big Four of contemporary golf as they played the form of it that most sustains competitive tension and provides the fairest test of calculation and endurance. Stroke play, of course, has its peculiar excitements, but, as we see all too often on the professional tour, they can be dissipated by an unlucky splash on a water hole. The obviously deserving hero is obliterated by an 8. In match play, the punishment for a single lapse fairly fits the case, and a cunning assessment of the next hole can redeem it.

It is because of this incomparable quality of match play, and the fact that the choice of the men to play it is restricted to eight of the best players alive, that the Piccadilly Tournament (so called because the sponsors are the manufacturers of the cigarettes of that name) has achieved in just three years a unique stature in the golfing world. It is the only world match-play championship. Clearly, its prestige rests on getting the best competitors in sight. So far, the Piccadilly sponsors, shrewdly adding to the challenge of match play the enticements of free transatlantic trips for the players and their wives, riverside suites at the Savoy, and limousines on command, have managed to attract the obvious and essential great ones. This year, only an incurable British chauvinist would have quarrelled with the guest list: Nicklaus, Player, Arnold Palmer, Billy Casper, Peter Thomson, Dave Thomas, Roberto De Vicenzo, and Neil Coles.

To an American, Thomas would be the doubtful starter, but the British are quick to point out that he drives as long a ball as Nicklaus and was Nicklaus's goad and most threatening rival in the recent British Open. Peter Thomson, as the winner of five of the last twelve British Opens, was—in England, at any rate—a compulsory choice. Neil Coles, the biggest money-winner on the 1966 British professional tour, has unequalled match-play experience and holds the competitive record (65) for the Wentworth course. Even so, the British bookmakers, who are cheerfully uninhibited by the purity of the P.G.A. code, posted him as a 12–1 shot when he was drawn against Nicklaus. So they did also with Palmer's first opponent, De Vicenzo, the droll Argentine who is surely the most accomplished perennial loser since Macdonald Smith.

The four others—Palmer, Nicklaus, Player, and Casper—are beyond all question. Player, in spite of an indifferent year, is the holder of the Piccadilly title, having last year mercilessly ground down (over eight holes) the seven-hole lead held by a Tony Lema playing with superlative grace. Nicklaus is the 1966 Masters and British Open champion, and Casper was the methodical conqueror of Palmer in the United States Open in San Francisco. Palmer is—Palmer. To the British, he is, winning or losing, still a thing of beauty and a boy forever. There is, happily, no Arnie's Army in England. But on the first day his carefree massacre of the delightful De Vicenzo, by 10 and 8, recruited one. It was a following of a more genteel sort than he ever has in the United States, but it was nonetheless idolatrous. Whereas Palmer's native disciples go into delirium at the mere contact of club face with ball, the British gave out with low, approving murmurs only after his long drives had found their lie, and when his long putts went home the round of clapping was occasionally punctuated by a sporting "Hear! Hear!" He was the old swashbuckler again, the 1962 murderer of Troon, never daunted by De Vicenzo and therefore never stirred to wild drives, impossible retrieves, or agonized putting. Nobody doubted at the end of the first day that Palmer was still among the Big Three, or—as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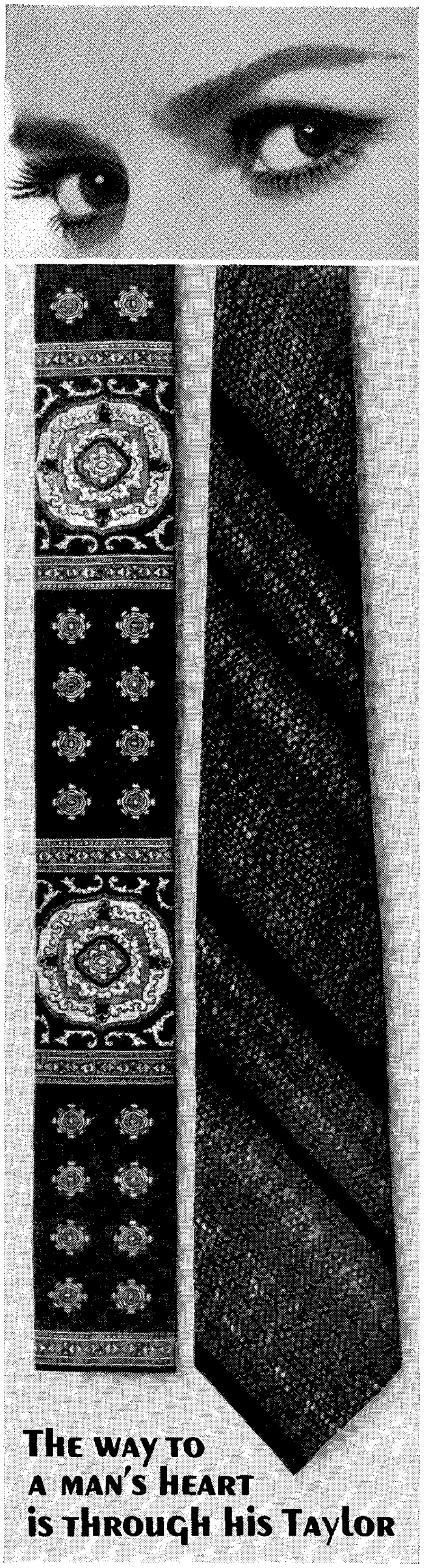

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Casper is clearly anxious to amend it—the Big Four.

There was much curiosity about Casper. He is well known, of course, to the golf writers, although as an approaching menace in the distance he is still unrecognizable after his dramatic loss of thirty pounds or so. But his workmanlike style and his methodical plowing under of more dramatic talents have, for ten years now, tended to shift the spotlight to his victims. The British are frankly amazed to hear that he is the biggest money-winner, after Palmer, of the last decade. This year, his destruction of Palmer in the U.S. Open in San Francisco was a legend that had preceded him. And if any further audience incitement were needed, Henry Cotton, the most memorable of modern British masters, wrote a well-publicized piece that picked him as the most stylish, the subtlest, and the most formidable of modern golfers.

So these were the wonder boys from across the seas, and they guaranteed the appearance of a more knowledgeable tournament crowd than you normally see on an American course—possibly because golf is not yet the popular hero industry it has become in the United States, and the audiences for it are therefore as selective and critical as they might be for a chess championship, and probably because the Piccadilly offers the only opportunity for golfers in the South of England to see the masters of the game. This surprising fact is a reflection of the Briton's—or perhaps only of the British ruling body's—traditional devotion to links courses, a preference so well preserved down the two hundred years of the game's history that while England, in the South especially, abounds in lush and majestically architectured courses, like Sunningdale and Worplesdon, very few of them are thought to possess the proper tournament qualifications fulfilled by the sandy wastes, the whipping salt winds, and the sweeping dunes of such immemorial battlegrounds as St. Andrews, Royal Lytham, St. Anne's, and Westward Ho! A visiting Scot, watching Nicklaus calculate the distance of a parade-ground fairway bounded by lofty oaks and elms, recalled the definitive comment of one of his countrymen: "The only natural thing that does not belong on a golf course is a tree."

But this austere prejudice is no longer shared by the run of golfers south of the border, and the remote prospect of seeing the Big Four fight it out in the semifinals was one that would have drawn a crowd if they had

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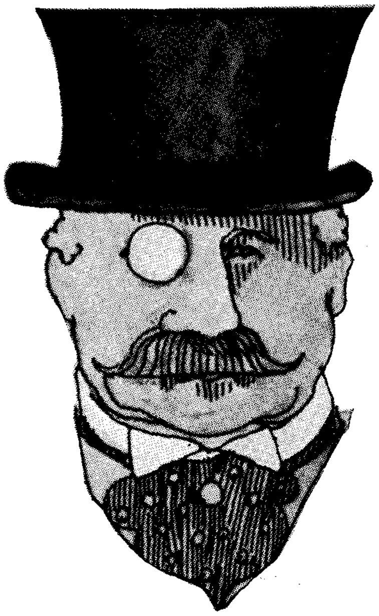

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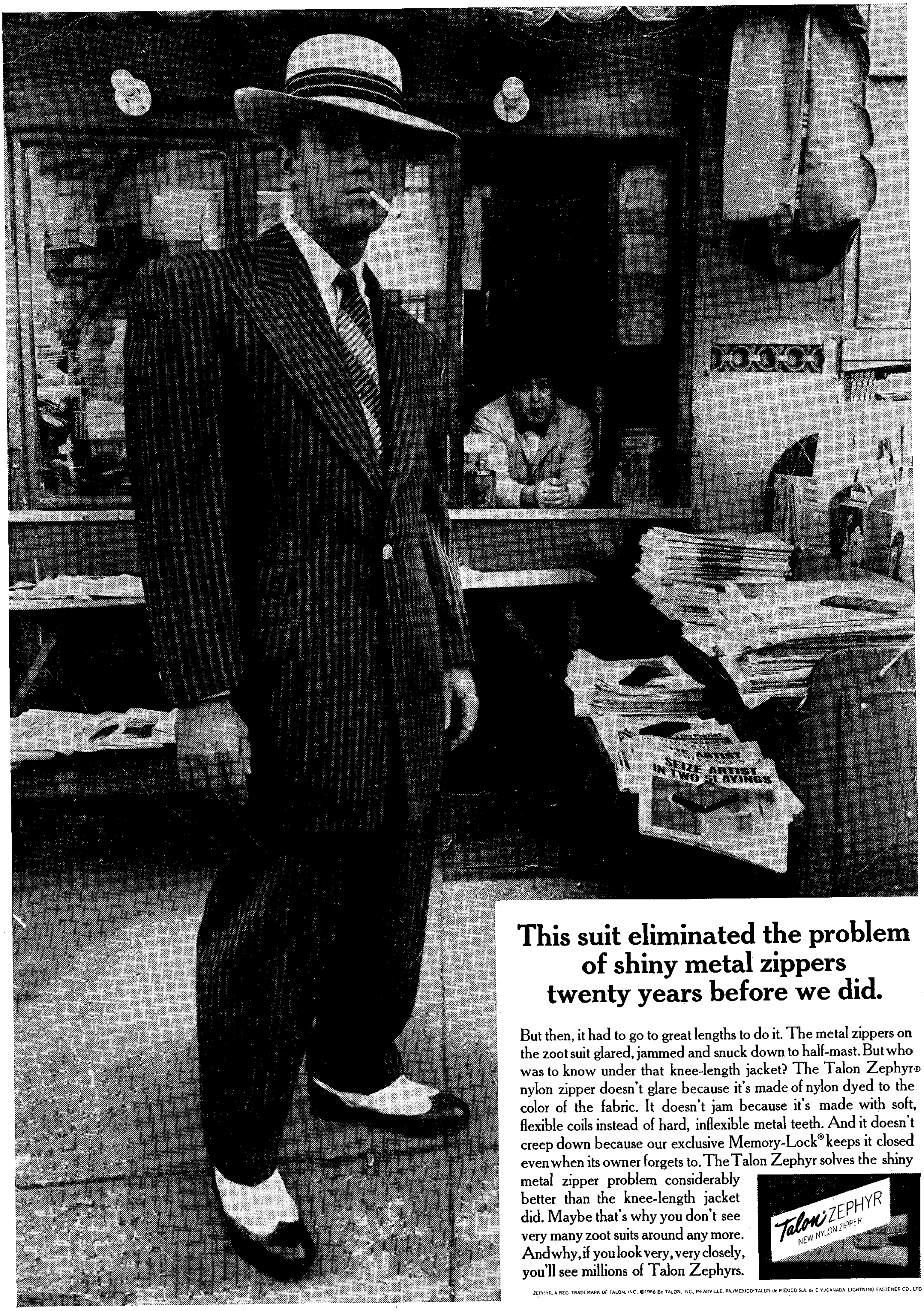

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played on coconut matting. After the first day, and in the teeth of the firm predictions of the leading English golf writers that Coles or Palmer or Nicklaus was bound to be the winner, the layman's secret suspicion—that Coles, De Vicenzo, Thomson, and Thomas were the rabbits—was borne out. Nicklaus outdrove Thomas, found a new, sure touch on the greens, and emerged with a comfortable 6 and 5. Palmer's recovery of his old control over his power gave him a twelve under par on the twenty-sixth green and provided a dusty answer to De Vicenzo's clubhouse wail "Why are you so mean to me, Arnold? I am such a nice guy!" Casper, who, aside from the Ryder Cup, was involved in match play for the first time in eleven years, trusted to a 3-wood and was even more disciplined than usual on his short game. The result, against a Thomson somewhat below his normal competitive form, was a 3 and 2.

The first day's surprise, all the more remarkable in view of what happened on the last two days, was Player's match with Coles. It seemed through fourteen holes that all the fee-fo-fum warnings of the British writers were well taken. Coles played each hole as if he had designed it, and was three up at the fifteenth and one up at lunch. By the thirty-first tee, they were even. At this point, Player's puckered forehead puckered still deeper, and his pioneer's tread was more dogged than ever. Long, easy drives and breathlessly controlled midirons gave him birdies on the thirteenth and fourteenth, but on the thirty-sixth tee Coles was still in contention. It was only the luck of a superb second shot to the green that gave Player a par, while Coles denied himself a tying birdie by a putt that stopped on the lip. It was a close shave, and everyone thought that Player would undoubtedly go down before the new (the old) Palmer. With luck, we began to say in guilty anticipation, we might see a fiery replay of the Casper-Palmer duel in San Francisco.

Now the Big Four were matched: Casper against Nicklaus, Player against Palmer. Now the loneliness of match play, which intensifies the conflict of personality, would offer the spectator a psychological X-ray of character that in stroke play is blurred by the three or four challengers coming on behind and the knowledge that a provisional champion is already in the clubhouse. The Nicklaus-Casper match was a disappointment only in that Casper's famous putting, which the crowd had come to see, rarely appeared. On

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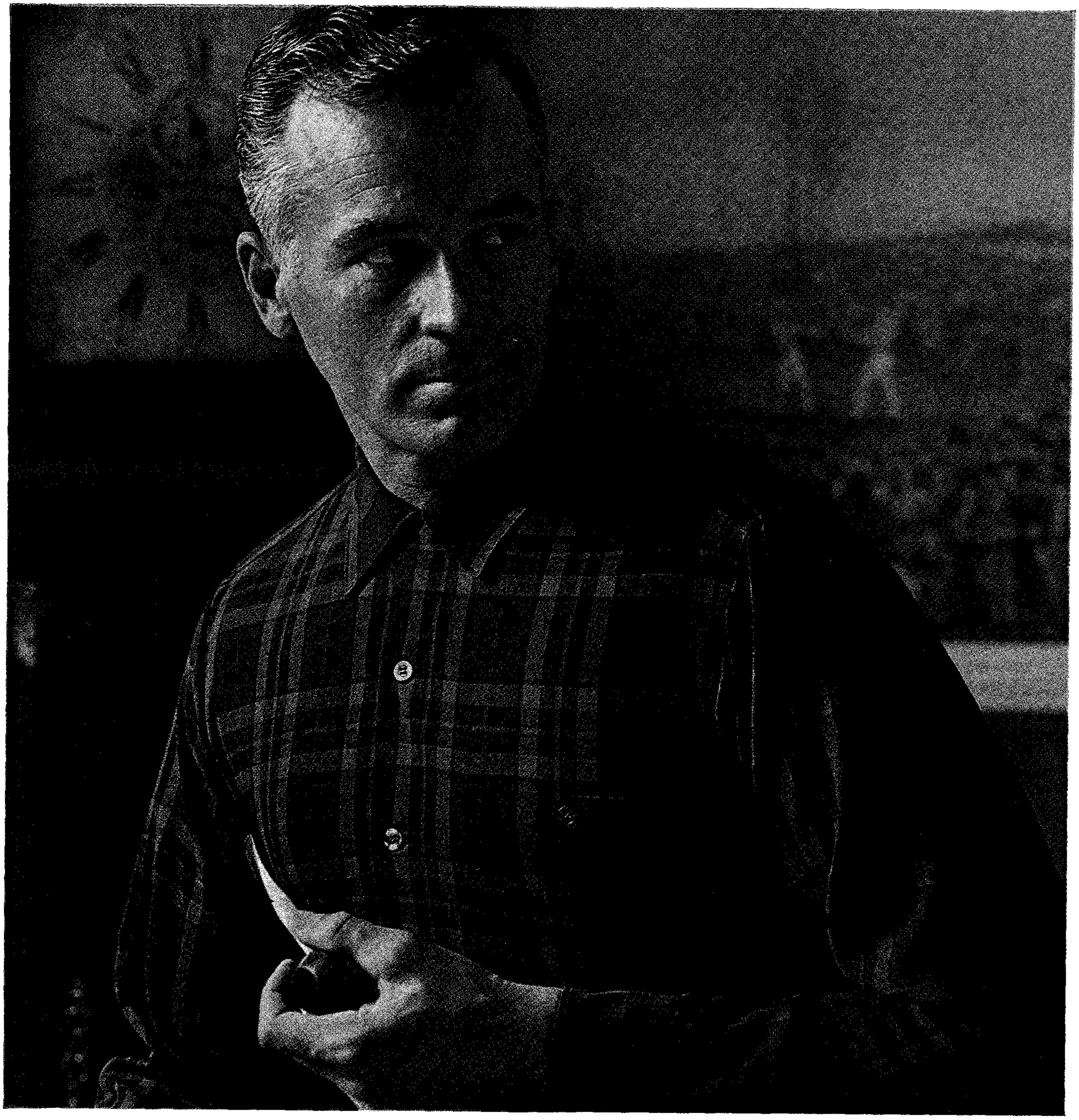

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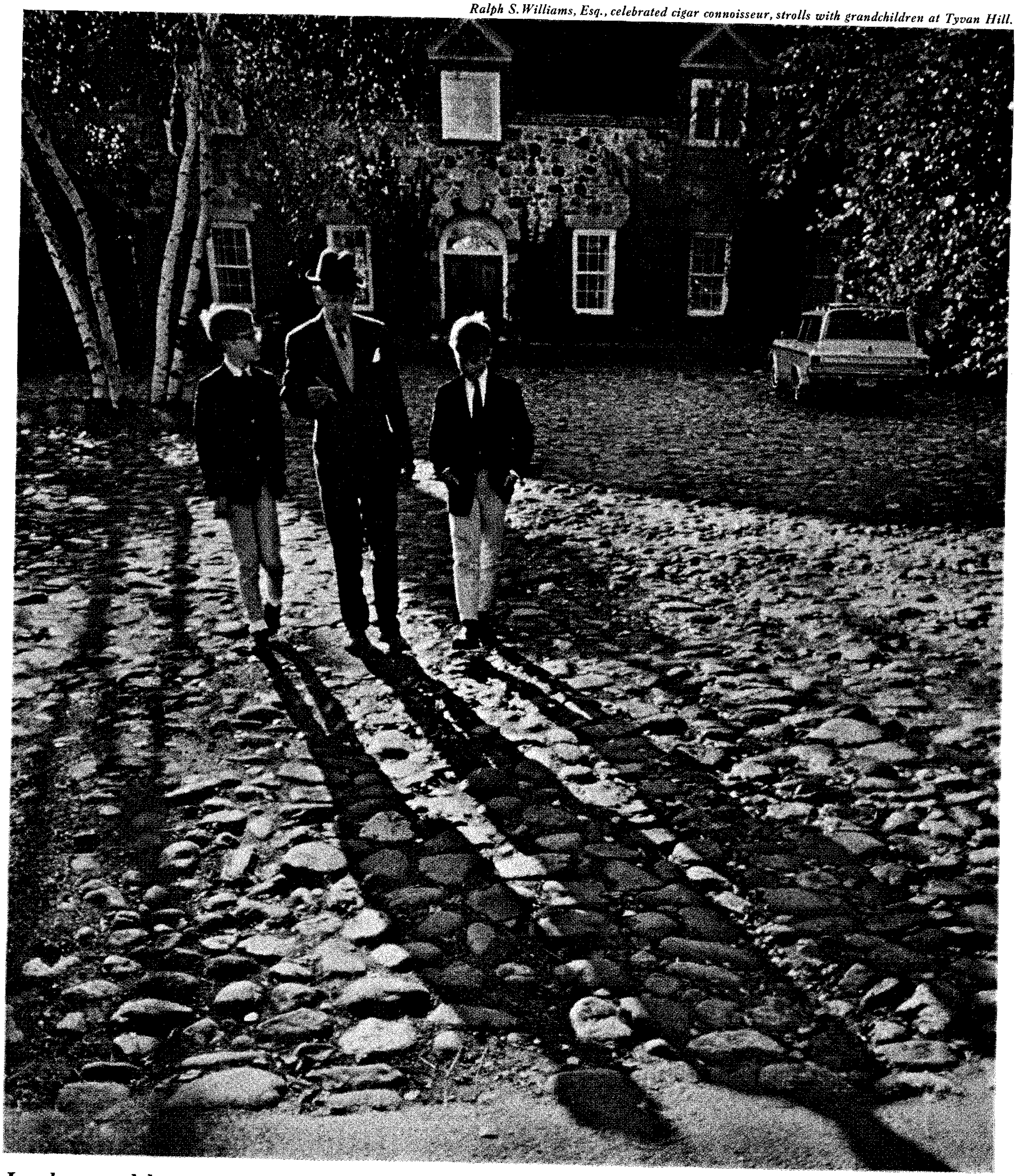

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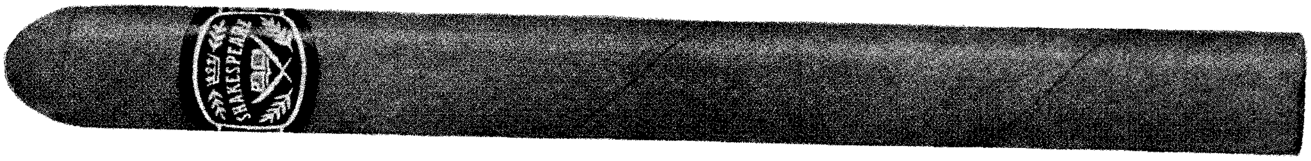

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the morning round, he lost six holes and halved the rest. In the afternoon, standing six down against Nicklaus in his most imperious form, he started the kind of recovery that had made the cypresses tremble in San Francisco and had made a rag of Palmer. He did it with the same unwavering attack, the same wonderfully plotted fairway shots, the same swift and meticulous putting. Nicklaus's response was characteristic. He is not to be rattled by an opponent who walks up to the ball and strikes it with the ease and dispatch of Julius Boros. His pauses before each pitch, his reading of the greens went into an adamant sort of slow motion. He was, if anything, more of a monolith than ever—the Nicklaus that breaks by sheer impersonality the struggling human beings around him. Casper is untroubled by any monoliths smaller than Stonehenge. On the front nine in the afternoon, he lost only one hole, the second-longest of the par 5s. On the back nine, he kept up his implacable advance, while Nicklaus nursed the halves. With a few more holes to go, Nicklaus would almost certainly have gone under. But the lost putts of the morning were too many to offset a recovery that came just too late. Nicklaus came through 2 and 1.

Palmer got off to a start as brilliant and easygoing as his whole game with De Vicenzo. It appeared—but not for long—that a reborn Palmer would easily dispose of the faltering Player of 1966. We had forgotten the steely pride of Player when he is on display as a titleholder and as an earnest man trailing a comet—the identical phlegm, the plodding accuracy and resolution he showed last year in his seemingly hopeless semifinal with Lema. As Palmer flashed his long drives and pitched with uncommon accuracy, Player saved his stiletto for the greens, marched all around his ball, gave it a vertical and a squatting scrutiny, and struck it true at ten feet, twelve feet, fifteen feet. He

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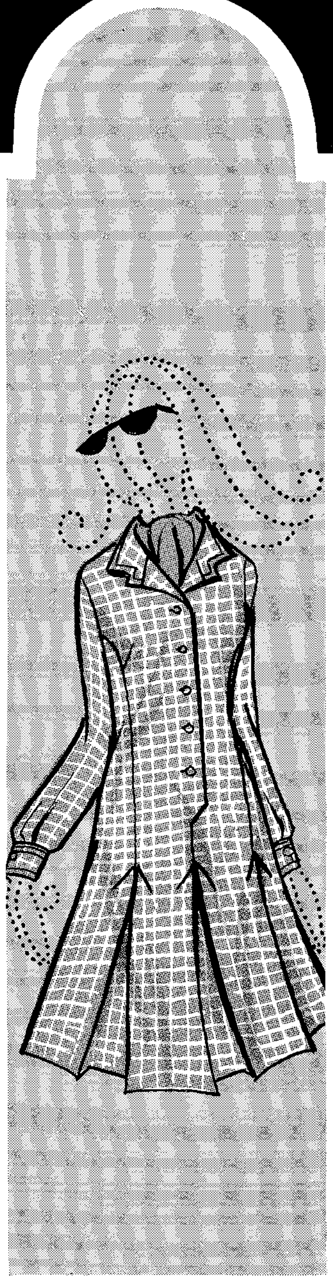

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one-putted one par-3 hole each time he came up to it. On the twelfth hole, he signalled the quality of the reserves he has on tap. He pushed hard into the rough, and his second shot left him far away from the charging Palmer. His pitch was fifteen feet short, but having watched Sir Galahad fumble his putt he then went into his famous act as a biologist examining a blood smear. After an age of these researches, he stepped smartly to the ball and holed out. Palmer failed again and was suddenly three down. He never recovered. In what has come to be his familiar heartbreaking epilogue to a collapse, he drove out of bounds from the seventeenth tee and, under the miserable strain of yet another squandered victory, forgot himself so far as to drive again, out of turn. Player, with a similar bad drive—his only flaw all day—bounced back from a tree and had to putt left-handed into the fairway. But all he needed now was a six to halve and win. In the dressing room afterward, Palmer sat panting with disgust. It took an hour or so for him to put on again his face of the Carefree Boy from Latrobe, Pa.

In spite of the puritan relentlessness of Player's performance, most people thought that Nicklaus was sure to take him in the final. It was the worst miscalculation of the tournament. These two are possibly the closest friends in professional athletics, but on the West Course at Wentworth, for all their fairway joshing ("What a way to earn a living!" was Player's favorite gamesman's ploy), they were two merciless enemies. Playing a game that in painful circumspection was finer than anything he has shown in the United States, Player first alarmed a Nicklaus who was in nearly top form in the morning, and, in the afternoon, wore down a Nicklaus at his very best. By lunchtime, Player was four up. Before then, there was an unhappy episode that told much about the unaccustomed strain to which Nicklaus finally succumbed. On the ninth hole, he drove into a drainage ditch, officially designated as a lateral water hazard, and was allowed a penalty drop. Addressing the ball, he saw, fifty yards ahead of him and about a hundred and fifty yards from the pin, an advertising billboard with a supporting strut that cut diagonally across what he maintained was his line of vision. He asked for a second drop. The referee, Colonel A. A. Duncan, a former Walker Cup captain and the British expert on the universal rules of the game and the local rules of Wentworth, told him that he must play the

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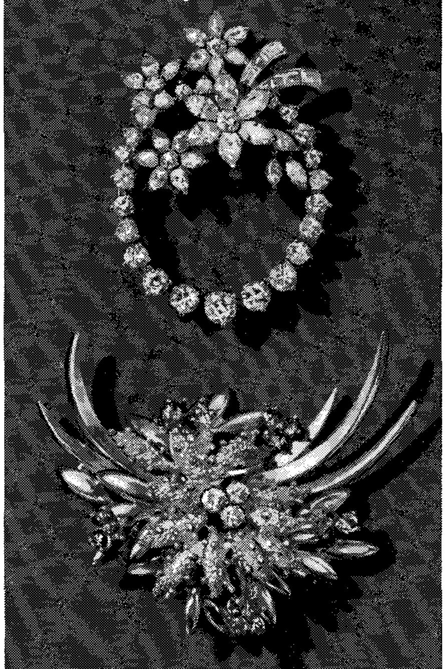

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ball as it was. Nicklaus demurred, to put it lightly, and demanded to see the book of rules, which the Colonel readily handed him. There was no doubt that Duncan, as engaging a Welsh Guards officer as ever allowed a free drop, was correct in his ruling. Nicklaus did play the ball; he took his wedge, pitched seventy yards short of the green, and conceded the hole. Fuming onto the tenth tee, he commented aloud, "That was a bum decision you gave." The Colonel asked him if he would like a different referee. Nicklaus said yes, he would. There was an appalling pause while the loudspeakers bayed for Gerald Micklem, a former chairman of the championship committee of the Royal and Ancient. Duncan retired, and Micklem took over. It was as if a petulant Catholic layman had insisted on the Pope's personal intervention in an Ohio divorce action—"an episode," moaned the London *Observer*, "that has no parallel in the history of golf."

After dressing-room apologies and a pacifying lunch, Nicklaus came out and for eleven or twelve holes played the best golf of which he is capable. In any other tournament in memory, it would have been enough to crush the closest challenger. But although he was three under par, he was also, incredibly, still four down. Player had been placing his drives and contriving fades around great stands of trees with all the artfulness of Hogan. He was also, for the first time, getting into bunkers and missing the greens, but then he would explode and chip with astonishing precision. And he holed out without fail. At the fifth hole, he marked down his eighth 2. By the turn, the mighty Nicklaus was a spent man. In a thirty-six-hole day, Player's yoghurt, and morning pushups, and weight lifting, and unflagging Horatio Alger schedule were paying off. Nicklaus could not remember when he had last played thirty-six holes in a day. He said later that his legs—the legs of a twenty-six-year-old—were crumbling on him, and that it was an actual effort to take the club back. A Nicklaus desperate with fatigue was something that no one, including Nicklaus, could recall. On the thirteenth, he gave his all and hooked so catastrophically that he lost his ball, though thousands searched for it. By then, it was all over. Player marched away as agilely as he had gone to the first tee. Later, before a marvelling, if faintly embarrassed, crowd, he recommended that all ambitious youths read Norman Vincent Peale's "The Power of Positive Thinking," and swore that during the final thirty-six holes "the strength of Christ"

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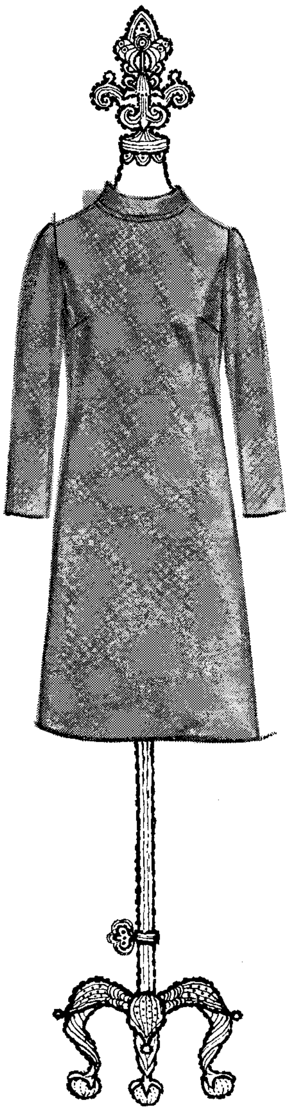

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had sustained him. The secular, and now humble, Nicklaus said, truthfully, "I don't think anybody living could have played golf better than he played it today."

LONG ago, a wise man wrote the bleak line "Each golfer may become what he supposes himself to be." Every club player knows in his heart this galling truth. He would rather not know the club's opinion of his golf, or, certainly, the private opinion of his closest friends. Each man harbors, on the first tee and in his nighttime fantasies, a picture of himself as he would be with all his technical faults purged and with what he conceives to be the best of his character in control of his particular gift. Once in a while, over a few rare holes or for a lonely and exhilarating stretch on the practice range, he feels and sees this admirable man in action. The moment he is exposed to the codlike gaze of his friends and partners, only surpassing skill can make them accept him at his own valuation. This secret egotism is surely no different in the great players. But with them the failure of self-esteem is on a more awful scale, since it is advertised to the world and, worse, nakedly revealed before the men best able to judge it—namely, the three or four rivals for the world's championship. Nicklaus on the last day at Wentworth suffered what was probably the supreme humiliation of his golfing career. He is a man almost totally without conceit but of an immense self-possession. He will, with a cool lack of pretension alarming in a man of twenty-six, weigh the virtues against the defects of every golfer of the top flight. These quiet assessments tend to leave the listener with the implication that there is, in fact, only one golfer in the world with the skill and majesty to pass judgment on the rest. He is, needless to say, Jack Nicklaus. One can only guess at the wounding effect of Player's performance on such a characterful giant. For Nicklaus, through most of the afternoon, was about at his peak. The great power, the calculated control of his fairway shots, the prudence that directs his short game always to the end in sight were all on view, and they were, to be frank, more than a little boring in their perfection. For in the last year or so Nicklaus has become more deliberate than Sanders. His reading of the greens is by now almost a private exercise in surveying, of the kind you see done by squinting young men on lonely country roads. The crowd does not rise to Nicklaus, for many reasons, chief of

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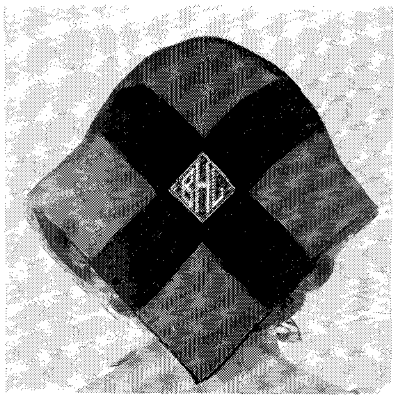

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which, probably, is that since Palmer is still the extrovert hero, Nicklaus, the introvert opposite, has to be the anti-hero. At Wentworth, the crowd was markedly respectful but sometimes bored and, after the unfortunate episode at the ninth hole, stonily and respectfully cool. Yet one could sense in the onlookers their awareness of what Nicklaus can summon up in a pinch. Many of those present had applauded his daring judgment at Muirfield, in this year's British Open, when, on the 528-yard seventeenth hole, needing a birdie and a par to win, he made the green with a 3- and a 5-iron. But here at Wentworth he could not begin to break the armor-plate invulnerability of Player. It so happened that Player, as he himself confessed, was engaged in "the best round I ever played in my life." The failure of Nicklaus to dent him and, over the last ten holes or so, to sustain the competition was devastating disproof of the theory, widely held in American golfing circles, that Nicklaus at his peak is undoubtedly the best there is. The more approximate truth seems to be that Nicklaus or Palmer or Casper or Player at his best is unbeatable against any one of the others at something *just below his best*. But this was not the issue at Wentworth. It was the best of Nicklaus seen to be futile and impotent against the best of Player. The afternoon of Saturday, October 8th, is very likely the one that Nicklaus, in the tolerant autumn of his old age, will most want to forget. —ALISTAIR COOKE

•

"I call this 'the library,'" J. Patrick Lannan said, wading through the abstract-expressionist patterns that are the woolly Finnish rugs on the floor of a bookless room. "I know it isn't one. Maybe I should call it the 'informal salon.'"

Mr. Lannan, the Chicago financier who commutes along an isosceles triangle that includes New York and Palm Beach, Fla., faces a dilemma common among people who have two or more large living rooms.

"What are you going to call them?" he asked, only half jokingly.—*The Times.*

Call them "001," "002," and so on.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Lincoln Evening Journal & Nebraska State Journal*]

BIG SURPRISE

WICHITA, KAN. (AP)—Mail carrier Mary J. Beddow found a new peril for postmen.

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BERGDORF GOODMAN

LETTER FROM CAPE TOWN

October 24

Individuals who assassinate heads of government, as Americans hardly need to be reminded, do not always live to have their day in court. It was thus a considerable event when, at a little past ten o'clock on the morning of October 17th, Demitrio Tsafendas, a vague-eyed, paunchy man of forty-eight, was ushered into a courtroom here in Cape Town to answer a charge that he "did wrongfully, unlawfully, and maliciously kill and murder Dr. the Honourable Hendrik Frensch Verwoerd, Prime Minister of the Republic of South Africa." Throughout South Africa, there was obvious pride that, no matter how the rest of the world might handle these affairs, here that eleven per cent of the citizens who were enfranchised had taken pains to see to it that the slayer of the electorate's leader would receive full democratic justice. The case of the State vs. Demitrio Tsafendas had naturally provoked almost incessant talk hereabouts during the weeks following the assassination, on September 6th. True, the sudden transferral of the tight reins of government from Dr. Verwoerd to his former Minister of Justice, Balthazar John Vorster, has been surprisingly smooth. Even so soon after the assassination, Dr. Verwoerd, though he is still much revered by his white compatriots, seems to be less deeply mourned than John F. Kennedy is in the United States nearly three years after his death. However, the assassination itself, which took place at the Prime Minister's front bench in Parliament, is still dramatically discussed, especially by those M.P.s who were eyewitnesses or who looked up, unable to believe their eyes, a moment after Tsafendas had plunged a six-inch dagger into Dr. Verwoerd's body. (The only American known to have been present was a young man attached to the local consulate, who, as he saw Tsafendas being pummelled and dragged from the scene of his assault, vaguely remembered having seen the man somewhere; the American later recalled that Tsafendas had come around to the consulate not long before to announce that he planned to sue our country for a hundred thousand dollars—damages that he somehow thought he had coming for having been deported from the United States twenty years earlier.) It was not the first time that Dr. Verwoerd had been attacked. A farmer named David Pratt had shot him six years earlier, had been declared mentally ill, had been confined, and had subsequently hanged himself. Mrs. Verwoerd is said to have observed after that near miss that the only times she felt unworried about her husband's physical safety were when he was sitting in Parliament.

Most South Africans know a good deal about Tsafendas by now, though they are unlikely ever to understand this mixed-up man. He has always been a loner, a misfit, and an outsider. He was born in 1918 at Lourenço Marques, capital of the nearby Portuguese colony of Mozambique, and his father was an engineer from Crete—the explanation of the Greek name. (Last week, a newspaper columnist in Cape Town who had referred to the assassin as a Greek felt constrained to apologize to the local Greek community for the identification.) His mother was apparently what is known here as a "Colored"—that is, a person of mixed white and non-white blood. Tsafendas was a youth of better-than-average intelligence, but at thirteen, after a childhood with an uncongenial stepmother and an education that stopped at the equivalent of the American seventh grade, he embarked on a life—an existence, rather—characterized by odd jobs and even odder deportment. He travelled rootlessly over three continents, pausing from time to time at mental institutions, most of which agreed that he was suffering from schizophrenia. Occasionally, he would write letters, usually incoherent, to such people as a President of the United States (Harry Truman), a Prime Minister (of England), and a Queen (of Greece). Like Lee Oswald, he apparently resented people who were successful and authoritative. A relatively liberal South African newspaper editor, in talking to an acquaintance the other day about a militant right-wing editor here, described him as "an ideological Tsafendas," adding, "He's always trying to stab at success."

Tsafendas was brought to court in Cape Town because Parliament sits in

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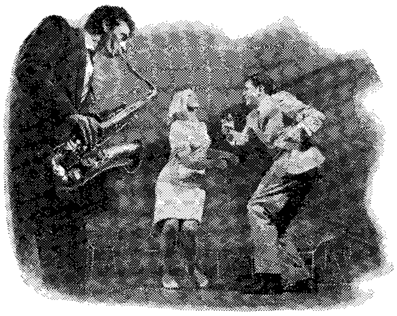

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Cape Town. It was, in a way, a curious setting for this tense moment in South African history, because of all the communities in the country Cape Town is perhaps the most relaxed. As South Africa is isolated and insulated from the rest of the world, so Cape Town is isolated and insulated from the rest of South Africa. Cape Town people are more easygoing and more tolerant than most of their fellow-citizens—in part, perhaps, because they are blessed with such a lovely environment. Until a fortnight ago, most of South Africa was afflicted with a dreadful drought. Cape Town, now enjoying a balmy subtropical spring, was ablaze, as it almost always is, with flowers. To be sure, Cape Town, like the rest of South Africa, is very much dominated by apartheid, but the benches in the verdant city parks here do not bear stencilled injunctions to the effect that they may be used by Europeans only, as such benches do elsewhere, and at this time of year one often sees non-whites, most of whom are Coloreds rather than blacks—full-blooded Africans—sleeping on them. In this country, where a person's racial classification is all-important, it has proved rather embarrassing that no one has been quite sure how to assess Tsafendas racially. It is quite possible that if his maternal antecedents had been more thoroughly scrutinized he might have been declared Colored. Although Tsafendas lived for much of his stay here in indisputably Colored homes, he seems sometimes to have aligned himself with the white community. At one point, he is supposed to have said that he was mad at Dr. Verwoerd because the Prime Minister paid more attention to helping non-whites than to helping needy whites—a category in which at that moment Tsafendas included himself. But it is hard to know what to make of the thoughts or opinions of a man as clearly irrational as Tsafendas. One of the witnesses in the court proceedings last week, for instance—the foreman of a power station where Tsafendas had worked briefly—had the impression that the accused was, if anything, more bigoted racially than most South Africans. One day, it seemed, the foreman and Tsafendas had been doing some chores in a dark, dank, dungeonlike area where water flowed beneath the plant. The foreman recalled that he had remarked to the accused—and it was in this curious fashion that the present Prime Minister's name was first mentioned in the courtroom—that "this would be a good place for Mr.

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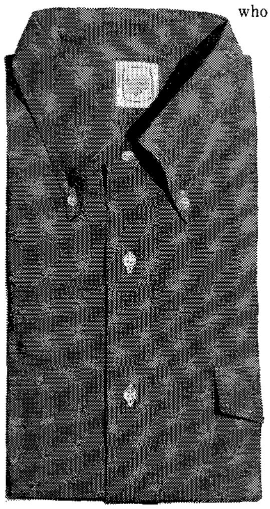

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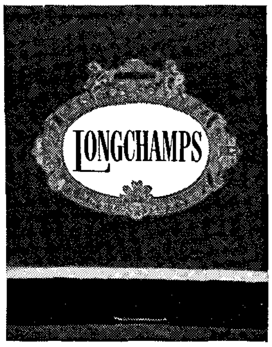

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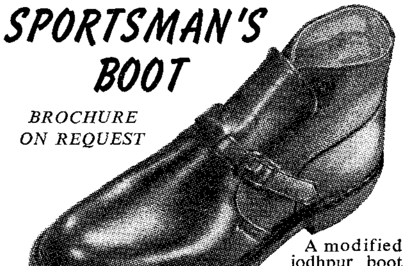

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Jack London might have discovered that fur was as good as gold in this story from The National Observer.

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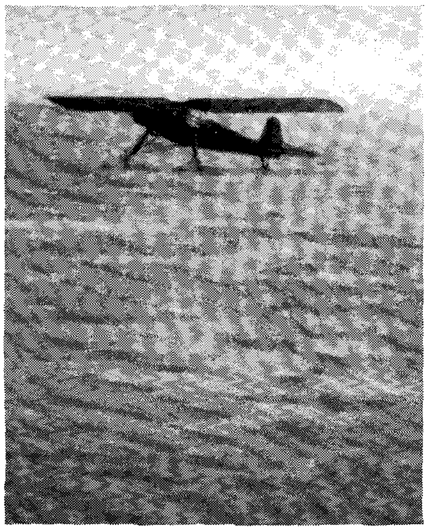

low over his deserted old cabin on the Kashwitna River.

He turned west across the foothills of Mt. McKinley, circled south to the Beluga River country, then cut the shore of Cook Inlet and followed it back to Anchorage.

'Very little sign,' said the sharp-eyed guide and bush pilot after his 250 mile flight.

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In the tradition of Jack London

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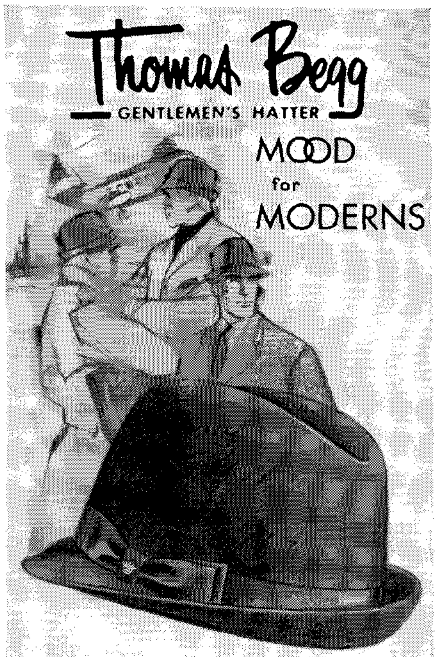
Vorster to keep his political prisoners." And Tsafendas had replied, "Yes, they should put them all down here. In fact, they should put all the Coloreds down here, open the doors, and drown the lot."

If Tsafendas had been decreed Colored, Vorster might still be Minister of Justice and Verwoerd might still be Prime Minister. For the accused got his chance to kill Verwoerd only by becoming a messenger in Parliament, and such jobs do not go to known nonwhites. Color aside, the question of how a man with Tsafendas' uncertain and unstable past ever did get hired for such a post will doubtless be aired at length when a South African judge who is currently sitting as a sort of one-man Warren Commission releases his findings. Security has already been tightened at the Houses of Parliament. People who have been around there for years must now fill out long personal questionnaires, setting forth such things as their mothers-in-law's birth dates and answering the familiar question "Are you or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?"

SECURITY was supposed to be tight at the Tsafendas trial, too. It was announced in advance that the police had, and might exercise, the right to search all who entered the premises. Newspapers ran photographs of police perched on the courthouse roof. (The papers didn't have many other photographs to run, because no cameras were allowed in the courtroom, and Tsafendas was kept under such tight wraps that nobody even got a picture of him being transferred to or from court—in a police van with curtains over its wire-mesh windows.) Actually, it was quite easy to get in and out of the courtroom, and nobody ever asked me for any identification, conceivably because I was white. In any case, I saw no one, of any color, searched. The seat to which I was assigned was ten feet from the presiding judge and ten feet from the accused, and had I been armed and possessed of homicidal inclinations it would not have been difficult for me to shoot either one.

The premises of the Supreme Court of the Province of the Cape of Good Hope are only a few blocks from the premises of Parliament, and although Parliament was finishing up a session when the Tsafendas case was heard, its activities were all but ignored, for all eyes were on the courtroom—a small one, which could accommodate, at most, a couple of hundred spectators. A few determined citizens started lining



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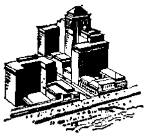

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up for seats a day in advance. On Monday, October 17th, when the trial got under way, the streets outside the court were jammed with Colored hopefuls, but most of the people subsequently admitted were white. The police later announced that fifty Coloreds had been admitted that first day, but police everywhere have a way of exaggerating crowd numbers. The courtroom is an English-looking chamber, its dark-panelled walls bare, with one peculiar exception—a calendar tacked up behind the jury box. Nobody had torn a page from it since last January. The prisoner's dock was in the center of the chamber, and when Tsafendas, with half a dozen policemen escorting him, first materialized there, the general public had had no glimpse of him since he was hauled, bruised and bleeding, from Parliament on September 6th. His nose had been broken then, by an M.P. who had rushed up to Dr. Verwoerd's bench, but now he bore no sign of any wounds. He looked fit and calm. He was wearing a rumpled gray double-breasted suit with broad lapels, a white shirt, and a dark-red tie. During the three and a half days of the court proceedings, his costume did not change, though it is possible he put another shirt on. A policeman sat on either side of him, but he didn't talk to his guards, and only once did he hold a colloquy, in whispers, with one of a number of lawyers whom the state had appointed to defend him. Not that it would probably have mattered much, one gathered, if he had communicated more freely with the lawyers; as the proceedings went on, it became more and more apparent how confusing conversation with him could be. A man who had known him testified during the trial that, in talking with Tsafendas, "You're on various levels all at once."

According to South African law, an Attorney General—in this instance, the one for the Cape Province, Willem Martin van den Berg, who also served as prosecutor—may call for a non-jury trial in a murder case, the verdict being left up to the presiding judge, and Mr. van den Berg did so. (Twelve more seats thereupon became available in the courtroom; they were assigned to the press.) If the judge chooses, he may designate two assessors to assist and advise him, and two such men were duly named—a lawyer and, since it was taken for granted that the only defense Tsafendas' counsel could make was that he was out of his mind, a psychiatrist. (There are only about a dozen psychiatrists in the vicinity of Cape Town, and most of them figured in the

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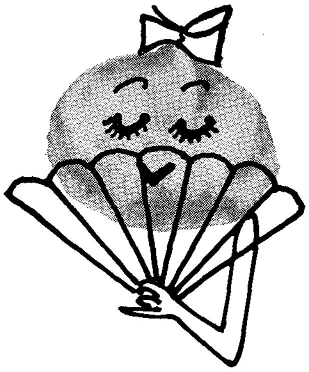

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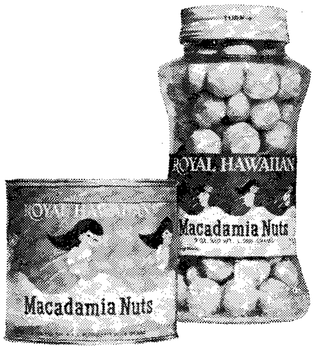

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proceedings at one point or another.) The assessors, quiet and drab in business suits, sat on either side of the judge, who, in keeping with the custom followed in criminal cases here, wore a red gown with a black collar and black cuffs, but he did not wear a wig. (The South African climate is not conducive to the wearing of wigs.) The judge—Andrew Brink Beyers, Judge-President of the Cape Division of the Supreme Court of South Africa—is a colorful figure even in mufti. An earthy, no-nonsense man who was raised on a farm outside Cape Town, he professes to be nonplussed by high-falutin city talk, and I learned that during an earlier trial he had said, among other things, "I don't want to hear any more argument. It would just confuse me." He has crinkly, leathery, sun-darkened skin, and during another trial he was heard to remark, "I defy anyone to distinguish in half-light between the Judge-President when he goes fishing and a Colored wharf boy." Mr. Justice Beyers, who is addressed as "My Lord" while he is on the bench, is admired by many South African Coloreds, who fondly refer to him as "Big Boy." They like him partly because he does not insist upon complete apartheid in his courtroom; to his left, alongside the jury box, two non-white male reporters sat throughout the trial, chatting away with a white female reporter, a Nordic blond type who looked like a German Olympic athlete. Among his compatriots, Mr. Justice Beyers is sometimes thought to be too informal; they deplore the lighthearted, sometimes even vulgar quips with which it pleases him to regale his courtroom. Unusual he certainly is, but in an earlier trial he said, "The sanctity of human life is the absolute cornerstone of any ordered society," and after one has watched him in action one comes to respect his devotion to justice, however unorthodox his comportment. At the start of the Tsafendas proceedings, he made a short speech to the spectators and the press—alternating, as many South Africans do on official occasions, between Afrikaans and English. "We believe that justice should be done in public, and should be seen to be done," he said, in the old British tradition. He reminded us that we were in a court of law, not a beer garden, and that he expected us all to behave properly, because "a man is on trial for his life."

But in a sense Tsafendas never went on trial. Before he even had a chance to plead guilty or not guilty to the charge of murder, his lawyers asked that the Mental Disorders Act of 1916

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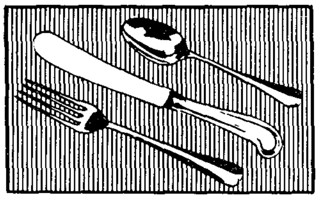

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be invoked. According to that statute, if a judge finds that an arraigned person is incapable of managing himself or his affairs, the judge may just order that he be placed in custody. This was what Tsafendas' lawyers clearly hoped that Mr. Justice Beyers would do. Indeed, the principal advocate for the accused, Wilfred E. Cooper, conceded right off that there was no argument about whether or not his client had killed Dr. Verwoerd. "That is *not* an issue," Cooper said. Tsafendas had two batteries of defense lawyers, divided—roughly according to the British distinction between solicitors and barristers—among attorneys and advocates. All of them had accepted, at the Judge-President's request, what may well have been an unwelcome assignment and what was bound to be an unremunerative one. The principal defense attorney was David Bloomberg, a young Cape Town lawyer whose sideline is the legitimate theatre; he is involved in a current production of Dürrenmatt's "The Visit." The principal defense advocate, Mr. Cooper, is one of relatively few lawyers who are qualified to appear before South Africa's Supreme Court. By coincidence, he once served briefly as a Parliamentary messenger himself. Though he is only forty, he has had considerable courtroom experience; another judge, who admired his trial tactics, once bestowed on him the nickname Tiger, but most of his friends still call him Wilfred. One of his sidelines is literature, and he can quote large chunks of James Joyce; he is also the co-author of an eight-hundred-and-sixty-five-page book called "South African Motor Law."

Cooper, very gently for a tiger, began to tell the judge about his client—"a nomadic, drifting person" who had "a delusional preoccupation with his health." It was hard to tell how much Tsafendas was taking in, or even whether he was listening. Sometimes he held his head up and let his eyes move around the room; sometimes he looked down at his feet, and all one could see was the grayish top of his head, bobbing slightly. What his chief delusion was emerged a few moments later, when Cooper called his first witness, a psychiatrist—also named Cooper but unrelated to the advocate. Dr. Cooper began to tell how he had examined Tsafendas, and Mr. Justice Beyers began to indicate that he was going to be as informal as ever—serious business or no serious business. Dr. Cooper said that Tsafendas often lost the trend of his thinking. "I have that difficulty with counsel quite often," the

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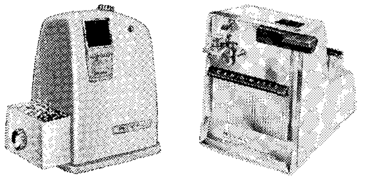

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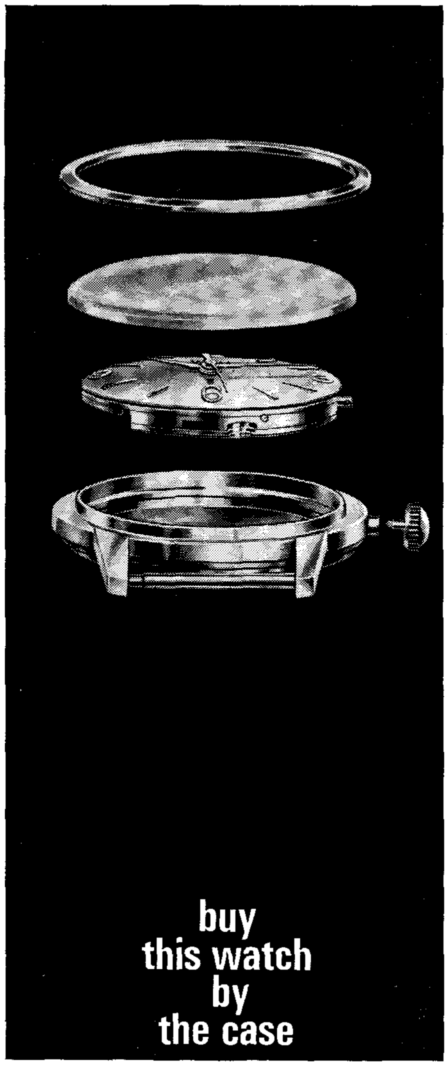

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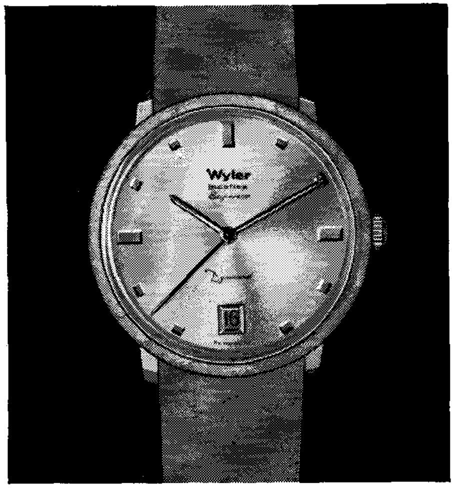

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judge said, smiling. None of us knew whether to laugh or not. The Doctor said that Tsafendas got lost when he tried to deal with abstractions. The judge grumbled that ninety-nine point nine per cent of all criminals did, and he slumped down in his chair, as if to indicate that he didn't have a much higher estimate of psychiatrists. "Judge obviously hostile," a reporter next to me scribbled. But then the judge sat up, and so did all of us, for now Dr. Cooper was telling us about the accused's delusion: For the past thirty years, Tsafendas had been under the impression that he carried an enormous tapeworm inside him and that its demands were responsible for all of his irrational behavior. Dr. Cooper quoted Tsafendas as saying, "If I did not have the tapeworm, I would not have killed Dr. Verwoerd," and went on to say that Tsafendas thought his worm was a devil, a dragon, a snake. He paused.

"A demon?" advocate Cooper asked.

"A demon," said Dr. Cooper.

The Doctor went on to say that Tsafendas, with his "tactile hallucinations," had wandered all over the world, to at least twenty-five countries—a number that seemed above average, the Doctor said, even for a globe-trotter. The judge broke in. Twenty-five countries didn't seem like an awful lot to *him*, he said, and, when it came to that, what did the Doctor—or, for that matter, the judge himself—know about globe-trotting? There were further acerbic interchanges. (The two men couldn't even agree on the pronunciation of schizophrenia; the judge took to calling it "skyzophrenia.") At one point, Mr. Justice Beyers, evidently feeling that Dr. Cooper was being evasive about the extent to which the accused could comprehend the proceedings, said in exasperation, "Does he know that he's being tried for a crime of murder and does he know that for murder he can swing? Well, what else does he have to know?"

For the remainder of that first day, Dr. Cooper stayed on the stand, with the advocate Cooper leading him on softly and the tart-tongued judge badgering both Coopers. When, for instance, the advocate asked his witness whether it could be considered a rational act for a man to walk into Parliament, seemingly with no hope of escape, and kill another man, the judge didn't wait for the Doctor's answer but interjected, "Is murder ever rational?" Soon after that, with the observation that "this is heavy material," the judge adjourned court for the day.

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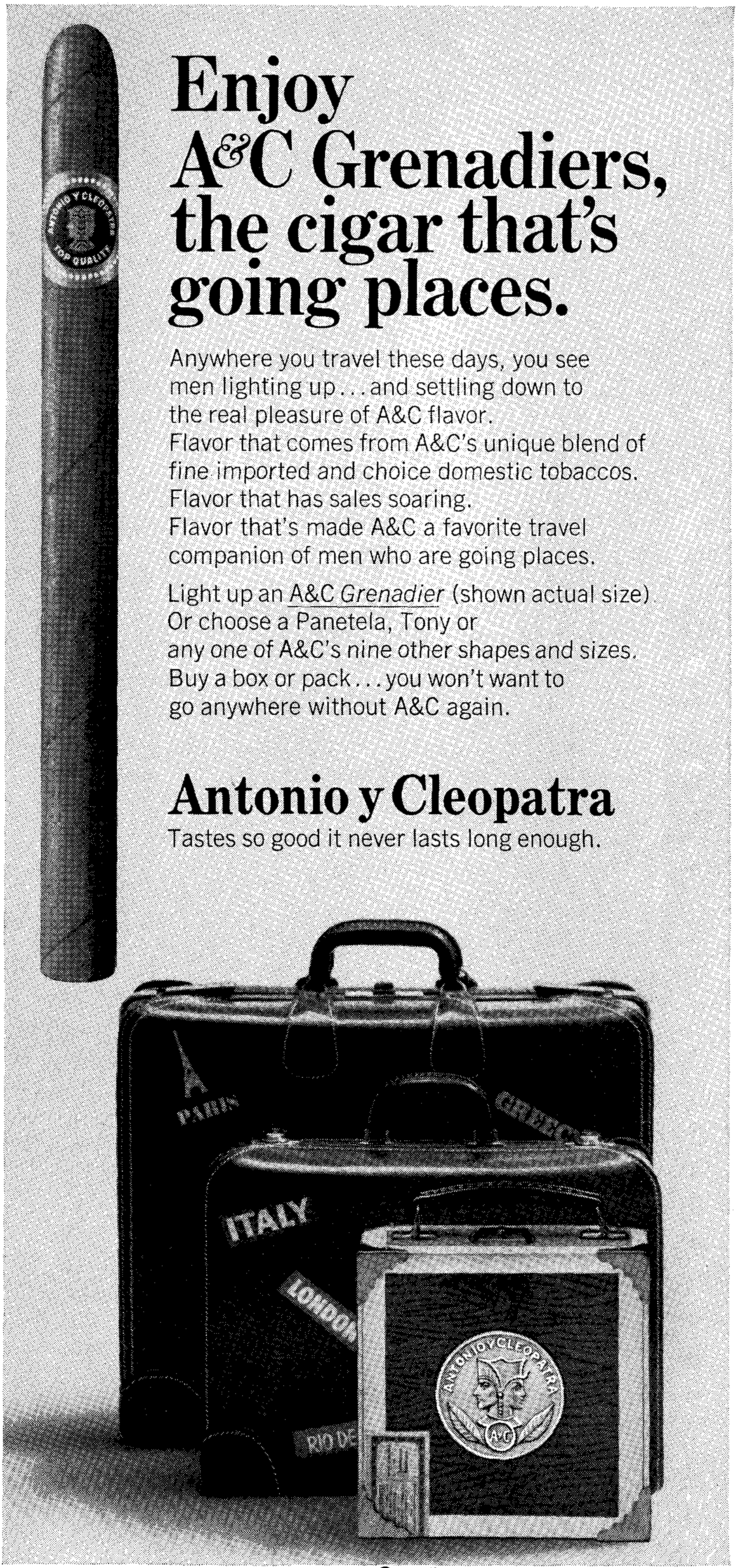
The following morning, while we were waiting for court to reconvene, a clerk confided to one of the reporters that late the previous afternoon, while the stenographers were in the courtroom working on a transcript for the judge and the lawyers to read, they had suddenly become aware of a woman sitting in the dock that Tsafendas had vacated not long before; she had been praying softly for the accused. The second day, fewer spectators turned up; whereas the streets outside the court had previously been jammed with onlookers, there were now hardly a dozen. This morning, also, the judge seemed to be in a different mood. The day before, except when he was cracking jokes, he had been stern-faced. Now a smile flickered across his creased face more often than not. When the advocate Cooper started to cite the qualifications of another witness—a non-psychiatric doctor—Mr. Justice Beyers said, "They're very high. I've been through the doctor's hands." That doctor had also examined Tsafendas; he had found no trace of a real tapeworm, but he had heard a good deal about the imaginary one.

Still another doctor followed, and he was a blockbuster of a witness. He was the district surgeon of Cape Town, and nearly three months before the assassination he had by chance examined Tsafendas, who, referred by the Department of Social Welfare, had come around to his office to seek medical certification for a disability grant. And what had the district surgeon, who could have had no possible inkling of what the lawyers would seek to prove in October, put down about Tsafendas on his June report? "I put down 'schizophrenic,' " he said. The judge seemed impressed, and the Attorney General, who had cross-examined the earlier defense witnesses with some verve, hardly asked the district surgeon the time of day.

And now came a curious interlude. Four witnesses in a row—two men and their wives—were presented to the court. They all knew Tsafendas well. He had lived with them, for weeks or months. He had come to know them by corresponding with members of a sort of nameless religious sect to which they all rigorously adhered. They called themselves, non-titularly, "followers of Jesus Christ." They were all Colored. The first of them, Peter Daniels, who was a foreman in the inspection department of a furniture factory, seemed to receive special attention from Mr. Justice Beyers. "I'm interested in the reactions of an ordinary man," the judge



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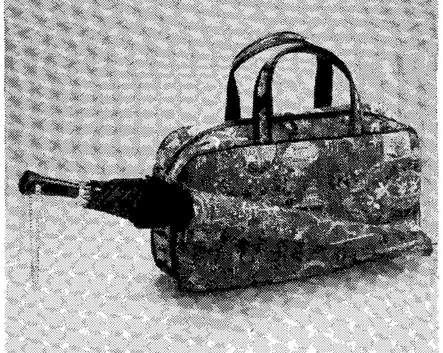
said. Daniels had had a lot to react to. Tsafendas, he testified, would keep his hat on at the table, and liked to spray chickens with water on hot days to cool them off. The judge said he sometimes did that himself. (Laughter.) Once, said Daniels, Tsafendas prepared a huge meal of steak, eggs, onions, and tomatoes, and gobbled it, like a dog, without benefit of utensils. Daniels said he had concluded then that Tsafendas was mad, and his wife, in her turn, said she had decided that he "wasn't all there." Among other things, she said, he used to keep his boots on in bed. And the other "followers of Jesus Christ" had similar unsettling experiences to recount. A schoolteacher named O'Ryan said that at *his* house Tsafendas had sometimes stayed in bed all day, and that when his host remonstrated with him, the guest had said his tapeworm sapped his energy. As for Mrs. O'Ryan, it seemed that she was often called upon at night to give Tsafendas a hunk of bread to soothe the hungry worm. One could not help wondering about the people who had so long played willing host to this queer man, who kept his hat and boots on at the wrong times and was himself the alleged involuntary host of so sinister a creature. During a recess, some of us talked to Daniels outside the courtroom. What, we asked, did he think the worm really was? "We believe that the evil in this man came from Satan" was the answer. Did Tsafendas talk politics? "Only in that he thought it was laughable that all over the world people were free to marry anyone of any color they chose but here you were told whom you could marry and whom you couldn't." Daniels added that the "followers of Jesus Christ" believed that there were only two kinds of people on earth—sheep and goats—and that on Judgment Day everybody would find out which kind he was, and his color wouldn't matter.

That afternoon, Mr. Justice Beyers, who had hardly stopped smiling all morning, began to look grim again when the defense came up with yet another psychiatrist. But this one, a youngish-looking doctor named Sakinofsky, was so self-assured and so knowledgeable that when he told the judge firmly that Tsafendas was schizophrenic and that the prognosis for his recovery was hopeless, the judge nodded.

BY the third day of the trial or sanity hearing, or whatever one chose to call it—a biographical picture of Tsafendas had begun to emerge.



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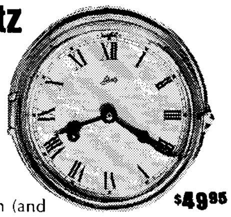

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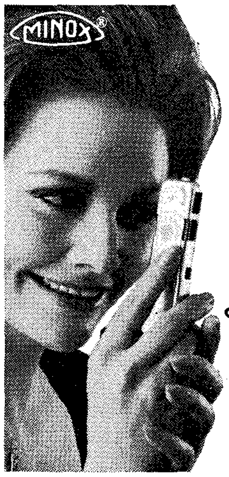

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Most of the details of his life had, to be sure, come from interviews with doctors, but while all the doctors agreed that he was delusional, they all seemed to agree also that he was probably fairly accurate in his account of his past. Between 1936, when he first became obsessed with his tapeworm, and 1966, when he stabbed Dr. Verwoerd, he had been extraordinarily peripatetic, though nobody explained satisfactorily where either the funds or the travel documents had come from that made his roaming possible. He had first been in Cape Town in 1941, when he'd joined the merchant marine. He'd gone to Canada, and late in 1942, it appeared, he had entered the United States illegally by walking across a frozen border river. For the next four years, until the United States finally deported him to Greece (presumably because of his name, since it is not certain that he ever held Greek citizenship and is more probable that legally he is a citizen of Portugal), he was in and out of American mental hospitals; he escaped from one of them, and later escaped from one in Germany. His travels also took in France, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, England, Belgium, Turkey, Lebanon, Egypt, and—always carrying the heavy burden of his delusionary tapeworm with him—he finally, early in 1965, migrated back to South Africa. He had spent a quarter of a century going everywhere and getting nowhere.

The witnesses during the third day pretty much reiterated what had been said before. A clinical psychologist who had given Tsafendas a white-adult test after his arrest (in South Africa there are separate psychological tests for Colored adults) like everyone else, testified that he had found him a man of better-than-average intelligence but one lacking in "meaningful interpersonal contacts." That was almost bound to make the judge react, and it did; he asked for clarification of the fancy talk. The tapeworm, inevitably, came in for considerable discussion. A neurologist who had talked to the defendant in prison told of trying without success to get Tsafendas off the subject of the worm. "It did not take long [for me] to realize that this worm was the central theme of his thoughts," the neurologist said. The worm had "disorganized his real personality and his relationship with the real world," the witness noted, and went on, "When I asked him what he would want if he could have one wish granted, I expected him to say he would want to be free. To my surprise, he said

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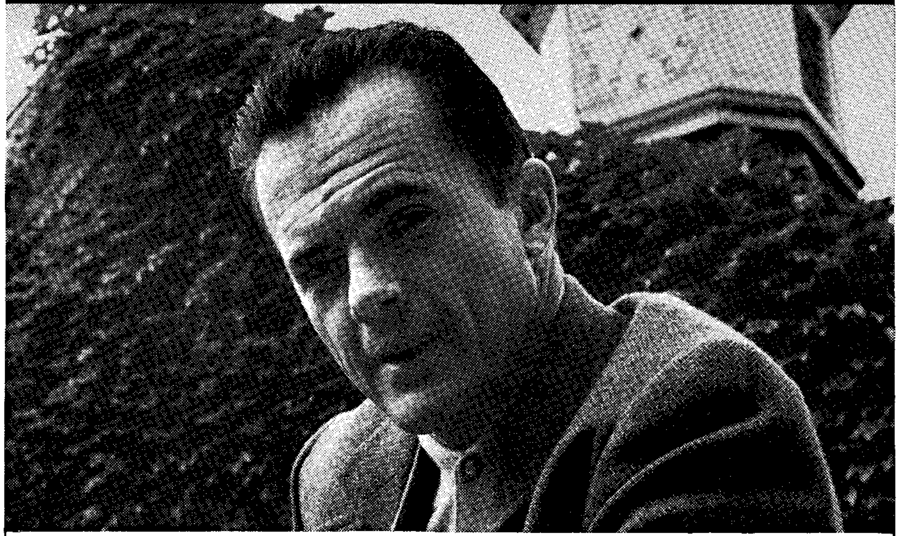

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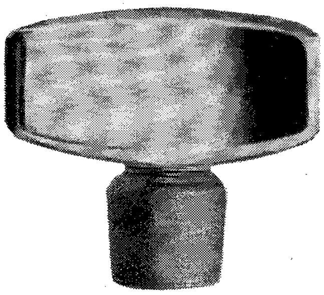

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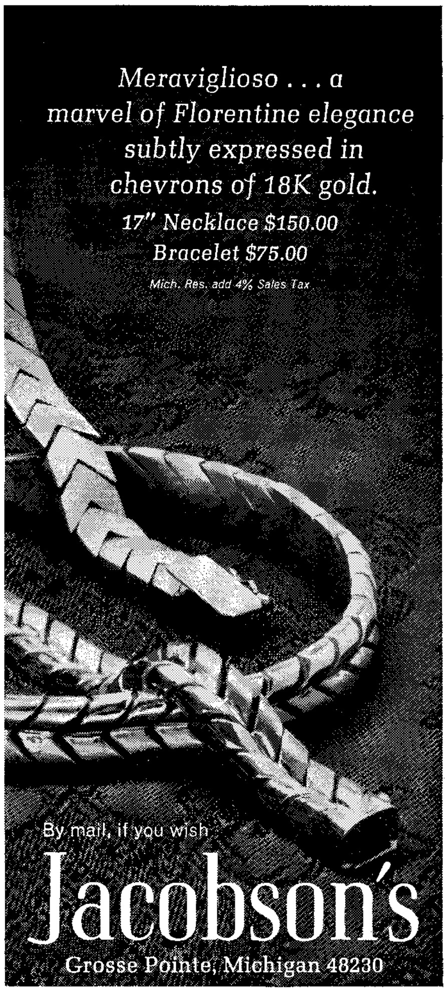
it would be to get rid of the worm.”

By the fourth day, the defense had no more witnesses, and it was the prosecution’s turn. To the spectator who had been in the courtroom thus far, it seemed likely that Mr. Justice Beyers had been persuaded that the man before him was not fit to stand trial. Whatever it was that afflicted the fellow, he clearly had a bad case of it. The prosecution did not challenge this notion. It produced only two witnesses, and they both agreed with the defense. Indeed, when one of the two gave it as his conclusion that Tsafendas could be characterized by “thought-blocking” and “a lack of contact with his surroundings,” the judicial question that followed showed how far Mr. Justice Beyers had swung around in his thinking. “Are these not textbook descriptions of schizophrenia?” asked the judge. How Tsafendas felt about the prospect of escaping the noose, or whether he had any feelings about it, was unknown.

The court had been in session only half an hour that fourth morning when the Attorney General suggested that His Lordship had heard enough to make a decision. It is part of the Mr. Justice Beyers legend that he never takes a note. He had not quite lived up to that reputation, but while his assessors had been furiously scrawling away on either side of him, he had set pen to paper only desultorily, and some of the time he had obviously been doodling. It is not often that any individual has the responsibility for passing judgment on the slayer of his country’s chief executive, and it would surely seem to be a time for measured words. Probably the judge had thought hard overnight about what he planned to say; in any event, after a mere fifteen-minute adjournment he returned to the bench and delivered himself of a fifty-five-minute, seemingly off-the-cuff address that won him new admiration. “This court is no less conscious of the momentous background to this case than anyone else in this country,” he said. “Once, however, the case is brought in a court of law, these considerations of the immensity of this crime and the effects it has on the people of this country—they really disappear.” He had quite a few points to cover. He knew, he said, that many South Africans—particularly those among whom Dr. Verwoerd was most cherished—were rugged men who believed in rugged retribution. “This is a civilized and, if I may proudly say, a highly civilized country,” he said, and continued, after a bit, “The principle is centuries old that men are not tried if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they are found to be insane. The question I have to ask is: Is the man before me a man that can be tried by a court of law, irrespective entirely of his mental condition at the time he committed the crime?" Now the judge harked back to the first day, when he had hectored Dr. Cooper. "At that stage it was obvious that the court was prepared to resist as far as it could suggestions that Tsafendas was not responsible for his actions. If Dr. Cooper got it, that was what the first man over the top could expect. It became clear, however, that there can be no doubt whatever that the man before me is a schizophrenic. . . . If this man were to pay with his life for what he has done, that would do nothing for us. It would make no difference to our loss. . . . To tell the truth, people come and go, but if this nation should lose its trust in its legal institutions and the bench, we would indeed have brought about humiliation and shame which would be an irreparable blot on this country. One of my assessors said that a great statesman such as Dr. Verwoerd, without any doubt, would have wished it no other way. I can expect a certain amount of shock and dissatisfaction among certain people, but I am sure that they will realize it could not be otherwise and that it is not humane, or Christian, to condemn mentally ill people. When the law says he is not responsible for his actions, it is not only legally right but humanly right, too. You cannot have a feeling of revenge against sick people, and I cannot do other than come to the conclusion that the accused is a deeply, tremendously sick disturbed person and his actions do not spring from a rational state of mind. It is my duty to order that this person, Demitrio Tsafendas, be taken from here to a jail and be held there at the State President's pleasure."

By noon, the street outside the courthouse, a magnet no longer for Cape Town's curiosity-seekers, was deserted. South Africans are aware that their detention laws and their disregard of habeas corpus from time to time have put them in a bad light abroad (not that some of them much care; they bask in their own self-generated light), and they are generally pleased that this grubby, scruffy man who meanly infiltrated their holiest sanctum and who deserved so little at their hands has been accorded such civilized justice. And the way it all ended might seem to give cause for certain satisfaction locally. Tsafendas, after all, has not been publicly revealed to have any political connections. If he had turned out to have Communist or black-African affili-

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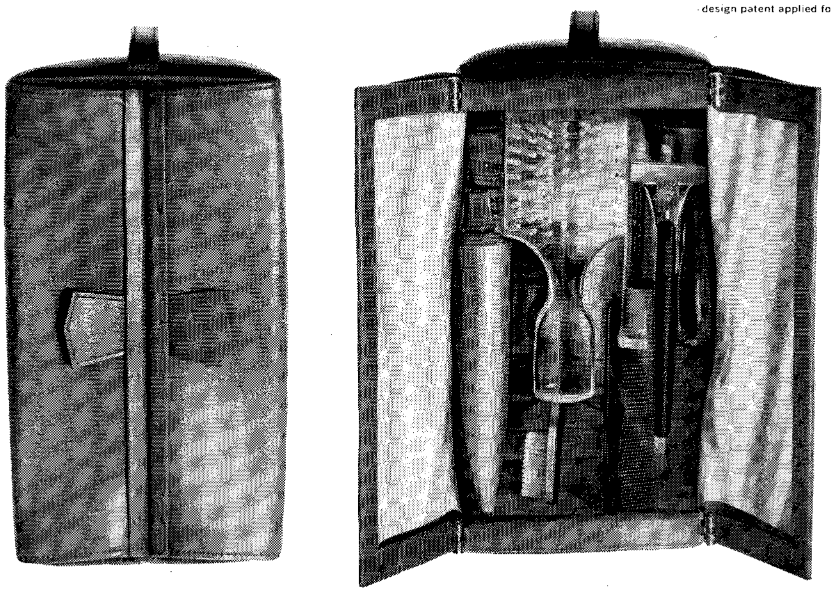

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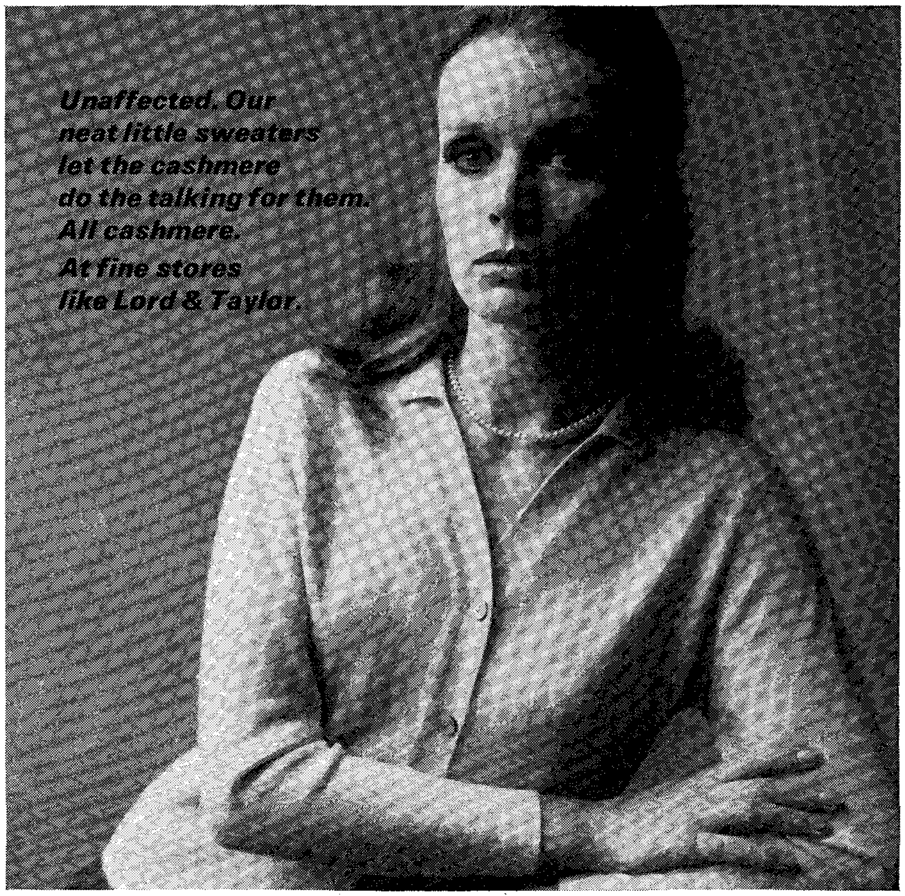

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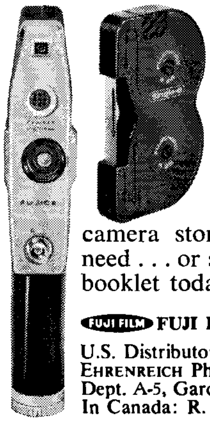

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ations, things could have been stickier. And, from his being certifiably insane, South Africans can readily infer that no sane person would have attempted to do bodily harm to their leader.

What is to happen to Tsafendas next is anybody's guess. Few people are likely to get a glimpse of him again. The story goes that a short time after the court proceedings ended, Cooper, the advocate, went to the jail to see how his client was reacting to his escape from the gallows. Tsafendas was fast asleep. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

A carbon copy of the following letter from Greg Pearson, Denver Republican congressional candidate, was received by The Denver Post Saturday. The original, Pearson said in an accompanying note, was routinely mailed Friday. It is reproduced in its entirety:

"The Lord
"Divine Avenue
"Heaven

"Dear Lord:

"I know You are with me in my campaign, but sometimes I wonder how You carry out your designs.

"Remember when I was scheduled to leave Viet Nam on Sept. 1, but then the hurricane came up, canceling all flights out of the country? I couldn't get out until Sept. 5. Of course, we know not even my strongest opponents could cause a hurricane!

"But anyway, thanks to You, I did finally make it safely back home.

"But You know what? Since I started my campaign almost three weeks ago, I've lost three car-top signs. It seems every time a sudden gust of wind comes up, I'm out on an open road and the wind rips the sign off. Now I'm not too concerned about the effects of this on my campaign—but I'd sure hate to be arrested for being a litterbug!

"The latest problem occurred today. I was all set to do some door-to-door work, which I do every day. So what happens? It snows.

"Now, Lord, I know You've got every right to do anything You want to do, but I wonder if You could just kind of hold off a little bit until after the Nov. 8 elections?

"Of course, I do really appreciate all the help You've given me.

"By the way, is there any way I could get Your endorsement? You know, publicly, so I could have it published?

"I mean, my opponent's got Lyndon on his side. You know how powerful Lyndon is. Sometimes he even acts like, eh, well, You know WHO I mean.

"Anyway, Lord, I'd appreciate anything You could do for me.

"Sincerely,
"GREG PEARSON"
—*Denver Post.*

DEAR GREG:

In all future communications, please use the proper Zip Code.

Sincerely,
YOU KNOW WHO

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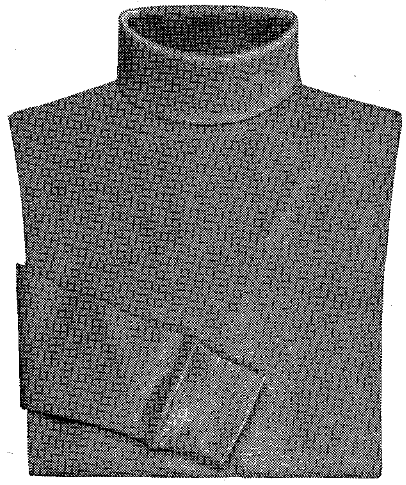

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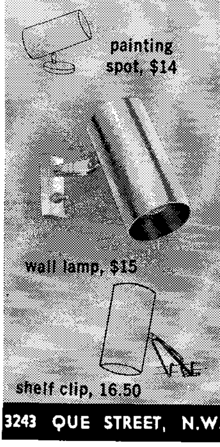

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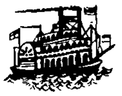

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Women in Love

“LOVES OF A BLONDE” is a pleasant little Czechoslovakian comedy, directed with a kind heart and yet much wit by Milos Forman. It is common practice in Europe for a screenplay to be the work of several hands; in the present instance, the screenplay was written by Jaroslav Papousek, Ivan Passer, and Mr. Forman, and the wonder is that three men—each, one supposes, burning with the usual writer’s eagerness to impose a grand private view of the world on the world—have been able to keep their joint creation so unassuming in its ambitions for itself. The movie seems to say that it will be content if it can prompt us to feel a continuous mild rueful amusement over the plight of a girl roused to love and then rebuffed, and it expects us to draw from her story no moral more profound than that it isn’t easy to be young. To dramatize this hand-me-down truth, Mr. Forman and his colleagues offer what amounts to two trifling, loosely connected anecdotes. In the first anecdote, three not very bright, not very attractive soldiers try to pick up three not very bright, not very attractive girls at a dance in the ballroom of a hotel in a small factory town in the environs of Prague. The soldiers’ clumsiness and the girls’ inexperience cause the inauspicious adventure to miscarry, and one of the girls ends the evening, to her astonishment, in the bed of a young pianist who has come from Prague to play at the dance. In the second anecdote, the girl, acting on the pianist’s offhand suggestion that she might like to visit him someday, unexpectedly turns up at his parents’ flat in Prague. The young man is out with another girl, and his fat, sleepy parents are far from cordial; reluctantly, they permit her to sleep on a couch in the living room, while their son, on finally returning home, is obliged, for the sake of propriety, to spend the night with them. Humiliated but by no means despairing, the girl returns to the factory town and sets about the slow, necessary task of transforming her wretchedness into romance.

Like the early Chaplin, Mr. Forman practices a sentimentality so pure that making constant fun of his characters does nothing to violate it. He has a sharp but forgiving eye, and the pickup

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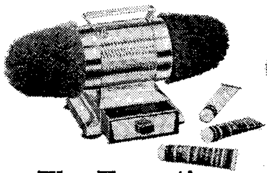

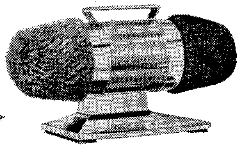

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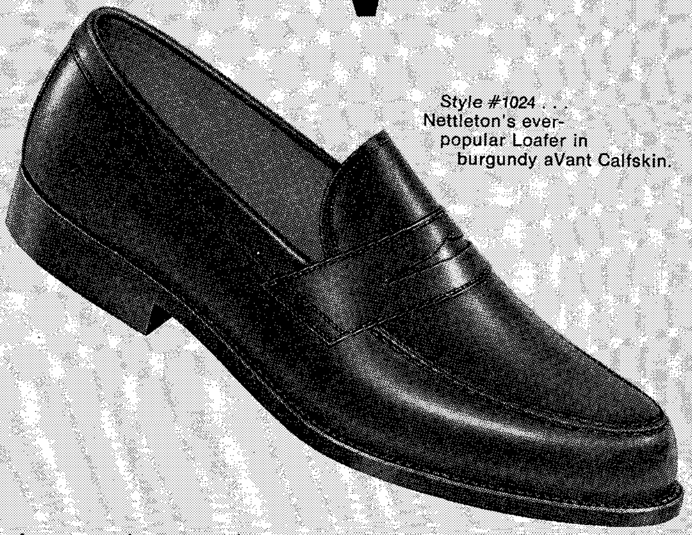

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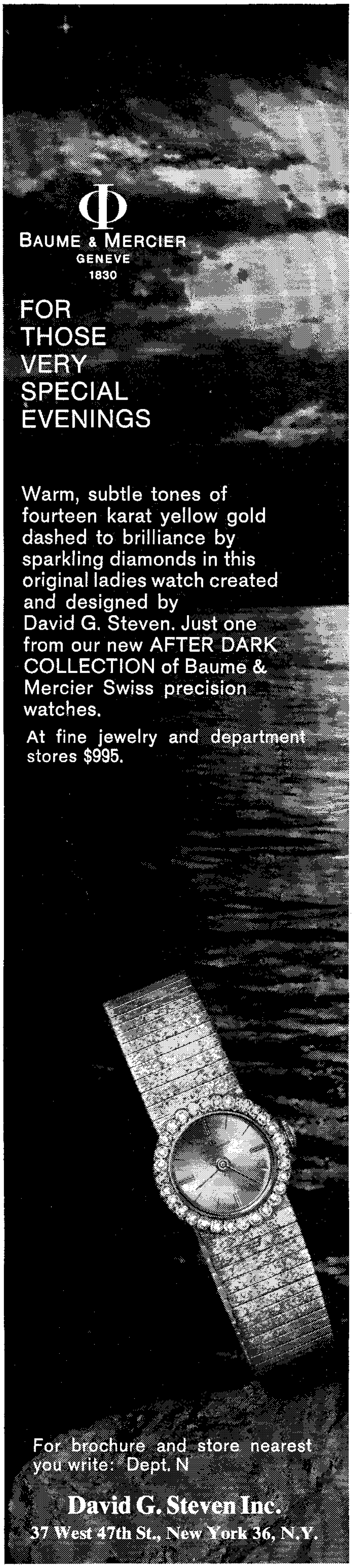

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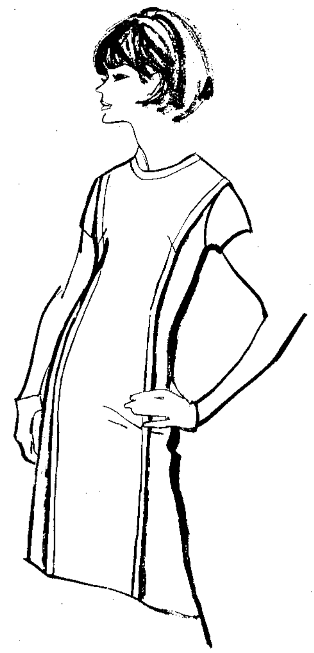
scene in the hotel and the scene of the young man sharing an enormous, rumpled bed with his grumpy father and inexhaustibly talkative mother are nearly as touching as they are funny. The girl is played by Hana Brejchova, and the pianist by Vladimir Pucholt. Mr. Forman's stamp is upon them and upon the rest of his small cast, as it is upon every detail of the movie, down to the mausoleumlike corridors of a provincial hotel and the scuffed paint of a kitchen door.

IF "Loves of a Blonde" is a model of how to make a movie, "10:30 P.M. Summer" is a model of how not to make one. The major defect is its script, which was written by Marguerite Duras and Jules Dassin and is at once so flimsy and so pretentious that it sets one's teeth on edge. A middle-aged Englishman, his alcoholic wife, his icy mistress, and his dreary little daughter are driving through the Spanish countryside on their way to Madrid. It is late and is raining *gatos y perros*. The grisly family group reaches a small town, where arrangements are made to spend the night in an overcrowded hotel. A young man of the town has just shot his wife and her lover dead, and the police (with a zeal implausible in that country in such weather and for such a crime) are searching every foot of the town for him. It is with the working out of the relationship among the husband, the wife, the mistress, and the murderer that the movie concerns itself, but the action of the plot is not so much forward as groaningly round and round, like a beast turning a mill. We see clearly enough the trouble the characters are in, but we are given no clue to how they got there. What are they doing in Spain? Is this a family holiday? If so, why has the wife insisted on bringing along the mistress? If not, why the child? And why has the mistress consented to come? Why does the wife, observing with dolorous, bloodshot eye her husband's infidelity, decide to help the murderer escape? Simply because they are both victims? Or because she admires his willingness to act boldly? The movie is full of symbolic deeds but few real ones, and it ends with the most symbolic and most irritating deed of all—we hear the husband vainly bellowing his wife's name over the gloomy rooftops of Madrid. Dead or alive, she has escaped him, and we can be sure that henceforth the love between him and his mistress will be but dust and ashes.

Melina Mercouri plays the ravaged wife, Peter Finch (looking oddly fore-



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shortened and distrait) plays the husband, and Romy Schneider plays the mistress. They are all at their worst, thanks to the showy, raddled direction of Mr. Dassin. On a level with the direction are the portentous music, by Cristobal Halffter, and the prettified color photography, by Gabor Pogany.

"THE PROFESSIONALS" is a Western with a college education, and suffers accordingly. Richard Brooks, who directed the movie and is the author of its screenplay, has a weakness for what he must believe are classy literary effects, and you never heard such highfalutin stichomythy in all your born days. When one gimlet-eyed feller says, "I'll be damned," the second gimlet-eyed feller says, "Aren't we all?" ("Oscar Wilde West," my companion whispered at that juncture, and I realized that the provocation had been too great to bear in silence.) Later in the movie, from the lips of a Mexican bandit engaged in shooting it out with an ex-buddy, we get a fancy homily on how revolution begins as a mistress and ends as a whore, and I sat fidgeting and praying for the bullet that would put an end to his undergraduate philosophizing.

The period of the movie is around 1918, some time after the failure of General Pershing's punitive expedition into Mexico, and the plot is a serviceable one, with a couple of ironic, O. Henry-like twists at the end. Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin, Robert Ryan, and Woody Strode make up a hard-bitten crew of Americans whose job is to steal across the Mexican border and locate the wife of a wealthy American oilman; she has been kidnapped by the aforesaid Mexican bandit-philosopher-revolutionist, and if the four can spirit her away from him and the ragtag, freebooting army that he commands, they will be paid ten thousand dollars apiece—more money than any of them has ever seen. The Mexican bandit is played by Jack Palance, the oilman by Ralph Bellamy, and the wife by Claudia Cardinale, who has evidently been coached to assume a certain facial expression and who takes care never to let it go. The picture was shot on location in California and Nevada; it is beautiful, desolate country, and has been well filmed in color by Conrad Hall.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

The soles of the feet are generally used in footprinting.—*Fall River (Mass.) Herald News.*

By straight thinkers, anyway.

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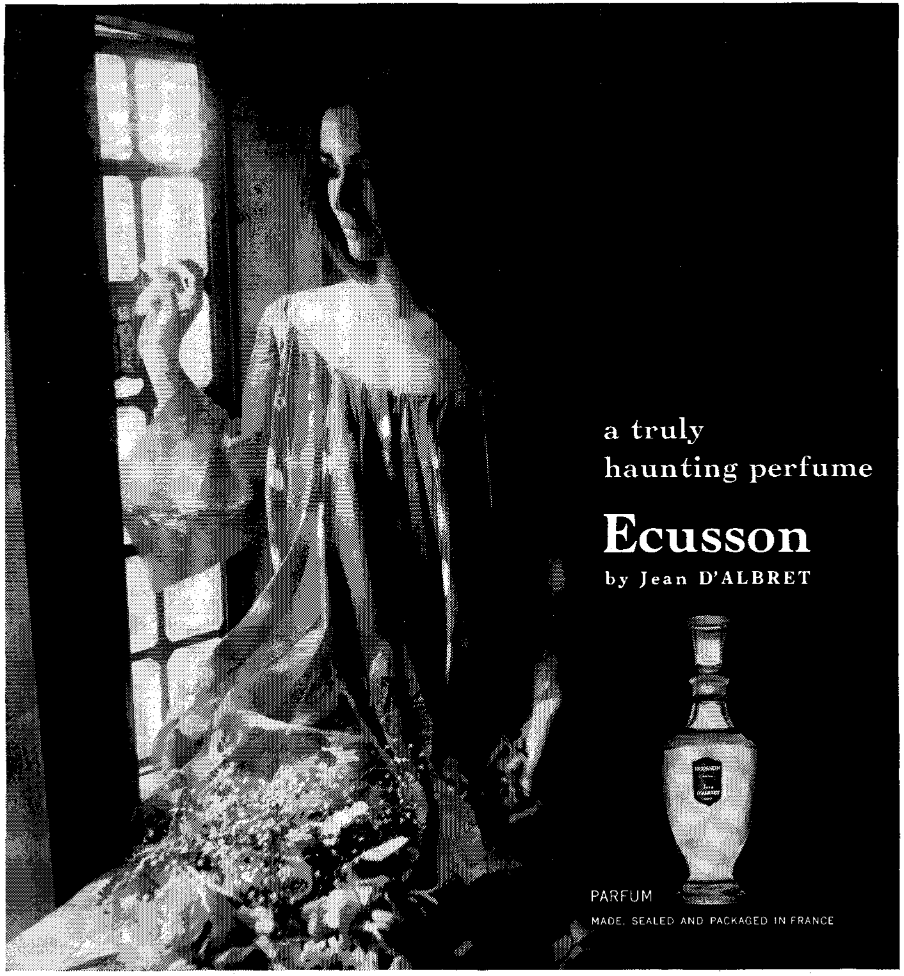

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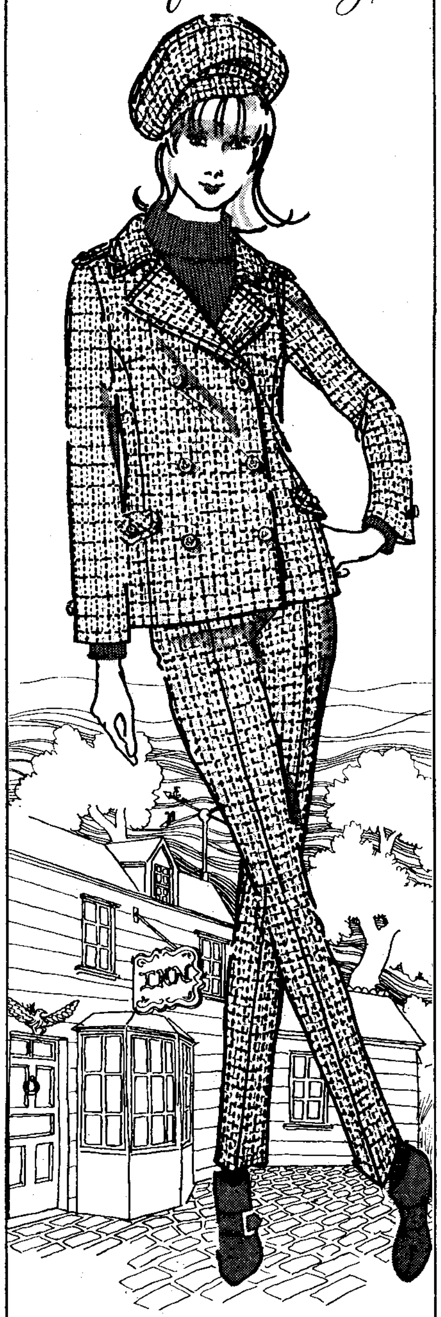

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THE REVANCHE

BEFORE the First World War, Sopron-Ödenburg was one of the largest garrison cities of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It was an élite garrison. Barons, counts, dukes, and occasionally an archduke strolled with fellow-officers on Sunday mornings along the main boulevard (now renamed Lenin Körút). In the sky-blue, green-and-scarlet-braided tunics of their respective regiments, and with clinking spurs and mighty sabres, they were much admired by the burghers, and especially by the ladies. Sunday afternoons were given over to privates and noncommissioned officers, who promenaded with maids from households in every corner of the city.

The military was a fluctuating element in a society that had remained unchanged for centuries. Sopron-Ödenburg went back to the time of the Romans. During the Middle Ages, it was a fortified frontier town, and for a few years even a royal residence. Most of the burghers could trace their histories back to the medieval guilds, and any family whose tree stopped short of two hundred years was likely to be regarded as foreign. Nevertheless, the soldiers were an accepted part of the city's life. Indeed, it was conditioned by them. When taps sounded from the Army barracks, the burghers retired, and when a trumpet signalled that a platoon was on its way to the exercise grounds they awoke. Merchants depended on the soldiers' pay for their business (although privates earned as little as three cents a day), and at night the officers bought champagne for the chorus girls of the city theatre.

It was an exciting atmosphere for a boy to grow up in. By the age of seven, I was imbued with the prevailing spirit of patriotism and knew the ranks from corporal to lieutenant general almost before I could spell simple words. We boys were in constant attendance at the exercise grounds and often marched behind the brass band.

My Uncle Solomon, himself a former sergeant with the Hussars, gave me an additional education in military matters. He was the only Jewish baker in town—a seventh-generation baker, he liked to say, for the Jewish population in Sopron-Ödenburg, too, had antecedents dating back many centuries. When I was eight, I used to rush to the bakery in the Kirchengasse every day after school. I was Uncle Solomon's favorite nephew—his wife, Hannah, was my mother's cousin—and I had been elected to wake him from his afternoon nap. I would find him slumped in a chair, his large bald head resting on a table. While he slept, giant logs burned in the oven, heating it to the right temperature for baking. At precisely three o'clock, when I heard the bell of the Evangelical Church nearby, I would touch him on the shoulder. He would look at me with one eye, stretch, rise, and lift me high in the air, my stomach tingling. "You're a good boy," he would say, easing me back to earth. Then he commanded me to stand straight and he himself came to attention. "*Habt acht!*" he would shout. "Chin up! Chest out! Stomach in! That's the boy." He stepped smartly to the oven while I followed at a march.

After this ritual, he went about the business of baking. Descending into a shallow pit, he took up a mammoth poker and hammered the glimmering logs into ash. This he brushed from the oven, replacing it with pale, lifeless dough, thrust deep inside on a paddle. As he worked, pearls of perspiration collected on his bristling red mustache. I liked to watch the dough turn pink and brown and become transformed into the familiar bread and rolls sold out in the front of the store. Customers came from everywhere—even Kapuvár, thirty kilometres away—Jews and Gentiles alike. Aunt Hannah did the selling, while Uncle sat behind the counter writing tiny Hebrew characters in his account book. Peasants paid only once a year, at harvest time.

I still remember every corner of that mysterious realm: the dark, deep doorway, the narrow winding stairs leading up to the living quarters, the dormitory where the six baker's helpers lived and slept, three at a time, while the others worked their twelve-hour shift. I spent hours there, watching Uncle at work and listening to his stories. They were mostly about his younger years. After an apprenticeship with his father, he had been dispatched to Vienna to learn how to make fancy pastry. He told me about his evenings at the Theater an der Wien, where he listened to Strauss and Lehár operettas. He could whistle all the principal themes. And when he recounted his visits to the Hofburg-

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The names of our villages run to cute, abstract or British (see picture above). They can also be cheery: Buck-Up. Or vivid: Cut Throat Hill. Or plain coo-coo: Catadupa, Cookie Bar Point.

Jamaican women have far-away-sounding names: Vernice, Linnet, Lurlene. Men are named Winston or Eglin or Chang. And sometimes Winston Chang.

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At cocktails, we sip Beady-Eyed Birdies or Bamboozles (often made with a rum named Charley) as we nibble hard-boiled Booby Eggs.

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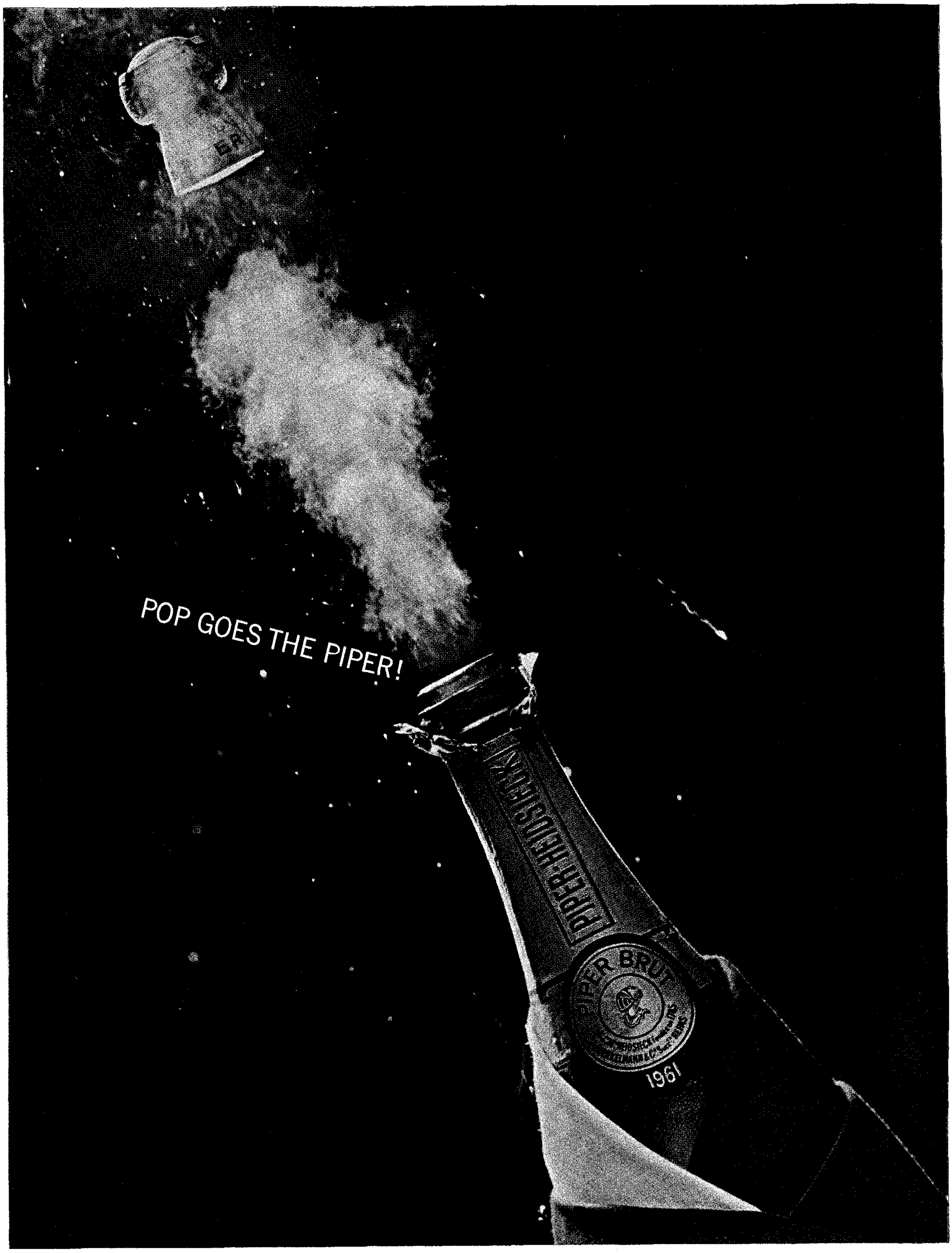
And almost any hot liquid is Tea (Coffee Tea, Cocoa Tea) except soup, which is Chew-Water.

Our beer is Red Stripe. It's slang for policeman, too (red stripe on trousers). So when we say "mon, you no careful de red stripe get you," we're pulling your leg in two directions.

For more of Jamaica's fun and names, see your local travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Miami, Los Angeles, Toronto.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theater, he would stand before the oven, lift one arm dramatically, and recite Schiller, Goethe, and Shakespeare. Probably the most exciting tales of all were drawn from his *Wanderjahre* through Germany. Like most Jews of his generation, he was enthusiastically pro-German. "Richard," he would say, "one day you must see it with your own eyes—München, Hamburg, and Berlin! The tremendous traffic, the crowds of people, the Untergrundbahn that takes you in a couple of minutes from one part of the city to another." And I never tired of hearing about the parade he had witnessed on the Potsdamer Platz, where the Kaiser stood on a platform reviewing his troops. "Infantry, Richard! Cavalry! Cannon as big as our city tower!"

And sometimes Uncle would tell me about his three years in service with the Hussars. He was the best marksman in the whole 9th Regiment, and he had a medal to prove it. It still adorned his tunic, which hung in a closet, and though I had seen it many times, I was never permitted to touch it. "*Ja*, Richard," he often said, "those were great times. Then a soldier was a real soldier. We took the oath to defend His Majesty and our country, and we meant it. But how the world has changed. . . ."

My father often warned me to keep away from Uncle's establishment: it was unventilated and filthy.

"But I get sugar-coated horns," I said.

That was precisely what he didn't like. And he had no use for Uncle Solomon. "That *Dummkopf!*" he called him.

I was torn in my loyalty between the two men. I loved them both, and I wished that they might be friends. They never were. There were hardly two people more unalike.

Father came to Sopron-Ödenburg from northern Hungary (now Czechoslovakia) when he was nineteen. He was the black sheep in an upper-middle-class family. One of his uncles was a surgeon general, and another a famous gynecologist and director of the Jewish Hospital in Budapest. The family name derived from the name of the town. Father became interested in politics while he was still in the *Gymnasium*. He was dismissed from school after distributing antigovernment leaflets, and subsequently he ran away to Budapest, where he became a printer's apprentice. Soon he was involved in the trade-union movement and was sent to Sopron-Ödenburg, where a modern industry

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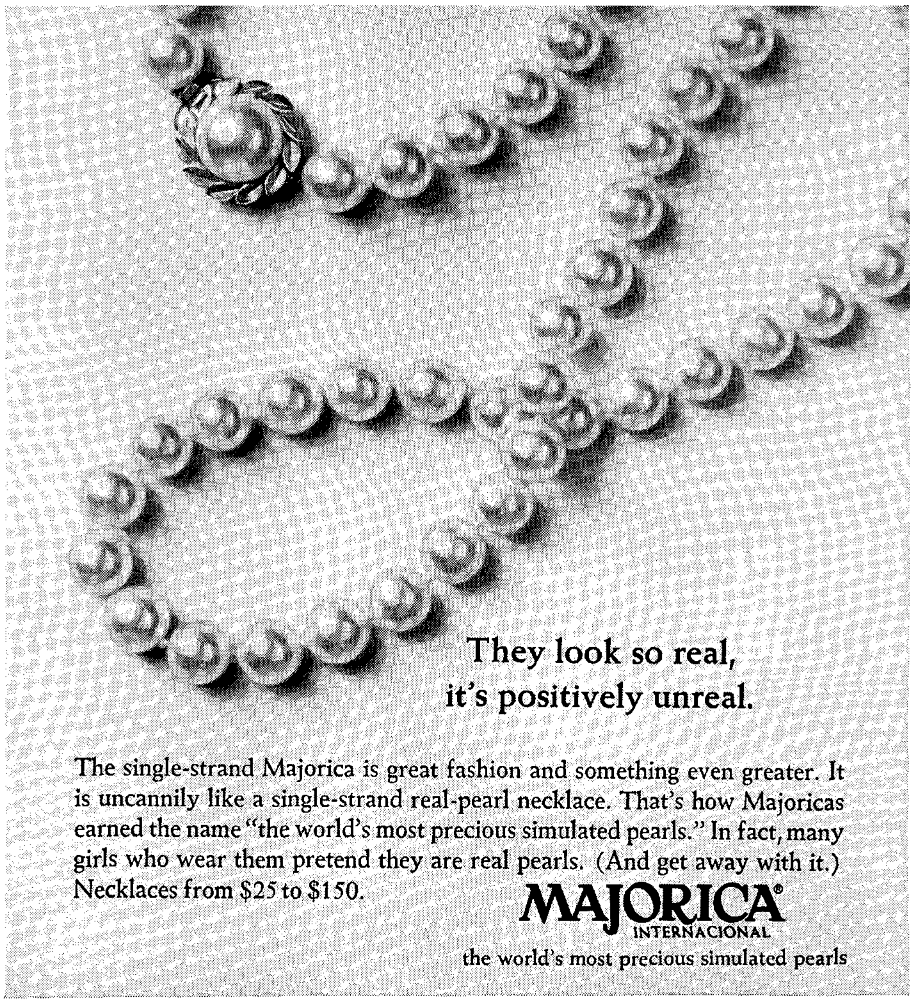

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had just started. He began organizing workers—first a small steel plant, then a button factory, then a coal mine, and eventually the workers in small shops, Uncle's bakery included. He must have had a hard time, a "foreigner" in our arch-conservative city, and in those early days visits of the police to the house of "the anarchist and Socialist" were frequent. But by the time I was conscious of the world around me, Father had established himself. He was head of the union council and the workers' social-security panel, which maintained out-patient clinics for sick workingmen and their families. We lived in a house owned by the panel. It was the former mansion of a count—a seventeenth-century baroque building. Our living quarters were on the second floor—tremendous rooms, with walls so thick they could have withstood an assault from the whole garrison. From our windows, there was a view across a courtyard to the clinics, where posters above the entrances read, "THE THINKING WORKER DOES NOT DRINK—THE DRINKING WORKER DOES NOT THINK!" and "DO NOT SPIT IN THE OPEN AIR—TUBERCULOSIS IS MURDERER NO. 1."

I have a photograph of Father dating from that period. He is the central figure in a group of determined-looking men wearing large cravats. He has an ample crop of hair and side whiskers, but only the beginnings of a mustache. He used to be embarrassed by his youthful appearance, Mother told me. But even then his voice was strong. I often listened outside the door when he spoke at union meetings. These were held in a room next to our apartment, the former state hall. Handsome old crystal chandeliers hung from the ceiling, but the light came from sober, unshaded electric bulbs. I would hear words like "exploitation" and "class struggle," followed by applause. Once, I asked Father to explain the meanings of these words.

"Well," he said, "you're old enough, and I suppose you should know a few things. It's like this, Richard. There are wealthy people, and there are poor people. And we must find ways to give everybody his share—enough to eat, a decent place to live in, healthy working conditions. Not like the filth those baker's helpers live in—a dozen men stuffed into one little room."

"There are only six," I protested.

"Well, six, seven, whatever—it's bad enough."

I should have known that Father would implicate Uncle's bakery, and

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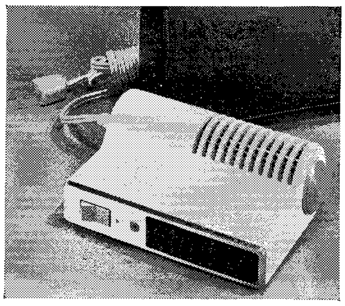

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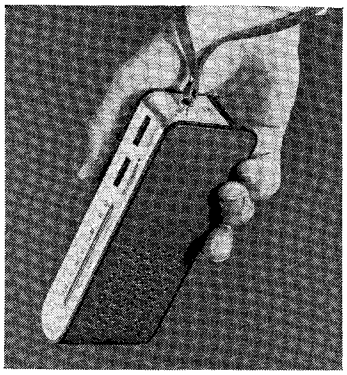

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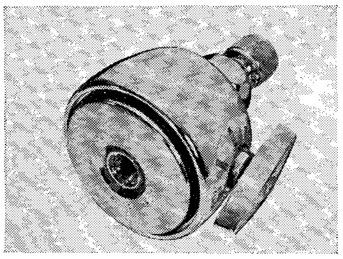

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many months passed before I again showed any curiosity about his work.

One of my earliest recollections is of a local election campaign. It was for a municipal councilmanship, and Father was the workers' candidate—a hopeless prospect in a Protestant district inhabited mostly by well-to-do winegrowers. A poll tax prevented the majority of the workers from casting votes. Father's opponent was the scion of an old, wealthy Protestant family. Most of the Jews—themselves well-to-do citizens—were for Father's opponent, and Uncle was no exception. He would not speak openly, but one day he read me an article from a local anti-Semitic weekly directed against Father's candidacy. Some of the charges were so clearly directed at all Jews that I thought Uncle would now be forced to come to Father's defense. I waited while he folded up the paper and wiped his silver-rimmed spectacles.

"I still recall, Richard, when Jews could not vote—and now some would like to run the whole show. It does not do us any good!" He wagged a finger at the newspaper. "Jews should think twice before running for a public office. We are equal before God, yes, but there are limits. It is bad enough to try to push into office, but to be against the government *besides!*"

That night, I refused to eat. When Father came in, he observed me for a while, looked into my throat, and took my temperature. Obviously, I was in sound health. What was wrong, he asked me.

"Nothing," I mumbled.

He shrugged and settled down to his dinner. He and Mother discussed the campaign. Then he turned to me again. "What is it? Troubles in school?"

"No," I blurted, "it's you—Jews should not run for office—"

"What!" He half rose from his chair, as though to strike me. "Who told you that?" he shouted. "That old *Dummkopf*."

"Please," my mother said.

He turned on her. "It's also your fault. You should watch where the boy spends his time."

I cried, Mother cried, and the episode ended with Father's order that I must never again go to the bakery.

I felt guilty for having betrayed Uncle's feelings, and I was prepared to stay away for a while. In any event, there was much to keep me occupied at home. The election campaign was growing more intense. Anonymous letters threatened Father's life, and he

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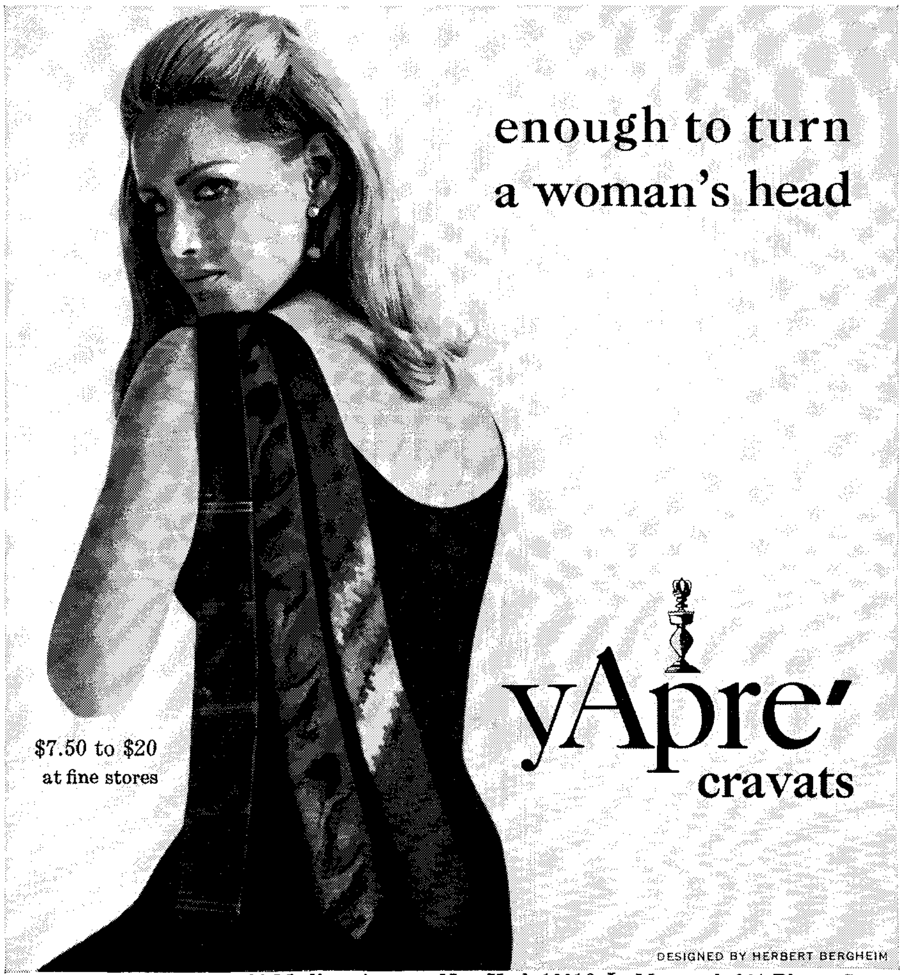
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was accompanied everywhere by bodyguards—two stern, heavily mustachioed coal miners. At night, the entrance to our apartment was barricaded, and we lived as though in a fortress. This was exciting, and I could not help feeling pleased when I heard that Father was beginning to win over new support. The campaign meetings moved from the back room of a little inn into the open air. Finally, the day came. Father was elected by a tiny majority. The crucial vote came from the winegrowers, whom Father had persuaded to vote along with the workers, on the ground that they were workers also. Besides, there had been a dip in prices on the wine market; the winegrowers were ready to risk a change.

That night, there was a great victory celebration in our courtyard, which was jammed with people holding torches aloft. They sang one song over and over:

> *"Brüder zur Sonne, zur Freiheit,*
> *Brüder zum Lichte empor."*

AFTER the election, our household returned to normal, and I began to think wistfully of the bakery. Father was busy with his new political role and seemed to take no notice of me. My circles around the bakery grew smaller and smaller, and finally one day I woke Uncle from his afternoon nap at the appointed time. He gave no sign of noticing that I had been away. He commanded me to stand at attention, and I obeyed with a snap. In a minute, we were comrades again.

On Tuesdays, the Sunday edition of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* arrived, and Uncle would read aloud the exciting news from the Balkan Peninsula—Bulgaria, Turkey, Greece—and Serbia and Montenegro, those two allies of Russia and the potential enemies of Austria. "We shouldn't wait!" he thundered. "A preventive war could crush those midgets like lice!"

"And what would Russia say?" I asked, for I was becoming quite knowledgeable about the international scene.

"Ha, ha—that giant with clay feet," he said.

"And France?"

"She wouldn't dare interfere. One day, you'll learn about her defeat at Sedan by the great Bismarck—and as for the British, the German U-boats would soon take care of her navy."

At home, when Father and the sombre shop stewards met, I listened to another version. When the warmongers in Vienna, St. Petersburg, and other capitals unleashed a general war, the workers would strike. The inter-

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national labor movement would stop that nonsense even before it started. They believed in the popular labor slogan "All wheels would stand still, if only your strong arm wills it."

Each time Aunt Hannah found her husband reading to me from the *Neue Freie Presse*, she sounded her warning "Solomon!" Uncle did not argue with his wife. She was a tiny, thin woman with large, pitch-black eyes, and always on the run. In the morning, she counted the rolls into delivery baskets, talked to customers about their problems, scurried upstairs to put the apartment in order, and returned to supervise the helpers. Much of the afternoon she spent mending the laundry. And still she found time to meet my mother a half-dozen times a day.

The two women were not only relatives but friends, and the aversion their husbands had for each other did not disturb their mutual affection. They tried hard to establish a token relationship between our families, and I recall a few times when we were visited by Uncle Solomon and Aunt Hannah or when we called on them. The two men would sit stiffly and address each other in the most constrained manner. On one occasion, shortly after Father had begun to organize the workers of smaller shops, Uncle spoke about the destruction of the paternal relationship between the worker and his master.

"But aren't you a worker?" my father said.

"What do you mean!" Uncle snapped.

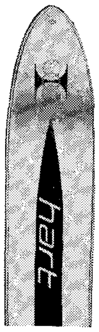
"You work fourteen hours a day. You hardly find time to relax. That makes you a worker, doesn't it?"

"I am a *Bürger*," Uncle said haughtily. "I pay taxes. I have nothing to do with workers."

A chilly silence fell on everyone.

Then something happened that severed our family relations. Uncle liked to tell me ghost stories and recount his dreams, which he took very seriously. Although both his parents had been dead for many years, he would consult with them about business matters. One day, he seemed depressed. I watched him while he stirred the logs in the oven, and then I asked him what was wrong.

He put his poker aside. "Last night," he said quietly, "I had a long talk with Mother. She wore her black kerchief with the white fringe—the one she wore only on the high holy days. 'Solomon,' she said, 'I'm lonesome for you. Aren't you my favorite son? You must join me.' I said it was impossible—who would care for the bakery? But she



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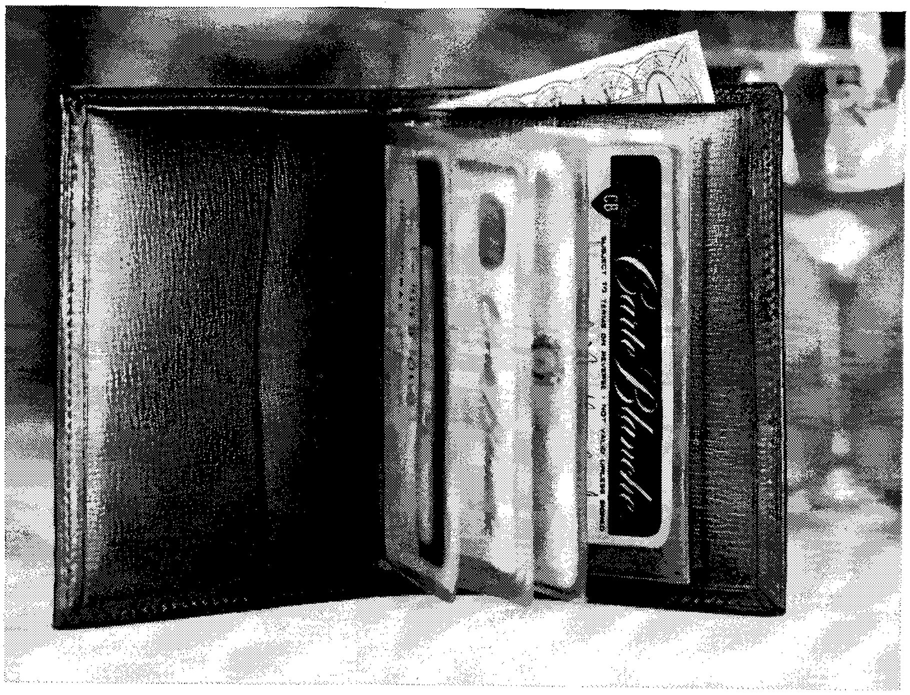

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only shook her head. 'Tomorrow at noon,' she said. 'I'll be waiting for you.' Then she disappeared."

I felt my throat tightening. "But it was just a dream," I said.

"Mother was a strong-willed woman," Uncle said with finality, and went back to look after the oven.

As soon as I left him, I searched for Aunt. I found her scrubbing a floor upstairs. "Poor Uncle!" I cried. In a quavering voice, I told her about his dream, and when I finished she burst out laughing. I felt foolish. Nevertheless, I could not rid myself of the presentiment that Uncle was going to die, and I thought of nothing else until bedtime.

The next day at school, I feigned illness, and the teacher excused me. I hurried to the bakery. In the oven, the logs had been neatly arranged, ready to be lighted by Uncle at noon. I crept up the stairs and into his room. He was sleeping peacefully, the billowing quilts above him moving gently up and down. His nightcap was tilted over one eye. I settled down beside the bed and watched him, waiting for the church bell.

On the last stroke, Aunt Hannah appeared at the threshold. She did not see me. "Solomon!" she called. "It's time to light the oven. Your mother must have changed her mind."

I jumped to my feet.

"What are you doing here?" she said. "You should be in school. Go back immediately!"

Uncle opened his eyes, stretched, and sat up. His eyes caught mine. "Go back to school," he said sheepishly.

I went to a park nearby and spent the afternoon wandering aimlessly and throwing stones into water puddles. There were no children around, and it was a boring day. When I arrived home, I found Mother in a frantic state. She had been notified by the teacher of my "illness" and thought I might be lying half dead in an alley. I couldn't be found anywhere. In spite of my explanation, I got a sound thrashing, and that was not the end of it. She reported everything to Father—something she had never done before when I had misbehaved.

He flew into a rage. "Everywhere my word means something but at home!" he shouted. "How many times have I told the boy to keep away from that place! He has been frightened by that *Dummkopf!*"

I began to cry. "But Uncle did not die," I said. "I didn't want him to die, and he didn't."

"That's what I mean," Father said.

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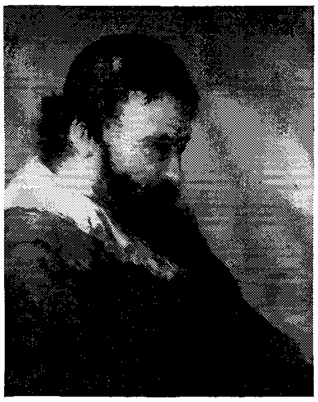

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"He frightened you. It's stupid and cruel."

I expected to be punished, and was surprised when Father told me to sit down and sat beside me. "Listen, Richard," he said calmly. "Uncle told you a story, and I'm sure he has told you similar stories. I don't want you ever to listen to such talk. You must never—I mean *never*—go back to him again."

IN the beginning, I felt bad—as though Uncle Solomon really had died. But gradually Father replaced him as my mentor. On Sunday mornings, we walked through the woods in the foothills of the Alps. We collected cyclamen, which, in the shade of the mammoth fir trees, grew very large. And Father, who was raised in forest country, taught me to distinguish between edible and poisonous mushrooms. I listened with greater interest than before to his stories about the out-patient clinics. In simple terms, he explained the theory of preventive medicine to me. He was a very articulate man, and I began to acquire a rudimentary grasp of his ideas. More important, I felt that I was sharing what lay closest to his heart. In military matters, however, we remained irreconcilable. "Why do we need all those soldiers?" Father said repeatedly. "It must lead to a war."

"But we'd beat them, wouldn't we?" I always answered enthusiastically.

This sort of talk seemed purely theoretical. We lived in an aura of peace. The stores were crammed with merchandise. The coffeehouses prospered. The officers were more elegant than ever, and their parties were big social events. They were held in the garden of the country club, which, for the day, was enclosed within a high board fence painted green. The burghers, excluded from the spectacle inside, would prance up and down on the sidewalk. We boys, naturally, scaled the fence and spied on the glittering guests below—the officers in their best uniforms, and their ladies in dresses with deep décolletage, the mayor, the big industrialists, and a few city councilmen.

In the spring of 1914, Uncle fell ill. For the first time in two years, Aunt Hannah came to our house. She cried as she described how she had found him lying on the floor before the oven. (He must have had a coronary, which at that period could not be diagnosed.) His condition was so serious that we could not visit him for three weeks. I accompanied my parents and was much shaken when I saw him. He had aged, and his face had become thin and as

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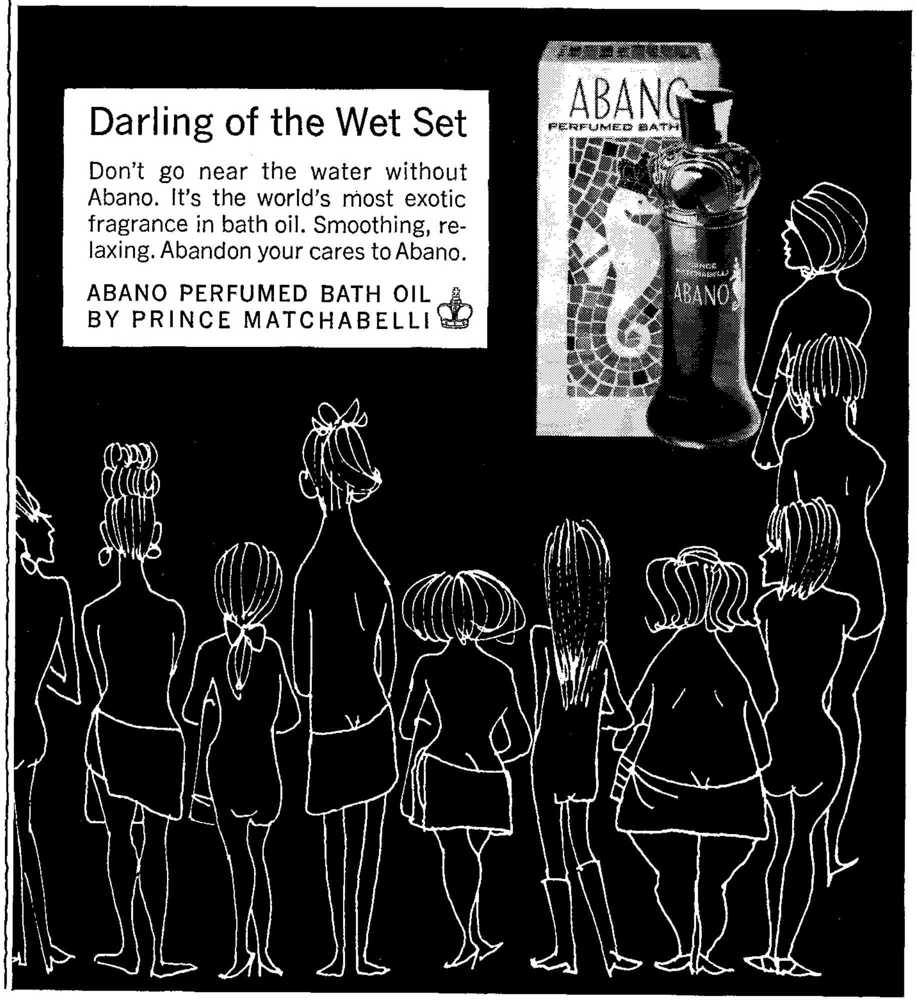

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pale as dough. He must have seen my concern, for when I bent over him he embraced me warmly and assured me that he would soon be well.

From that day on, I visited his bedside daily and read aloud to him from the *Presse*. Father did not object. I was present when Uncle took his first steps, and a week later I supported him down the stairs. Much of his work had been taken over by his helpers, and he returned to bed each afternoon for his nap, where I would waken him, as formerly, at three o'clock sharp. Little by little, he resumed his old routine.

One sunny afternoon in June, I was strolling with friends in the Elisabethpark, where twice weekly a military band gave concerts. I still recall that they were playing a tune from "The Gypsy Baron" when someone ran up to the conductor and whispered in his ear. He stopped the music in the middle of a phrase and turned to the audience, his mouth quivering. "Erzherzog Franz Ferdinand and his consort have been murdered . . . in Sarajevo," he announced. The chatting around the kiosk ceased instantly. The crowd began to disperse quickly.

Immediately, I hurried to the bakery. Despite the gauntness of his face, Uncle's eyes had the old gleam. "Didn't I tell you, Richard? The shots may have been fired in Sarajevo, but the trigger was pulled in Belgrade and St. Petersburg. How long will our patience last!"

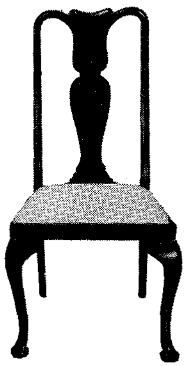
It did not last long. On the twenty-eighth of July, Austria declared war on Serbia. Russia, Germany, France, and Britain entered the conflict. When Germany entered the war, Uncle hung a picture of Kaiser Wilhelm on the wall, stood at attention, and sang:

> *"Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,*
> *Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wogenprall,*
> *Am Rhein, am Rhein, am Deutschen*
> *Rhein."*

The war had unanimous support in those days. In gray uniforms, the shop stewards marched together with the burghers to the rail station, while the population strewed flowers before them. Father was one of the soldiers, and the night before he left Uncle came to wish him well. He shook Father's hand and said something heartening about being home by harvest time.

Father looked very smart in his uniform, decorated with the stars of an artillery sergeant, but he had little to say. At the rail station, when he looked down on us from his compartment window, his eyes were sad.

Uncle bought a large map of Europe and nailed it to the table. The *Neue*



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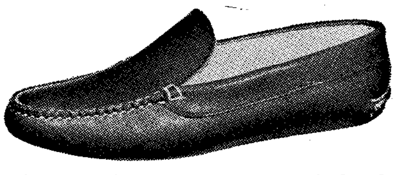

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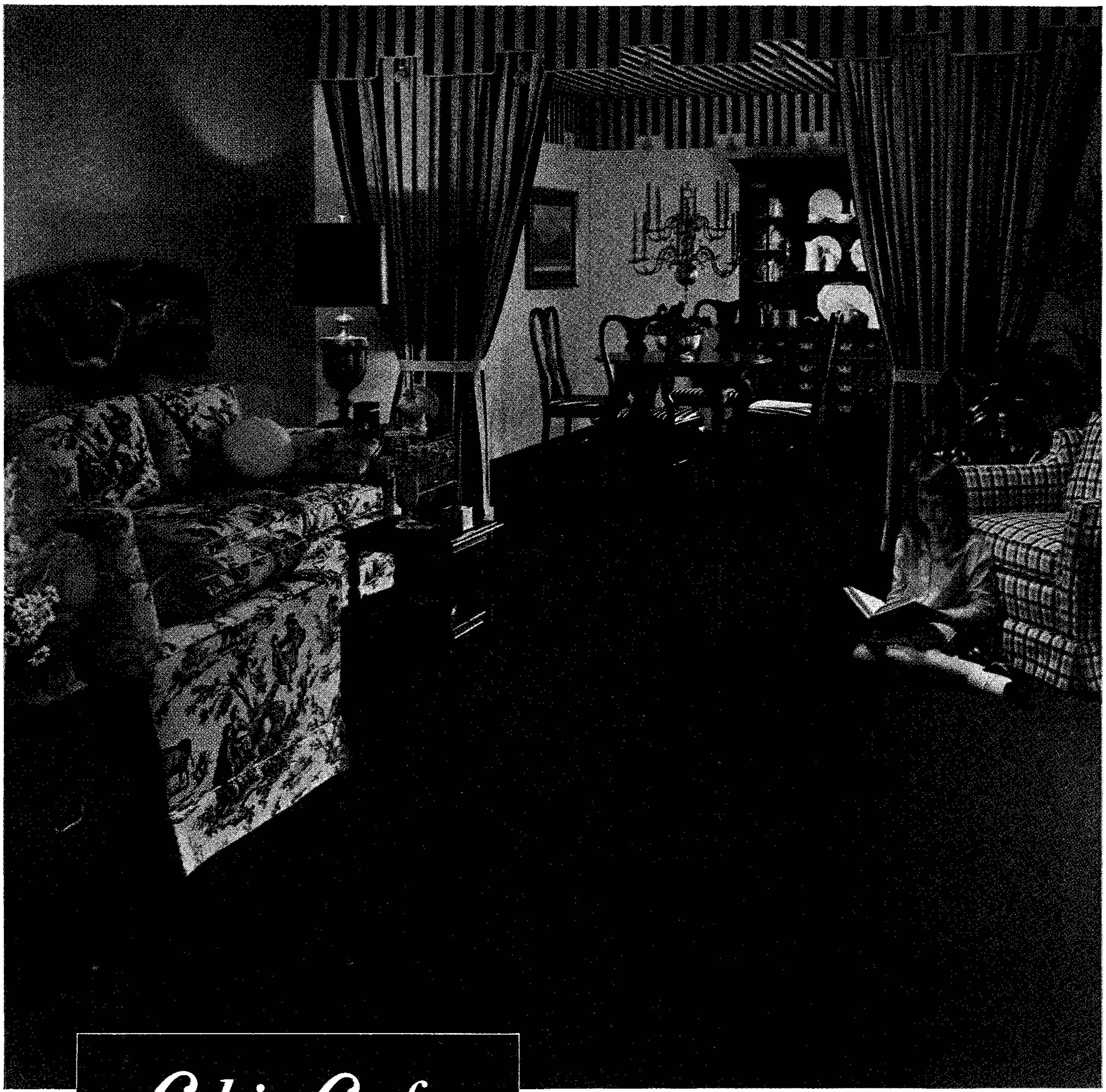

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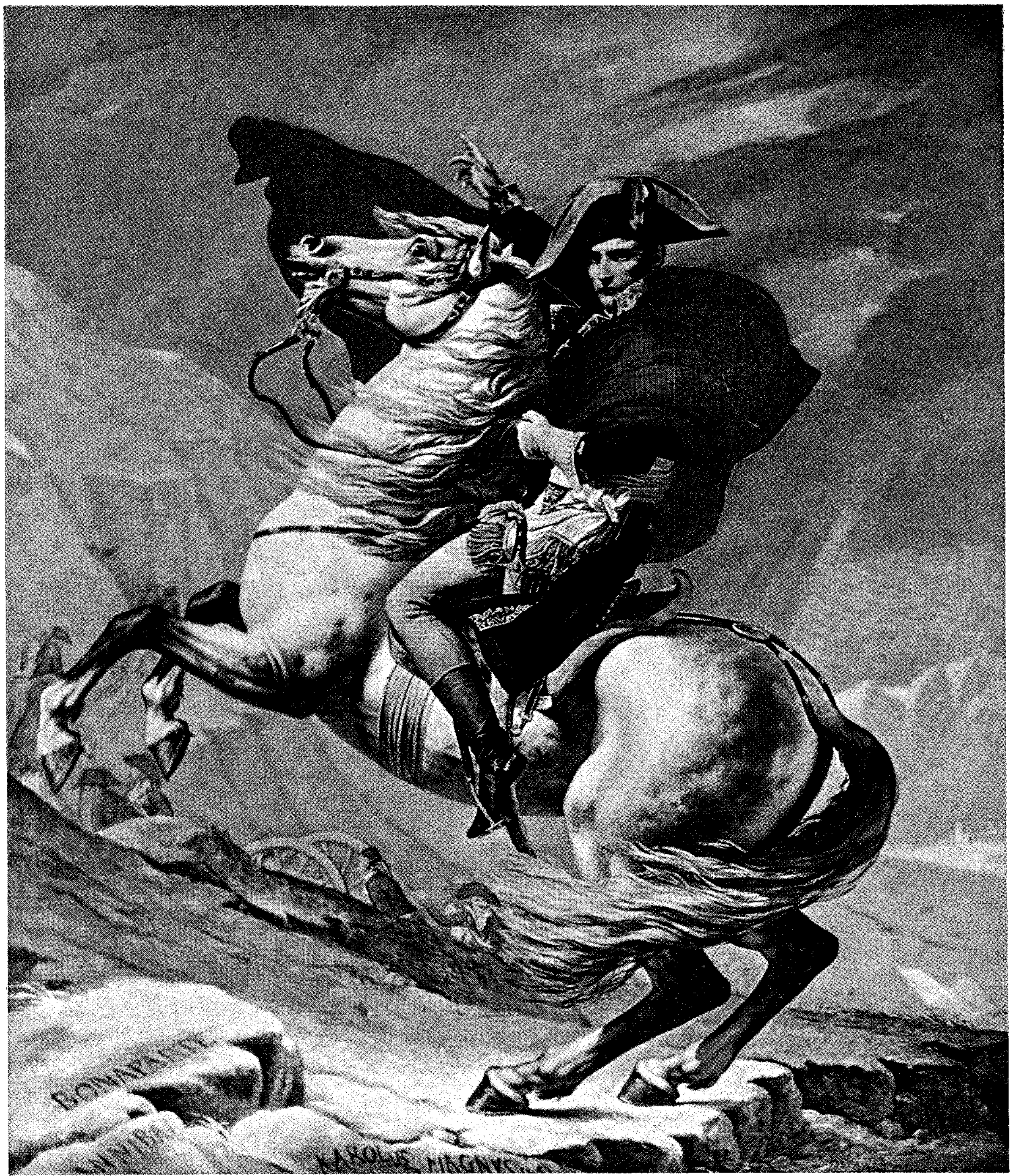

Bonaparte au Mont St.-Bernard. Peinture par Jacques-Louis David. (Musée de Versailles.)

Newly elected First Consul, Napoleon, like Hannibal and Charlemagne before him, boldly crosses the Alps into Italy by the Great Saint Bernard Pass. Thus he led his army to the victory of Marengo on June 14, 1800.

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Freie Presse, though two days late, arrived daily, and after reading the bulletins he stuck little flags on his map to delineate the front lines. Things did not go as well as expected in Serbia. After an initial thrust, our armies were stopped. "Don't worry," Uncle reassured me. "I know that territory like my own palms. Right at that spot we often stopped in our maneuvers to get fresh supplies and Army reserves. We are playing a cat-and-mouse game with the Serbians, and soon the jaws will close on the mouse—like that!"

From Russia, our armies cut into Polish territory. Uncle said, "Soon we'll be in Warsaw, and from there it's only a short hop to St. Petersburg. *Der böse Mann* there will soon find out that it was easier to kill helpless Jews in his pogroms than to fight a real war."

I was deeply convinced of the justness of our cause and was only sorry that at thirteen I was not old enough to be on the battlefield.

At home, the atmosphere changed. The pink, censored postcards from Father, who was on the Russian front, arrived only sporadically, and I was often wakened at night by Mother's sobbing. During the first winter of the war, our dark castle apartment was freezing cold, and from all around came bad news. Our neighbor, a cobbler, was killed in action, leaving a wife and eight children. My two first cousins, a few years older than I, were both killed in Russia. Under the heading "Died in Action on the Field of Honor," lengthy lists appeared daily in the papers. Nearly everything was rationed. The shortage of fuel and bread struck hardest of all. Long lines waited in front of bakeries.

We could not have managed without help from Uncle and Aunt. Uncle's oven was lighted only three times a week—sometimes only twice. Grain arrived after much delay. There were no rolls, and the bread grew darker and darker. Uncle stood behind the counter to cut the bread into slices and weigh them, and the rations grew smaller. Often those at the end of the line, waiting since dawn, had to be turned away. Aunt would come to us after dark with a few pieces of bread hidden in her satchel.

Uncle remained optimistic. Since his baking was curtailed, he had more time to follow the war. The Russian forces had penetrated into Austrian territory but were beaten, and retreated, leaving hundreds of thousands of war prisoners behind. In their dirty-green coats, they marched through our town on their

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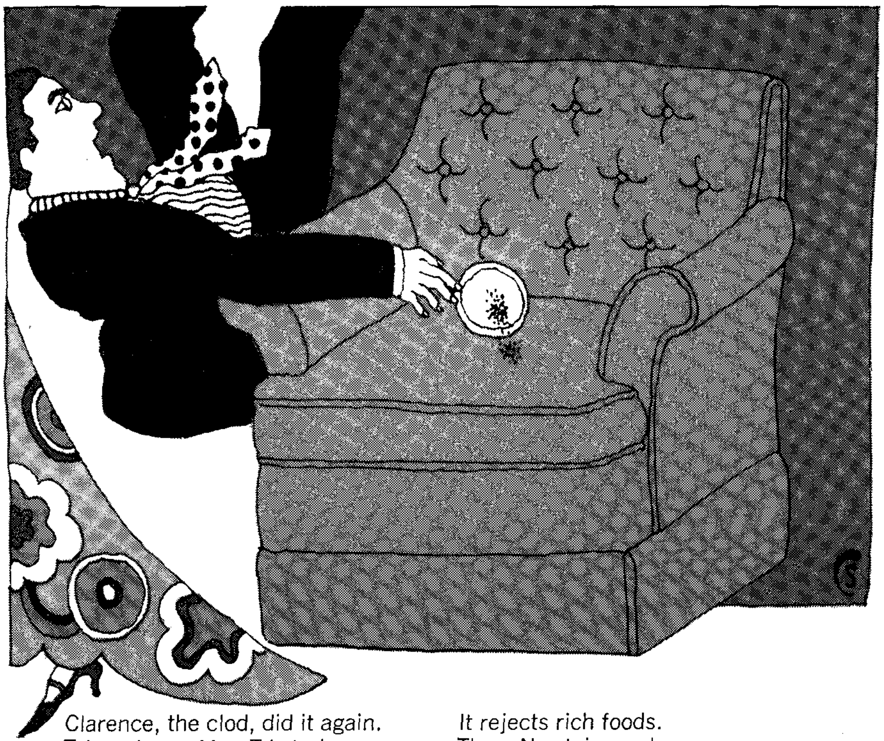

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way to camps. The Russian thrust into East Prussia was also turned back. Uncle was jubilant. "Didn't I tell you?" he said to me. "Hindenburg, the greatest *Feldherr* in history, lured them to the Masurian Marshes, and there they perished by the millions. . . ."

When the Italians entered the war, he was furious. "Those dirty cowards!" he shouted. "In 1859, they stole Lombardy from us, and now they stab us in the back. They'll pay dearly!"

And, of course, he waited impatiently for the fall of Paris.

MY first doubts began in December, 1916, when Father arrived home on leave. He came from the Italian front, where he had been transferred from Russia. He looked well, his face ruddy, his hair graying at the temples. He wore many medals, and I walked proudly at his side on the boulevard. Numbers of people visited us, Uncle among them. He looked with admiration at Father, and said how sorry he was that age prevented him from joining the heroic troops on the battlefield. "Soon we'll be in Rome," he said, smiling.

Father looked at him squarely. "At present we're bogged down on the Doberdo Plateau and the Isonzo River," he said. "The war will end before we get to Rome."

"But only in victory!" said Uncle.

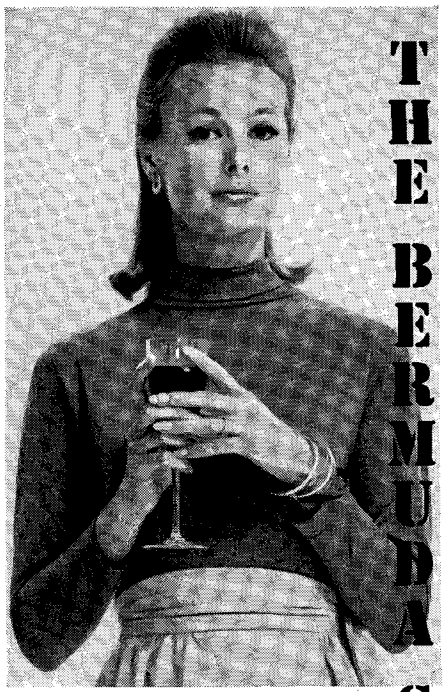
"For whom?" Father asked quietly.

Uncle looked to me as if asking for support, then he shrugged his shoulders. "A soldier should never speak that way," he said in a whisper. He got up and left.

Our armies now occupied large areas of enemy territory. Why shouldn't we win the war, I asked Father as we walked through the woods one day. His leave had lasted three weeks, and much of the time had been spent with me. I was only fifteen, but he treated me as an adult.

"What does it matter who wins?" he answered. "Are our interests different from the workers' of Russia, France, Germany, Italy? The only losers should be those who started this . . . this monstrous thing."

In the darkened assembly room, he met with shop stewards on leave and those too old to be drafted, and they talked endlessly about war and peace, about the hunger and misery of women and children in the hinterland, about widows and orphans, about the incompetence and greed of those in high office—those dark-souled men in Vienna. Finally, the day came for Father to



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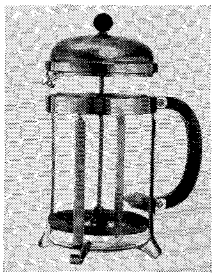

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depart. I felt saddened in a way I had not when he first went off to war.

The situation at home became graver by the day. Uncle's bakery was as cold as a cave, and for lack of fuel and grain the oven remained unlit for weeks at a time. On one occasion, the bakery was stormed by a horde of people, but they left when they found no bread.

The war flourished. Uncle was triumphant when, after the second phase of the Russian Revolution, the Bolsheviks asked for peace and we occupied Poland and the Ukraine. Then America entered the war. "What do those cowboys know about war?" he said disdainfully.

At the beginning of the year 1918, the desire for peace among the populace at home had become dangerously intense. There was a strike in a munitions factory not far from our city, and night after night one could hear detonations of gunpowder. Also, there were epidemics of typhus, caused by lice in the prisoner-of-war camps, a brief flareup of cholera, and the first cases of Spanish influenza, which, during the following two years, would take a horrible toll of the population, weakened by malnutrition. Illegal peace committees sprang up everywhere. I joined one.

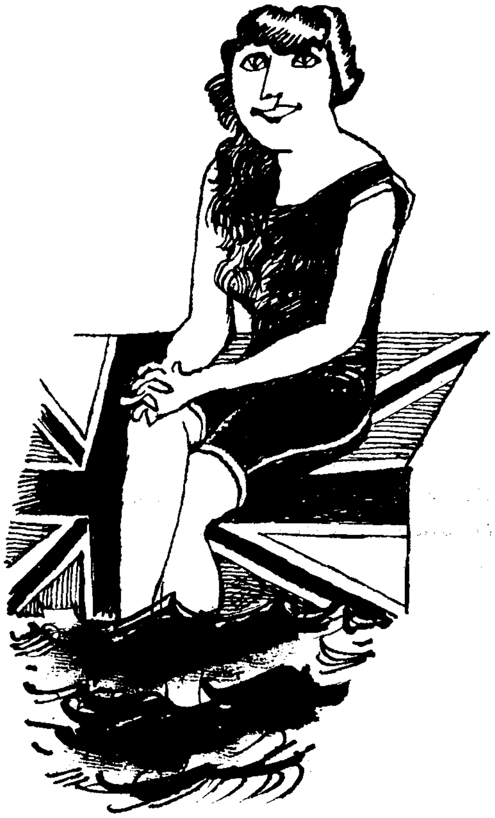
During those feverish months, I did not visit Uncle for weeks at a time, but when I did I would find him sitting at the table staring at the map. I could no longer stand to hear him speak of victory. "Don't you see, Uncle Solomon," I said, "that the war is lost?"

He looked at me, bewildered. Then he shook his head. "We both speak German," he said, "but we don't understand each other anymore."

BY the thirty-first of October, 1918, the armies of Austria-Hungary had capitulated on all fronts, and the German Army surrendered some days later. Father had arrived home the week before. For several months, we had received no news from him, and Mother feared he was dead. But then a letter arrived from him saying that he was wounded and in a hospital behind the front.

He now walked with a cane, as his right leg was badly punctured by shrapnel, but he immediately summoned his comrades. When the news of peace reached our city, the church bells tolled, and soldiers and civilians embraced each other.

Despite my own joy, I could not help worrying about Uncle Solomon, and in the midst of the celebration I went to see him. I found him at his old table. The map had been removed. He



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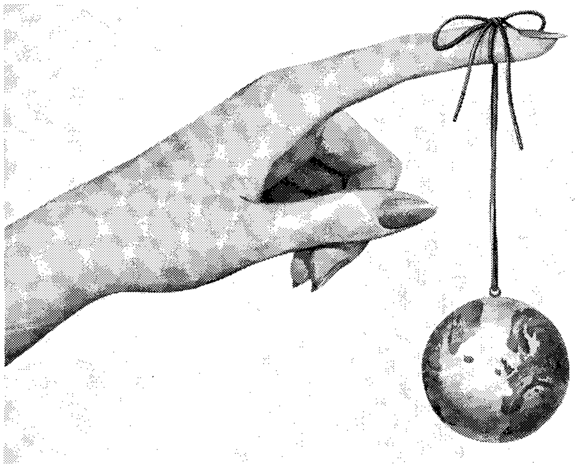

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did not speak for a minute or two, and then he said, "Well, it's over."

I nodded.

"But listen, Richard," he said sadly, "you're a learned young man—unlike your uncle. You know history. The day of *Revanche* must come. The German Army—our army—will march again. Don't you think so?"

I looked at the old man, his shirt-sleeves too wide for his meagre arms, his tired eyes fixed on me.

"Yes, Uncle," I said, "you are right."

With the collapse of the old empire, Hungary had become an independent country, stripped of its traditional government. Only the working class—the unions—was organized and had strength enough, together with units of the defeated Army, to establish a semblance of authority. A regional national assembly was formed, and Father was elected its president.

A few months later, the Republic—the first democratic experiment in Hungarian history—was overthrown by a Communist government. This, in turn, was displaced by the Horthy government, the first Fascist regime in history. In August, 1919, liberals, Socialists, unionists fled to Austria. My father was among them. Shortly after, the family joined him.

I never saw Uncle again. Each year, on the high Jewish holy days, I sent him greetings, but only Aunt Hannah replied. I knew he disliked writing letters. Mother corresponded regularly with Aunt Hannah over the years. By the time I was in medical school, Uncle's health had begun to fail badly. His legs were swollen, and his breathing had become labored, Aunt Hannah reported. Still, he walked up and down the few steps to and from the bakery, where he supervised his helpers. Flour had long since become plentiful, and the oven was lit daily, as of old. With each new letter, I diagnosed the rapid deterioration of his heart. Poor Uncle, I used to think—he would never live to see the German Army march again.

He died in his sleep, in September, 1929, ten years too soon.

—Richard Berczeller

•

The Union County Legal Secretary Association saw a demonstration of the drunkometer by the Cranford police Thursday
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—*Westfield* (*N. J.*) *Leader*.

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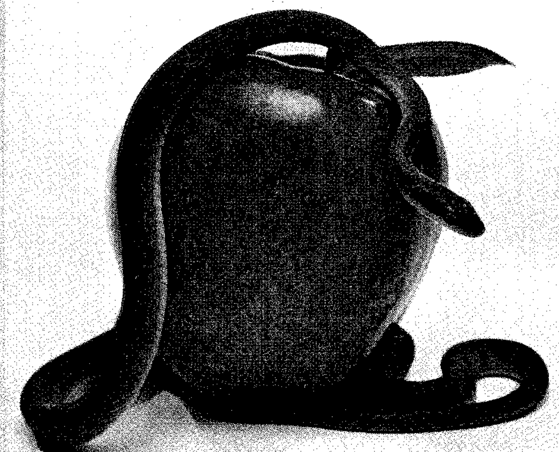
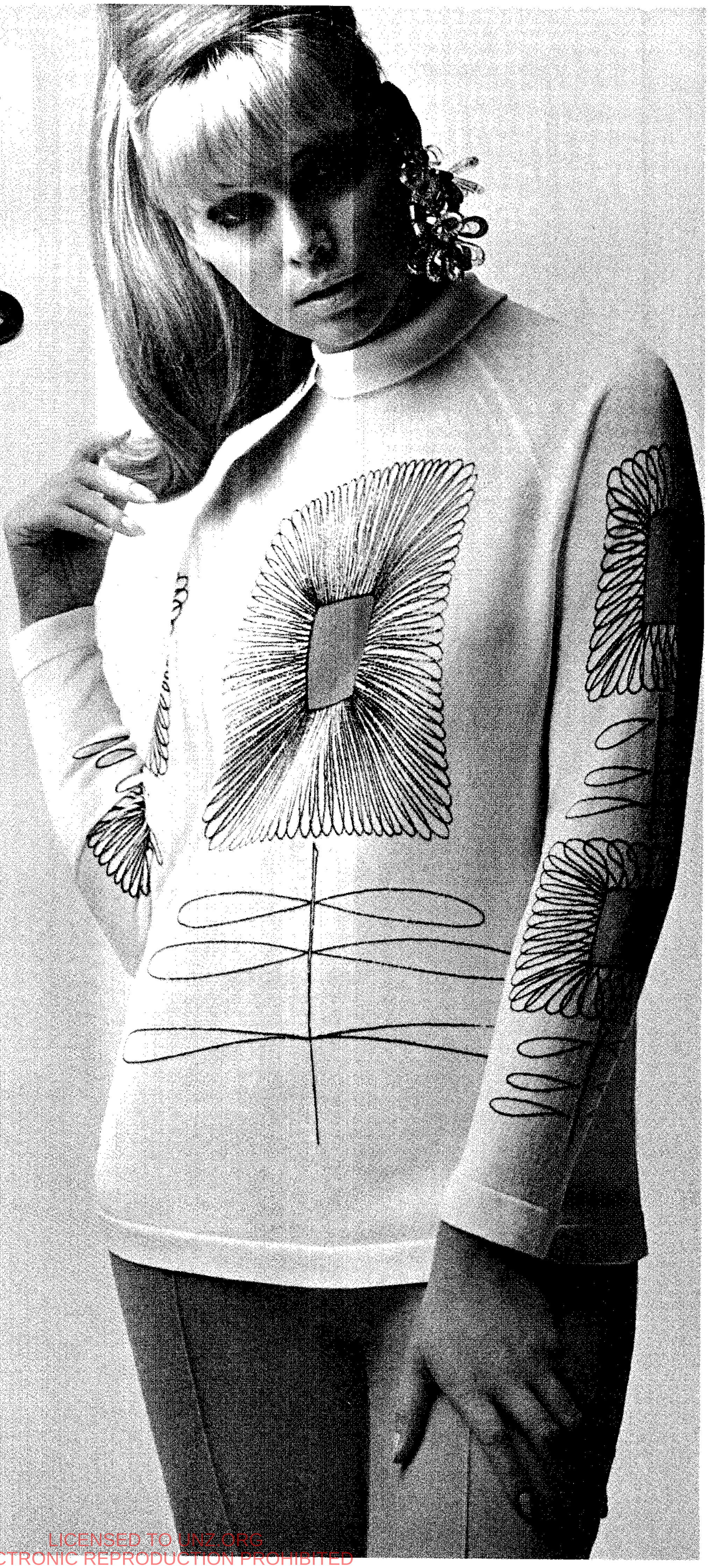


Here's how the first woman did it



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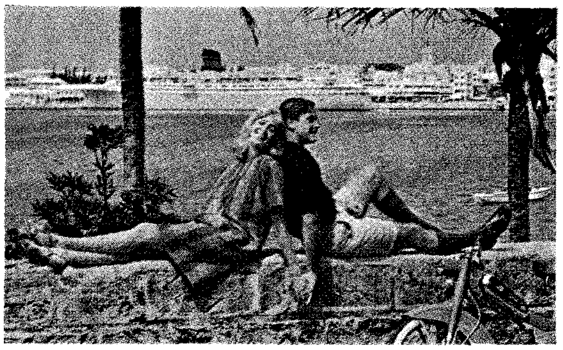

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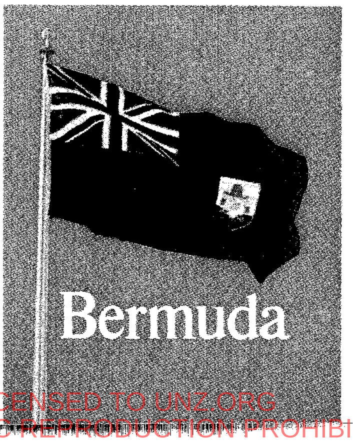
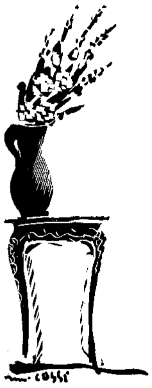


NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

LV—FAIRBANKS, ALAS.

ALT., 448. Pop., 13,311. There is a considerable amount of hustling and bustling in Fairbanks. Everybody hustles and bustles. Some people hustle and bustle in moderation—they hustle for a couple of hours in the morning, say, and bustle for a couple of hours in the afternoon—but they are looked down upon by the vast majority, who hustle and bustle around the clock. This activity lies below the surface and is not readily detectable. Strangers often come to Fairbanks, go about their affairs for days at a time, and depart without the slightest awareness that they have just visited a place that is not only bustling but also hustling. Many of them, in fact, depart—yawning and stretching—with the feeling that they have been visiting nothing more than an outpost of civilization some hundred and fifty miles below the Arctic Circle. The fact that Fairbanks *is* an outpost of civilization some hundred and fifty miles below the Arctic Circle lends a certain superficial plausibility to such thoughts, but they could not be wider of the mark, for they have completely missed the hustle and bustle.

“At first glance, and even second glance, Fairbanks struck me as a town with a modicum of moxie,” a recent visitor from the Lower Forty-eight, or older United States, reported to a friend when he got home. “I walked around downtown soon after I got there, and the place looked to me rather sleepy and ramshackle. I instantly spotted two reasonably large apartment buildings—each of them about ten stories high—but for the most part the buildings were low and wooden and frontier-townish. Traffic, both pedestrian and vehicular, was light. There were plenty of bars downtown, but they weren’t jumping, and they weren’t squealing, either. They just looked sad and dingy—sanctuaries for lone drinkers who had stopped by to nurse a beer slowly. Near a downtown bridge, a sleepy salmon wheel revolved slowly, turning over and over and over, near one bank of the Chena River, which winds through the city. I couldn’t quite figure out whether an Alaska Highway marker at a downtown intersection was emphasizing Fairbanks’ close ties with other metropolitan centers or its remoteness from them. New York, it said, was 3,947 miles away, San Francisco 2,206, Paris 7,078, Cape Town 12,826, Buenos Aires 9,029, Bombay 8,379, Tokyo 3,770, and Singapore 9,905. The implication was unclear; the Alaska Highway, if one had a good sense of direction and a lot of stamina, either led directly to all these celebrated places or did not lead to them. Downtown, I soon discovered, melted suddenly and inconspicuously into the residential section. Walk just a few blocks from downtown and you are practically in the suburbs—small wooden houses with neatly tended lawns.”



The visitor paused for a moment, and then said, “I was just thinking about how far away I was, and how near. It’s hard to say precisely when I first detected, or thought I had detected, signs of inner turmoil—when I first became aware that all this seeming sleepiness and surface lethargy concealed a seething, turbulent community, bursting with expansionist dreams. It was early evening, in summer, and the sky was still as light as midday. I was a block or two from my motel. Now, in some cities this motel might have been several miles out of the center of the city, on a highway, but in Fairbanks it was just a minute or two from downtown. I was strolling along admiring the huge gladiolas that were in full bloom everywhere, and thinking about how many gallons of gas I’d need to reach Bombay, and whether I would have to take along an extra set of tires, when I lost the heel of my right shoe. It simply came off—caught in a crack in the sidewalk. Luckily, I spotted a shoe-repair shop catty-corner to where I stood. The store was still open, and I went in. A friendly-looking man behind the counter had put a pair of shoes on top of the counter, and had put one of his hands inside each shoe. He was happily bouncing the shoes up and down on top of the counter in an elaborate tap dance, with well-conceived twirls and turns, the performance accompanied by muted vocal humming, in ragtime. I forlornly held up one foot to show him the shoe that had lost its heel. I was feeling pretty low. After all, I was thirteen thousand miles from Cape Town and I had just lost the heel of one shoe. The engaging man behind the counter instantly sized up my predica-

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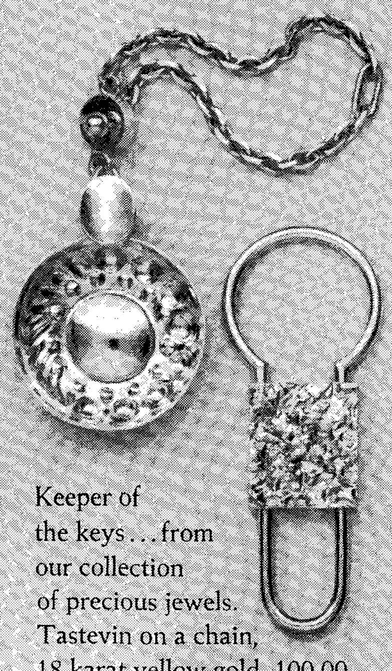

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ment. 'I guess you want a new heel put on that shoe,' he said, and I nodded. I pictured myself seated for a week or ten days in one of those tight little stalls they have in shoe-repair places, having sandwiches brought in from the outside, and thumbing desperately through tattered back numbers of *Life* with articles on the coronation of Queen Elizabeth. 'It will take just a jiffy,' said the shoe man, 'if you will give me a moment or two to finish this particular production number.' He was referring to his activity with the two shoes jumping around on the counter, which were now wildly beating out a staccato routine. There were flourishes and dips, twists and turns, and then the shoes made an elegant, bravura exit, working their way along to one end of the counter and disappearing below, along with the hands of their manipulator. I applauded, and the shoes reappeared briefly for a modest, graceful encore. 'And now I'll fix your heel,' the man said, taking my shoe and getting down to work. He was a talkative fellow, bursting with notions. He had come up to Fairbanks a year or so before from St. Louis, Missouri, to seek his fortune. Alaska had held a mystical allure for him. It was young, he felt, and filled with hope—a man could be free, and do pretty much what he wanted. He had played bass in a combo in a St. Louis night spot—'Smaller than a broom closet, Mister,' he said—and when the night spot folded, the combo folded, and Alaska beckoned. 'I got dreams,' he said. 'I got thousands of dreams. But none bigger than to establish a big band—a big, *big* band—right here in Fairbanks. We'll have strings, woodwinds, four pianos, a xylophone, and a whole regiment of electric guitars. I am also planning to have a whole regiment of trumpets. Duke Ellington will wish he'd gone into another line of work. And the sounds—they'll be soft and sweet and at the same time they'll be very far out. I want my band to blare and I want my band to be tender. I'll bring up entertainers by the dozen—big names, and little names that are about to become big names. I'll have a massed bank of singers wearing red robes, and I'll work out the routines.' 'When you going to get started?' I asked. 'First, I'll get my shoe business on a paying basis,' he said. 'And I'll lay all my plans for importing the talent, hiring the hall, and starting to pack them in. I fooled around for a while with the idea of going back to St. Louis, but now I think it might be better to bring St. Louis up here.' 'Pretty big scheme,' I

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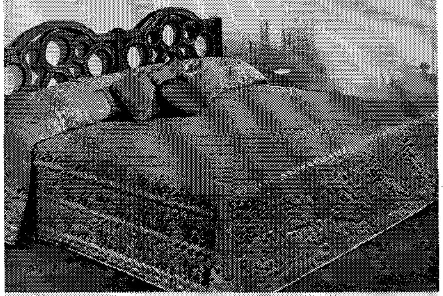

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said. 'The whole town is filled with big schemes,' he said. 'More big schemes in this town than in any other town in the entire United States.'

"My new heel had been installed, and I paid for it and walked out. It was now past nine, but the sky was still as light as midday. There was nobody on the street, but I could see people working in their gardens, watering their lawns and clipping their hedges. The scene was tranquil and domestic. Walking past those people working in their gardens, I had a hard time picturing them seething with big schemes, but I was unwilling to jump to any conclusions based on appearances. I was at my motel in a minute or two. The clerk at the desk, his brow furrowed, was reading a book on hotel management. He was deeply absorbed, and it was some time before he looked up. He could not have been more gracious. He apologized for not having seen me. I understood perfectly. 'Planning a hotel, or perhaps a motel?' I asked. He looked incredulous. 'How did you know?' he said. 'I sort of sensed it,' I said. 'Well, now that you've brought it up,' he said, 'it's not just any hotel or motel but the biggest, grandest, most luxurious, most modern, most convenient—in every way—hostelry in the entire United States. People from the Lower Forty-eight will pour in here by the thousand; we'll be booked three years ahead, and people will scratch each other's eyes out for cancellations. Nothing but the choicest tenderloins and the finest imported wines and liqueurs will be served in my Tundra Room. No entertainment in the Tundra Room, but in the Arctic Circle Room—which will be all white and hung with icicles, or at least they'll look like icicles—there will be name entertainers. Something like the Persian Room, in New York, but more sophisticated. My Rib Room will have a man in a chef's hat carving thick slices of roast beef under pink fluorescent lights. A Continental breakfast will be shoved through a compartment in the door to each suite. Ice cubes will be available on every floor, and I'm thinking of a service kitchen on every floor, too. Our V.I.P. Suites, for executives, will have chaise longues, coffee tables, television, huge ashtrays, and Utrillo prints. There will be blankets woven in the finest tradition of Indian blanketmaking, except for those who prefer the electrics. I'm considering a Hungarian string quartet to roam the corridors, in place of piped-in music.' 'When you planning to build?' I asked. 'Well, first I have my job to do here,' he said. 'And

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Ted Rutt is an Englishman. And, understandably, his head is filled with a lot of out-of-date European notions. For example, he feels that in his kind of hotel, as many rooms as possible should contain a wood-burning fireplace. And he holds fast to the belief that every hotel should have a good, old-fashioned lounge where you can sit and be served afternoon tea. He even clings to the somewhat outmoded European idea of employing a concierge. (He calls him "the chap who can get you anything you can't find anyone else to get you".) To sum it up, Mr. Rutt believes that a fine hotel should be rather like a decent London club—where the service is so good you're not aware of it. And, now that a small fortune has been spent demodernizing our hotel, we're beginning to find he's right.

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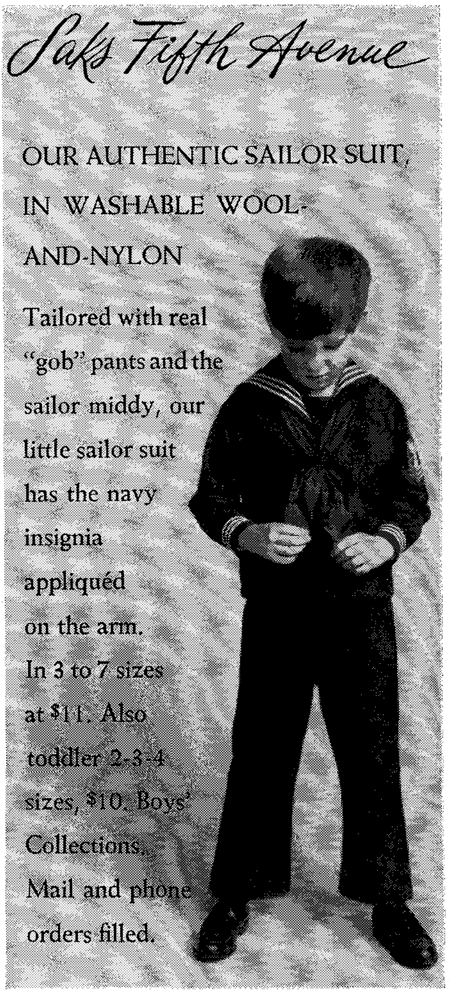
then it's a matter of raising capital, of attracting capital to Fairbanks, to get the industrialization going up here, and turn this into the mecca it's bound to become.'

"My own plans at the moment were modest. I was hungry, and I crossed a driveway under a breezeway and sat down at the counter of the restaurant, across from the main office of the motel. A burly man seated beside me was dealing forcefully with a steak. The steak, in itself, was a dream of mammoth proportions, and I marvelled out of the corner of my eye at the skill and concentration with which he attacked it. When he had put all of it away, he sat quietly stirring his coffee, waiting for it to cool, and I ventured to remark that the steak had looked good. It soon developed that his dreams and visions were by no means confined to meat. Inside, he was hustling and bustling. He remarked that he ran a tourist service for visitors to Fairbanks, and that although business was somewhat slack at the moment—'They are simply not coming through in droves'—Fairbanks, and all of Alaska, was on the brink of a tremendous forward surge. 'We're sitting on a powder keg, Mister,' he said. 'A powder keg of untold riches. Our mineral wealth alone, now largely untapped, will be a blaze of glory. We haven't scratched the surface of our oil production. I get so excited I can hardly eat. And there's one giant project that will bring all of Alaska, if it goes through, out into the sunlight of tomorrow—the Rampart Dam. It *must* be built, I tell you. It will take millions and millions of dollars, and years and years, but it must be built—at a point about a hundred miles northwest of here called the Yukon Narrows, with steep cliffs on both sides. We'll have a dam as big as Grand Coulee itself, and a lake larger than Lake Erie that will take twenty years to fill up. We'll put the Yukon Flats under two hundred feet of water. From Rampart Dam will come the cheapest power in the entire world. Nothing like it on the face of the globe in the hydroelectric line! Nothing! And you think the aluminum people won't come in? They'll press up here like it was the Gold Rush days. This will be the biggest thing America has done yet.' He was big himself, and filled with red meat, but I ventured to demur. I pointed out that there appeared to be two sides to the Rampart Dam question, that conservationists from one end of the country to the other were aghast at the prospect of the dam, and the consequent destruction of invaluable waterfowl breeding



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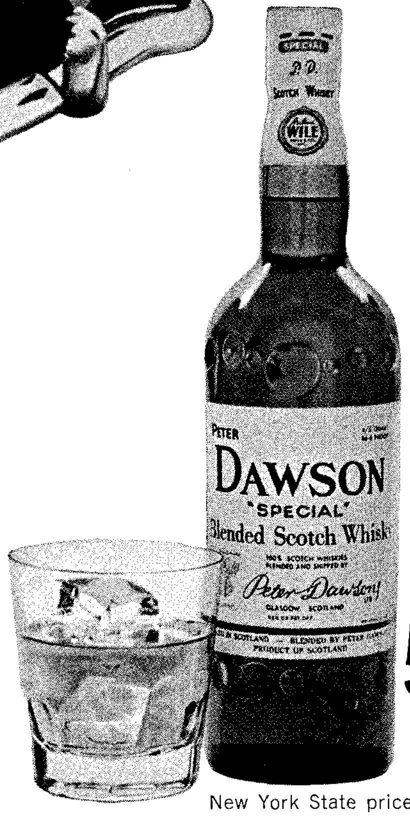
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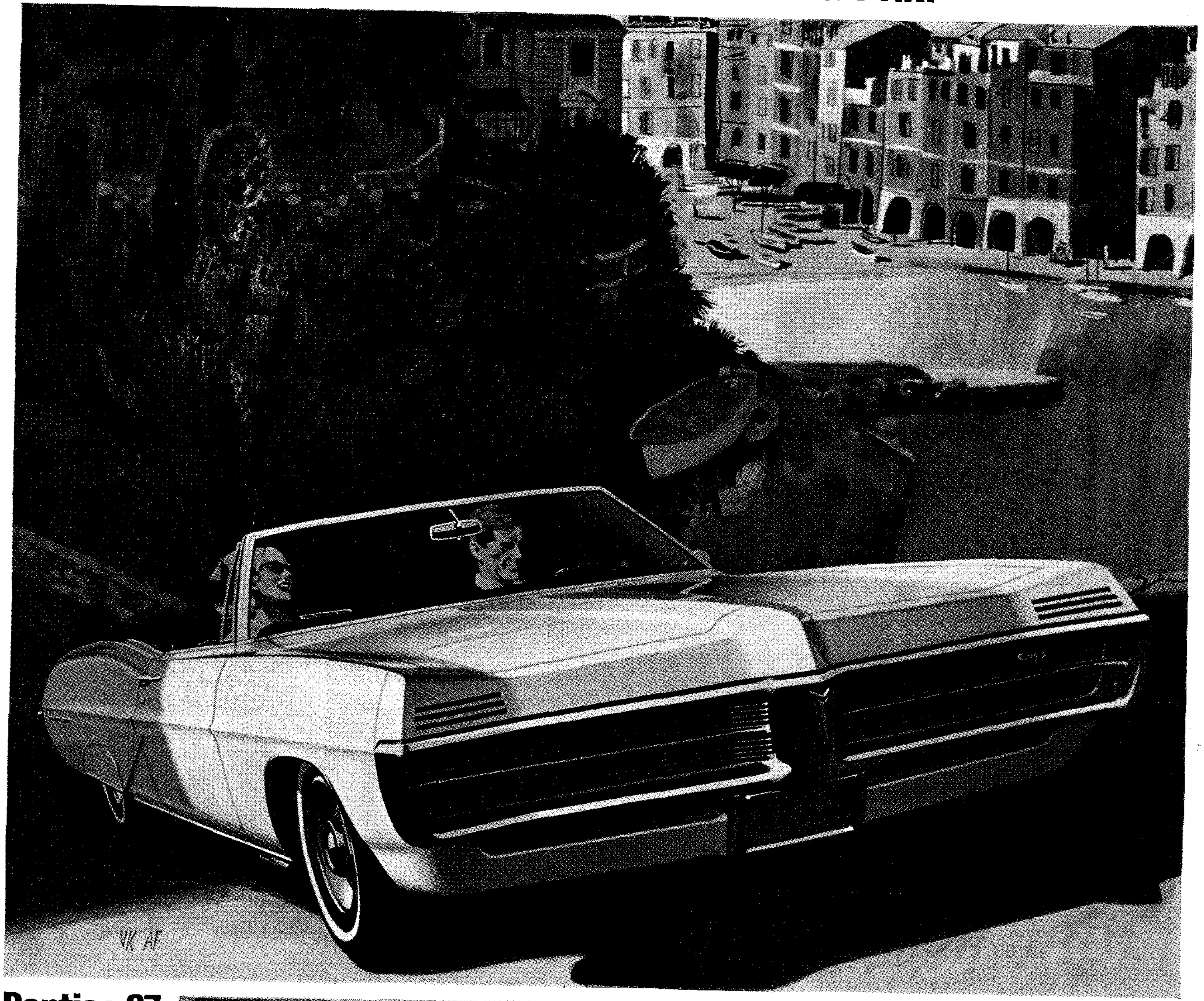
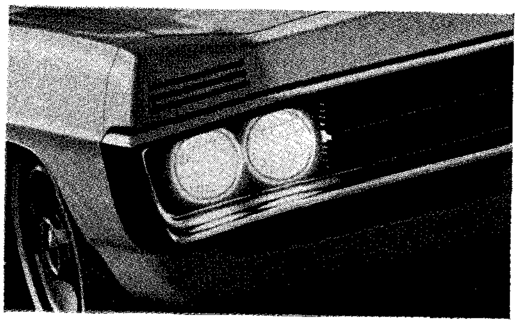


Pontiac 67



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grounds—for ducks and geese and cranes—and the loss of irreplaceable animal life, and the death of salmon. The conservationists, I told him, felt that the Yukon Flats were among the natural miracles of the earth, and I told him that their possible inundation produced a frenzy of dismay. The man looked at me with horror. I had questioned his dreams and hopes. 'Oh, my God!' he said, and he was ashen and tense. 'Would you stop progress? Would you turn back the clock? Would you deny us the riches that are rightfully ours? For a few geese? Alaska in the twentieth century must industrialize, and hydroelectric power is the key to all power. Oh, my God!' He gulped his coffee. 'They want to turn back the clock! We're entitled to our growth possibilities, to our capital enlargement, to our expansion potential, and we'll push it through if it takes every last ounce of our strength.' He seemed so upset that I bade him good night, went off to my room, and went to bed."

BY now, the visitor was quite carried away by his own words, and his friend could not have stopped him even if he had wanted to. "Once my eyes were opened to the hustle and bustle, I saw it everywhere," the visitor said. "I went out to the University of Alaska one morning, and the activity was intense. Everything was expanding—growing. Arctic research, research into the phenomena of the aurora, earthquake research, research into the tolerance of reindeer for heat. People were terribly busy—they barely had time to talk—and I would catch a professor on the wing in a hallway and he would say a few words. 'That reindeer sat in a room at a hundred degrees Fahrenheit for two days, lost ten to fifteen per cent of its weight, and, when we put in buckets of water, instantly slurped them up,' the professor would say, and sail off. The library was crowded with students, poring over books. Looking down on them were two large oils—one of Mount McKinley, the other of the Lady Known as Lou. There was general excitement; a much coveted series of oil portraits of thirty-one celebrated Alaskan bush pilots was about to be presented as a gift to the university. The bookstore was Hustly-Bustly Functional—a comprehensive array of paperbacks, and shelves lined with instant coffee, instant cocoa, and instant peanut butter.

Fairbanks is ringed with military installations, and at one of them, Eielson Air Force Base, which is twenty-

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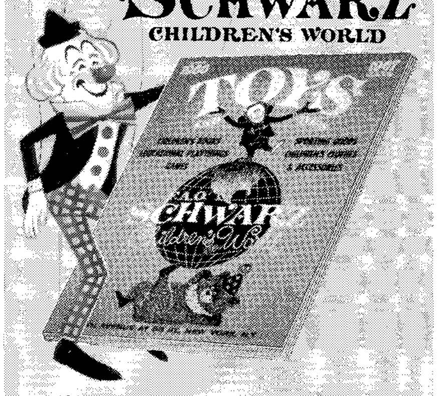

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five miles out of town and houses ten thousand people, the big, hustly-bustly dreams were accepted as facts of life. 'This is a strategic Air Force Base,' a brisk officer told me. 'Our huge KC-135 tankers go out seven days a week to refuel the giant B-52 bombers that are on continuous airborne alert. We have the biggest runway in the world—fourteen thousand five hundred and eighteen feet. There are seventy-five miles of dirt roads on the base, four hundred and twenty buildings, a hundred and eighty-three million in real property, some three hundred million dollars' worth of assets, including tenant aircraft, and streets marked Arctic Avenue and Industrial Avenue.' The officer suddenly lowered his voice. 'I am personally interested in statistics,' he said. 'I spend whatever spare time I have doping things out on the stock market. I think I have a system. I think I can make millions.'

"There is overhead hustle and bustle in Fairbanks from more than airplanes. After I dropped in on the National Aeronautics and Space Administration people, who are in charge of weather satellites, I realized that the sky overhead was filled with invisible things. The NASA people were working with five weather satellites that receive their power from the sun itself and send back, many times a day, pictures of weather conditions all over the world. There is hardly an area that the satellites don't have their eyes on. The NASA headquarters is out in desolate open country, dominated by two enormous white discs, which pick up relays from the satellites. The discs are operated from a control room, with a flick of a technician's finger; he merely touches what appears to be a marble, and the giant discs turn in whatever direction he wishes. 'They're over four hundred miles up, going at eighteen thousand miles an hour, taking pictures all the time,' a man at NASA told me, referring to the satellites. 'We stand here all day long and wait for them to come sweeping by and tell us what the weather is like from one end of the globe to the other.'

"I thought I would do a little flying myself, and I went on a mail-and-supply run from Fairbanks with a bush pilot working for the Wien Airlines, which has had planes in Alaska for more than a generation. I thought perhaps I might get above the hustle and bustle—or else might run into more of it in the remote communities north of Fairbanks. The pilot was a trim man, and he had money on his mind. His plane was a single-engine one, and

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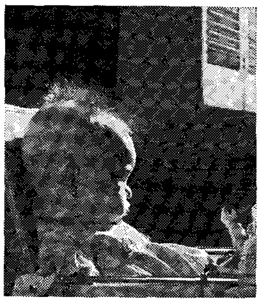

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it took off, it seemed to me, almost before its motor had started. He lost no time, once we were in the air, making it clear that finances played a large part in his life. He talked about worldly goods and the struggle for them. No matter how hard you worked, he said, you still couldn't make enough. The dream, he said, was always a jump ahead of the reality. Down below, there was nothing but forest and mountains. We were a few minutes out of Fairbanks, but we might have been days away from anything like a city. 'Plane took off from here once, flew about five minutes, and has never been heard from since—no sound or sight of her,' he said. 'We make twenty, thirty North Pole landings a year. Today, I'm heading five, six miles north of the Arctic Circle to Fort Yukon, on the Yukon, but we'll drop down from time to time and dump the mail and some packages. A fleet of planes is my dream—on regular runs to thousands of places up here—but the trouble is there's hardly anybody in these places, and nothing to deliver to them, and nothing to carry back. Unless we get going with achieving our potential.' We landed at Livengood, in a field with little or no readily apparent potential. The pilot simply dropped down, stopped his motor, threw two mailbags over the side of the plane, started his motor, and took off. Two bearded men standing beside an antique car barely waved at us. 'Fairbanks has plenty of dreams, but it's going to be hard to get those dreams working up in these places,' the pilot said. We flew over the Yukon Valley, with the Rampart Dam site far off to the left, its canyon walls clearly visible. It was wild, bleak, and seemingly untouchable, and it was hard to believe that anybody would want to touch it. The plane dropped down at Stevens Village—more mail dumped, and a few Indian children standing in an open field. The plane stopped at Beaver—more mail dumped, and a few Indian children standing in an open field. 'You're over the Yukon Flats,' said the pilot. I could not even try to follow the channel of the Yukon. It twisted and turned, and the scene was that of a huge shattered mirror—glistening areas of water mingling with isolated dark masses of land. We landed at Fort Yukon—more desolation. There were some dilapidated houses, and a trading post selling groceries, hardware, clothing, snares, traps, and tents. 'Fort Yukon has hit seventy-eight degrees below,' said a man standing in the trading post. 'Not too much trapping hereabouts anymore, but we're Number One in

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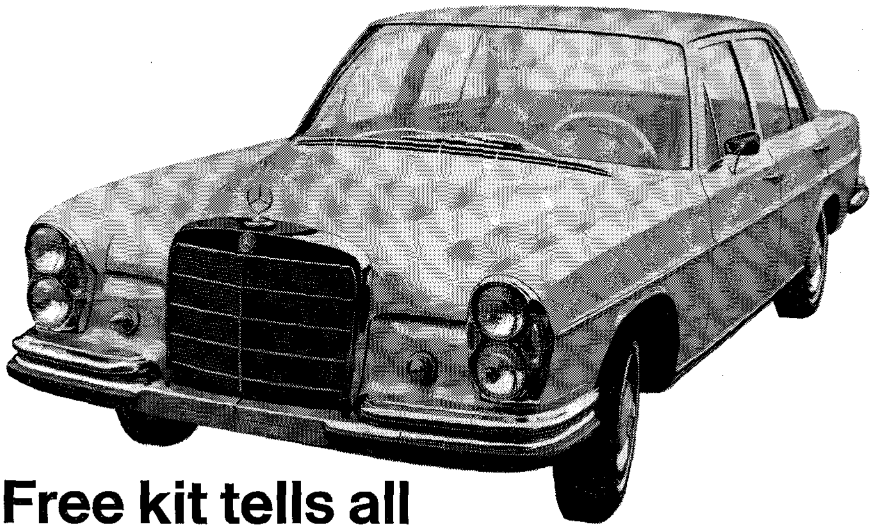

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beaver and muskrat. A boat comes through four times a year—we're right on the Yukon. Lots of Arctic fox, land otter, Alaskan sable, blue lynx. Can't drill a well—the water from the Yukon settles through gravel. We're down now, and we'll be farther down if the dam goes through—under two hundred and forty feet of water, to be precise. I have ideas. I guess I'll build a lodge on the lake somewhere.' His hustle and bustle were muted. It was time to get back in the plane. The pilot had promised to stop at Stevens Village again and deliver some raisins—someone's dream for the day. We flew back over the shattered mirror of the Yukon Flats and dropped the raisins off at Stevens Village. There was excitement at their arrival; about a dozen children had come down to the grassy field to receive the package. A moment later, we were heading up again. 'I wonder,' the pilot said as we flew toward Fairbanks. 'I just wonder about sinking all these places. God knows, there's nothing much in them but welfare checks and hooch, but I wonder just the same.' We landed at the Fairbanks Airport, and although very few people were there, its waiting room was hustling and bustling."

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—*Newsweek, October 3rd.*

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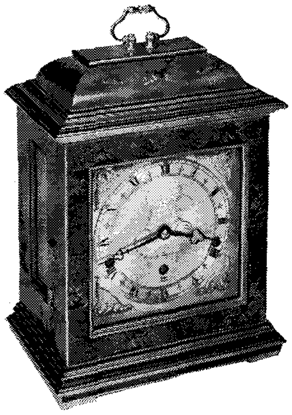

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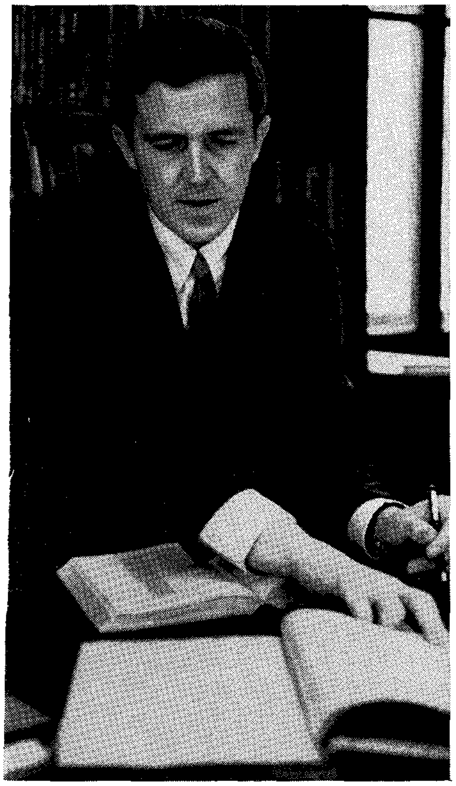

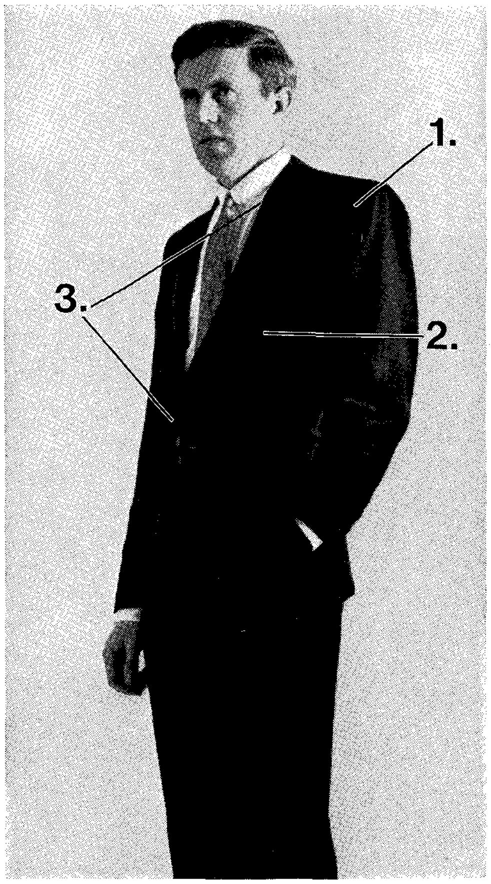

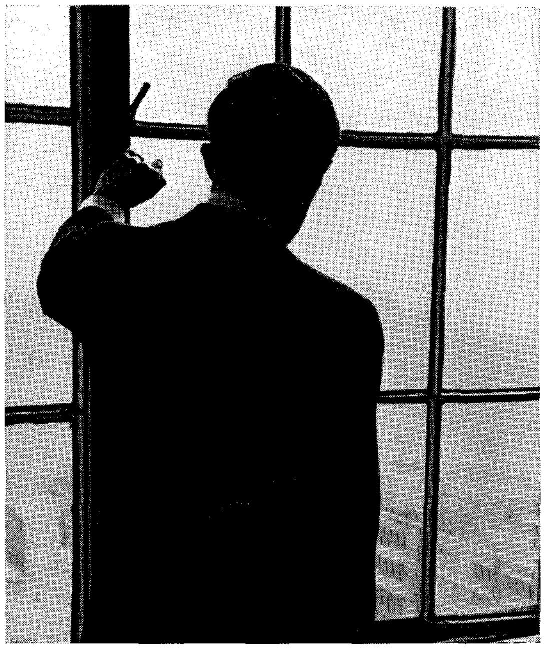

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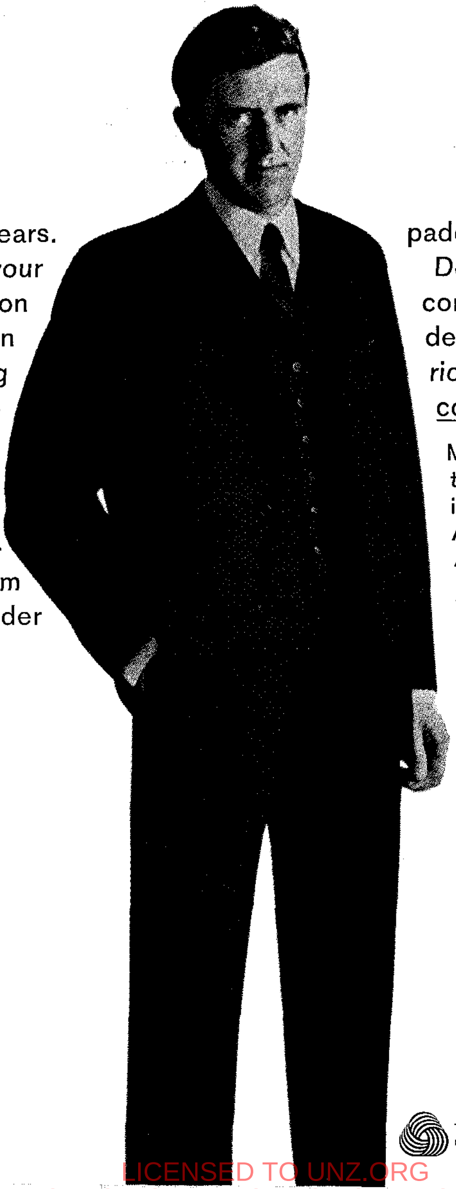

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Ups and Downs

THE Metropolitan's eagerly awaited new production of Richard Strauss's "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson in the title role, is, I am sorry to say, seriously impeded by a ridiculous stage setting—the work of one Rudolf Heinrich. This setting was unveiled on Friday night, and it got in the way of everything from the start. It was bad acoustically; you could not hear the singers adequately when they stepped to the rear of the stage. It was a hazard to life and limb; the cast spent part of its time watching carefully for fear of falling into chasms, and the four tilte levels of the floor were slippery. Miss Nilsson's dance of revenge at the end was severely cramped because there wasn't enough space for her to do it in, and possibly because she was inhibited by the danger of slipping and falling. Moreover, the set was so full of heavy Germanic *Symbolismus* that it failed even to suggest the surroundings the opera is supposed to take place in. The tilted platforms on which the singers did their work were evidently made of stratified lava. Agamemnon's palace seemed to consist of a dilapidated coal mine with an entrance at the back of the stage going downward. From its dismal depths, Klytaemnestra emerged dressed in incongruously elegant silken robes. There was an element of archeological literalism about all this; one was seeing the environment just after it had been excavated—not as it was at the time of the action. Thus, the performance started with two strikes against it, and it is a miracle that the singers managed to overcome these problems as well as they did.

Miss Nilsson turned out to be the sensation one expected her to be, but not in quite the *way* one expected. The magnificent Nilsson power of tone was evident in the louder passages, but most of the time the voice was subdued and lyric, giving both a more girlish and a more artistically subtle impression than most Elektras do. Some passages were sung by her with a degree of eloquence I had seldom heard approached before—notably the recognition scene with Orest. But in a few places, because of the geography of the stage, she did

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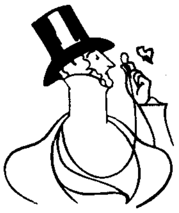

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not sound the way she should. The Klytaemnestra was Regina Resnik. It is not exactly news nowadays that Miss Resnik is probably the greatest singing actress on the operatic stage. (Someday—years from now, after her voice is worn out—Mr. Bing may condescend to let her sing Carmen, a role in which she has been heard and acclaimed nearly everywhere except at the Metropolitan.) Her Klytaemnestra was, as usual, a fascinating study in debauchery, fear of retribution, and drunken glee. Leonie Rysanek was excellent as Chrysothemis—always one of her finest roles. William Dooley was a handsome and otherwise adequate Orest. Lesser parts were generally well taken. Thomas Schippers conducted, and his interpretation of the score was not as rousing as some I have experienced, probably because he was continually trying to adjust the orchestral tone so that the singers could be heard over all that lava.

LAST Thursday night, at the New York State Theatre, I caught the New York City Opera's new production of "La Traviata," and was delighted by many things. In fact, the production gave me some guilty second thoughts about how easily satisfied I had been by the Metropolitan's current "La Traviata" a month or so ago. The New York City Opera production had been hailed by my colleague of the *Times* as "so much better than the Met's," and this turned out to be an understatement. The imaginative sets, by Robert Fletcher, made the Cecil Beaton sets at the Met seem tired and routine. The direction, by Frank Corsaro, brought a hundred things to light that one never noticed at the Met, and was always live and pulsating. In Patricia Brooks the New York City Opera has a real Violetta—a superb actress and a woman with a large voice that can express passion and despair while singing the requisite *fioritura* with accuracy. Comparisons are odious, but since I am being odious I might as well go on to say that Anna Moffo's Violetta, at the Met, while neatly sung, with everything in tune, is a schoolgirlish affair beside Miss Brooks'. On the night I heard this production, the Mexican tenor Placido Domingo was not singing, and his alternate, Jerry LoMonaco, was, I suspect, not quite as effective. Mr. LoMonaco disclosed a pleasing style but a rather small voice. Dominic Cossa was a fine elder Germont. The performance was in the hands of Franco Patane, an experienced and knowing conductor, who exhibited

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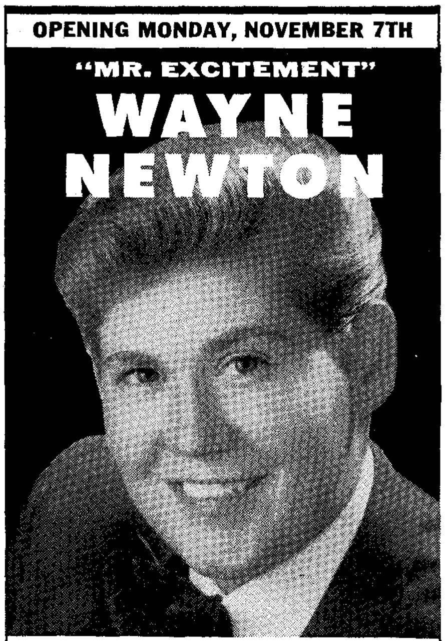

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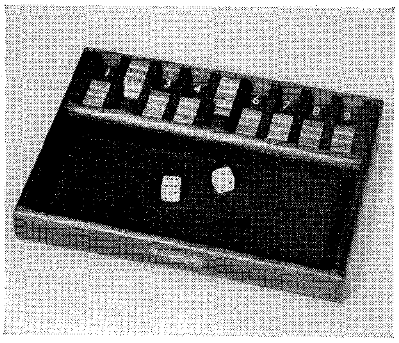

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none of the caprices that marred the Met performance under Georges Prêtre.

LAST Tuesday evening, I attended the recital of Sidney Harth, violinist, in Carnegie Hall. I had long been planning to hear Mr. Harth because of the controversial character of the press he has been receiving, and this was my opportunity. He is a wide young man, whose appearance and stance while playing his instrument are reminiscent of the great Eugène Ysaÿe. He plays it with a technique that is absolutely, or almost absolutely, flawless, doing scales in thirds, complicated harmonics, three-string chords, and so on with exemplary accuracy and clarity. His tone is purer than what one gets from the majority of violinists, and never goes scratchy when he digs into the G string. These things, however, are matters of basic equipment. What interested me about Mr. Harth was something else. The besetting sin of most violinists is that they play everything in more or less the same way—with the same vibrato, the same quality of tone, the same phraseological mannerisms. Mr. Harth does not do this. He did Vivaldi's A Major Sonata the other night with just the right feeling for the baroque. A Sonata in G for Solo Violin—that is to say, violin unaccompanied—by Ben-Haim brought out an entirely different approach. It is written in an ethnic Hebraic idiom rich in emotional rhetoric, and Mr. Harth played it with all the proper idiomatic turns of phrase, grasping with great intelligence the essence of its message. Beethoven's Sonata No. 9, Opus 47, followed, and I can only say that it had a great performance. (I am using the word "great" advisedly.) I do not remember hearing the Andante con Variazioni played with more understanding or

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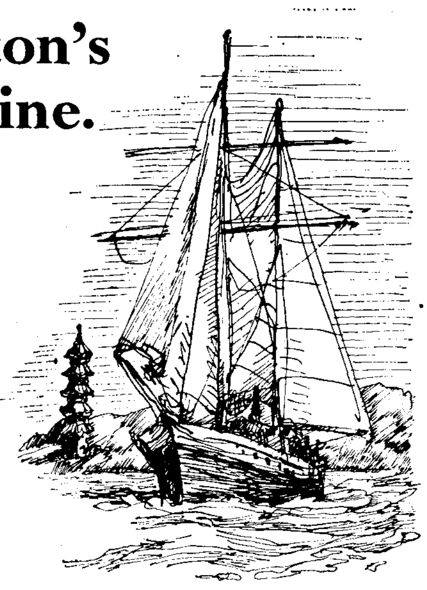

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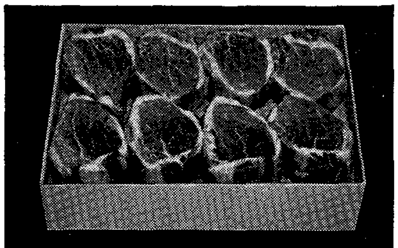

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more sheer beauty of statement since the peak days of Joseph Szigeti, and Mr. Harth has a technical facility that Szigeti never approached. Finally, there were the usual shorter pieces with which a recital ends. These included two premières—Carlos Surinach's "Flamenco Cyclothymia" and Thomas Fawick's "Toccata Brutale for Solo Violin," both showy and expertly written violin pieces. The two composers were present to take bows. Robert Schumann's "Prophetic Bird" was done with enormous charm. Paganini's "La Clochette" was given a virtuoso performance, and if it was here that Mr. Harth betrayed any inaccuracies, it was only because the piece is so difficult that it is almost impossible to play at all. Mr. Harth is in danger of becoming my favorite performer in his field. If finer violin playing is being done nowadays anywhere, I have not heard it. Mr. Harth is more than a violinist; he is an artist.

LAST Wednesday night, I went to Philharmonic Hall to hear the much talked-about pianist André Watts, who was appearing in a varied program calculated to show every aspect of his work. Mr. Watts, son of an American Negro father and a Hungarian mother, and born in Nuremberg just after the Second World War, is, as this suggests, a young man of nineteen or twenty. He is so tall that he can hardly get his knees under the keyboard, and he has a habit of bending over the keys as if he were closely examining what his fingers are doing. I do not think that he quite plumbed the depths of Beethoven's Sonata No. 7 in D Major, Opus 10, No. 3, with which he opened his program. The initial Presto seemed a bit breathless, and the Largo e Mesto was taken just a shade slow for my taste. But after that the excitement began, for Mr. Watts is a bravura pianist of stunning achievements, and a romantic pianist whose style takes one back to the great days of men like Moriz Rosenthal. He tossed off three Scarlatti sonatas easily, and then launched into Schubert's "The Wanderer" Fantasy with a grand virtuoso manner, playing its more delicate passages with the utmost in poetic feeling, and thundering out its more heroic ones with virility and complete assurance of style. Rachmaninoff's Variations on a Theme of Corelli, Opus 42, showed the same breadth and dash. It is interesting to see the great romantic style of piano playing coming back once more in one so young. I hope that it will someday replace the

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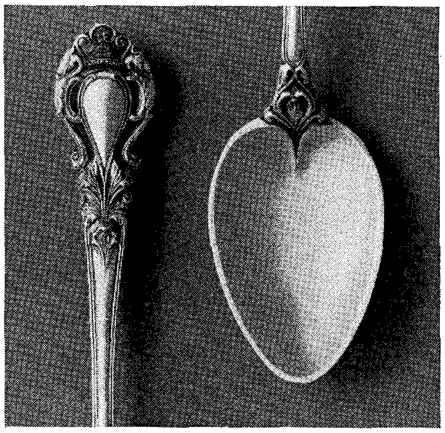

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antiseptic piano playing of the previous generation. At any rate, Mr. Watts is an absorbing pianist, and already one of spectacular accomplishments.

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CONCERT RECORDS

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THE "Lohengrin" recently issued by Victor has, among its other distinctions, that of being the first commercial recording of a grand opera to be made in this country in eight years. Labor costs being what they are today, such projects have become increasingly rare (a labor dispute prevented the recording of the Metropolitan Opera's opening attraction this season, Samuel Barber's "Antony and Cleopatra," even though a proposal was made that it be taped pending an agreement), and, for that matter, only Victor, among American firms, has bothered of late to produce operatic recordings anywhere; the other complete opera recordings we get are either produced abroad by foreign companies or taken down by them from radio or stage presentations. "Lohengrin" was recorded in Boston's Symphony Hall with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Erich Leinsdorf; the Boston Chorus Pro Musica; and principals associated with the Metropolitan Opera—Sándor Kónya in the title role, Lucine Amara as Elsa, Rita Gorr as Ortrud, William Dooley as Frederick, Jerome Hines as King Henry, and Calvin Marsh as the King's herald.

A product of Wagner's early maturity, "Lohengrin" is one of his most buoyant operas, even if it does have a tragic ending. (This really depends on who it is you're rooting for, though; Elsa drops dead, true enough, when she loses her man, but the man, Lohengrin, eases off in a dove-powered craft to rejoin his dedicated fellow-knights at Monsalvat.) The music is delightful in its vigor and in its rich use of melody and harmony. As music possessing a youthful excitement yet controlled by the hand of a master, it is, in a way, the equivalent in Wagner's career of "La Traviata" in Verdi's. It is also, if we are to accept the late Wieland Wagner's interpretation of his grandfather's works as being, at least in part, exalted interpretations of his personal life, one of the most engaging examples of this elevated autobiography. Like all Wagnerian heroines, from the moonstruck Senta, of "The Flying Dutchman," to the enigmatic, sullied, but still true-blue Kundry, of "Parsifal," Elsa is the dream girl. And Lohengrin, the

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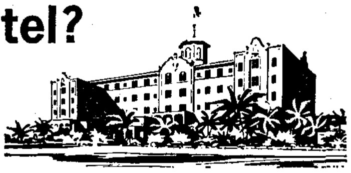

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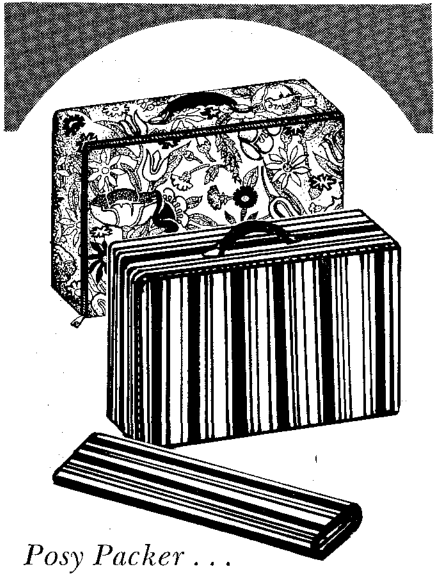
deliverer and husband who must leave her when his near-godlike identity is revealed through her quaintly feminine insistence, is Wagner himself, with his head in the clouds. (After all, Lohengrin is, as he confides when the secret is finally forced out of him, the son of Parsifal—about as good a name as any son could drop.)

The orchestral performance is excellent throughout—as fine an example of Mr. Leinsdorf's craftsmanship as I have heard—and the choral singing, so important in "Lohengrin," is lovely. Mr. Kónya's creamy tenor is well suited to Lohengrin's music, and he employs it artfully except for the occasional hint of a sob. Miss Amara's Elsa complements Mr. Kónya's hero very well; she floats her soprano accurately and, at times, exquisitely. Mr. Dooley's baritone and Mr. Hines's bass are impressively used—the latter especially—and Mr. Marsh's baritone does justice to the part of the herald. Only Miss Gorr's Ortrud mars the total effect; in this character's more emotional scenes—most notably when she is confronting Elsa—Miss Gorr's mezzo-soprano is inclined to flat and become downright unpleasant through forcing. The opera, by the way, occupies five records.

"THE ART OF MARIA CALLAS" (Angel), a two-record set that will be of special interest to admirers of this unique singing actress, presents her in a wide variety of roles, both French and Italian—sung when and where we are not told. Georges Prêtre and Nicola Rescigno do most of the conducting, the former presiding over the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra and the French National Radio Orchestra, and the latter over the Paris Conservatoire and the Philharmonia. The other conductors represented, both with the Philharmonia and each by one selection, are Tullio Serafin and Alceo Galliera. The accompaniments are all satisfactory, and the singer is a good deal more than that. You may have heard all the arias here delivered more richly, and perhaps even with a nearer approach to technical perfection, but rarely, I would guess, with greater conviction or deeper theatrical insight. "Depuis le jour," from Charpentier's "Louise," is a piece of music that hovers in the air like a remembered dream no matter who (given the voice) sings it; Miss Callas succeeds in making it even more touching than usual. In "Vissi d'arte," from Puccini's "Tosca," she is all ardor and threatened womanhood. Then, in "Una voce poco fa,"

the village store



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from Rossini's "The Barber of Seville," she is every bit the high-spirited Rosina in tripping comment. And so it goes, with the Willow Song and the Ave Maria from "Otello," the Mad Scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor," the Sleepwalking Scene from "Macbeth" (a stunner), "D'amour l'ardente flamme" from "The Damnation of Faust," the Habanera and Seguidilla from "Carmen," and "Tu che le vanità" and "O don fatale" from "Don Carlo." All told, Miss Callas consistently shows an acute sense of the character and the dramatic situation, and, of course, an astonishingly wide artistic range.

"HODIE" ("This Day") is a first recording, by Angel, of a Christmas cantata composed by the late Vaughan Williams in his eighty-second year. Occupying two sides, it has for a text a well-organized and evocative mixture of excerpts from the writings of several poets—Milton, George Herbert, and William Drummond among them—and from the Bible. The music is neatly proportioned to allow the words to come through clearly at all times, and is often remarkably vigorous, considering the age of its composer. There are also a couple of winning solos. But, likable and skillfully assembled as "Hodie" is, the music strikes me as excessively naïve a good deal of the time and, much too often, as simply uninteresting. Of the three soloists, the tenor Richard Lewis is far and away the most expressive. Janet Baker, a mezzo-soprano, is adequate to her task, and so is the baritone John Shirley-Quirk, though a slight and unfortunate sibilance in his voice puts the listener off, particularly in such an onslaught as Herbert managed with the lines "I will go searching till I find a sun/ Shall stay till we have done;/ A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly/ As frost-nipt suns look sadly./ Then we will sing, and shine . . ." On the other hand, maybe Mr. Shirley-Quirk deserves high praise merely for coming to grips with this sort of thing. The Bach Choir and the Choristers of Westminster Abbey, the organist Philip Ledger, and the London Symphony Orchestra, David Willcocks conducting, are the other participants.

—DOUGLAS WATT

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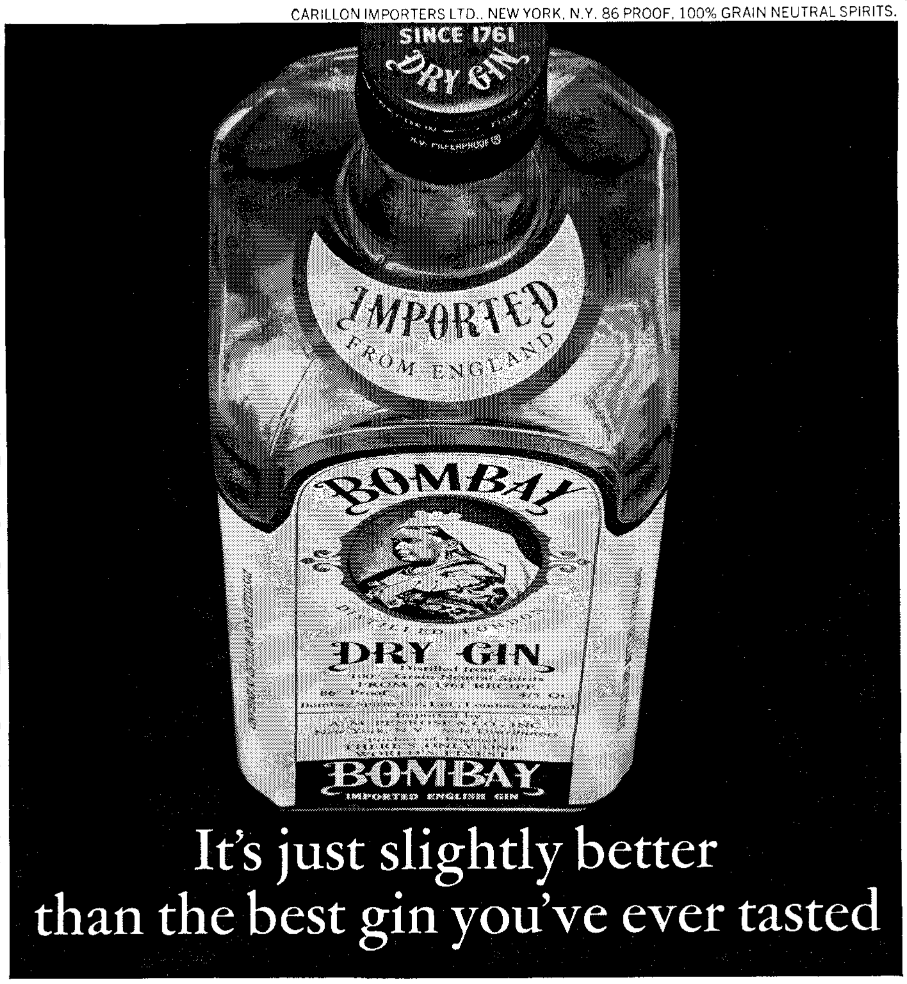

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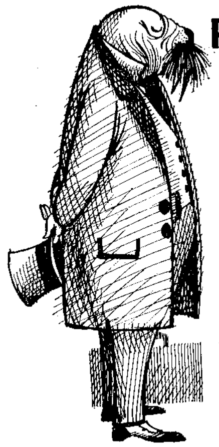
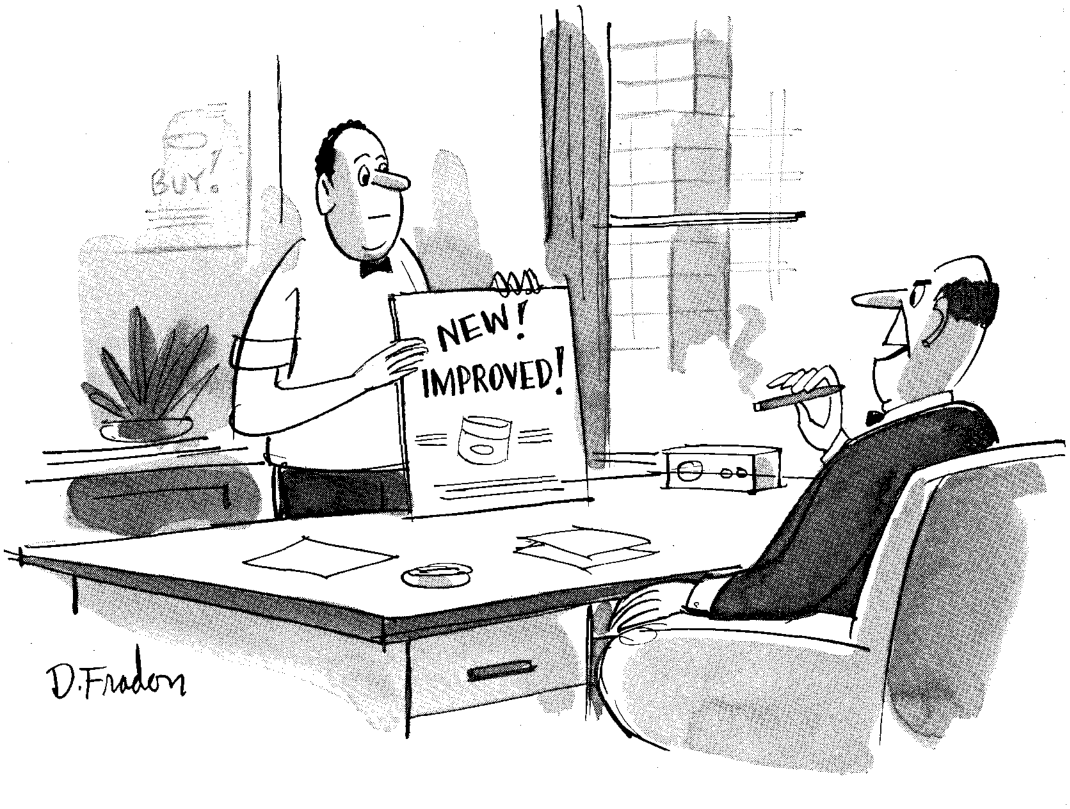


BOOKS

Life with Father

Mr. Randolph Churchill's biography of his father, "Winston S. Churchill" (Houghton Mifflin; ten dollars), may well run to more than ten volumes. Each volume of narrative is to be supported by one or two companion volumes giving the "student and historian access to the full documentation." Even all this, however, will represent a necessary selection. It is estimated that the letters and papers of Winston Leonard Spencer-Churchill (1874-1965) weigh eighteen tons. From this quarry, in which historians will work every rift of political, literary, strategic, and anecdotal interest, Randolph Churchill is hewing a monumental block. The presentation is in every touch stately. Volume I, which takes Churchill to the end of the nineteenth century, is adorned with epigraphs, "short biographies of the principal characters to be brought before the reader," lapidary statements of principal themes, maps and illustrations formidably full-faced. Each left-hand page carries the relevant date. Each facing page is incised with the Latin abbreviation for the hero's age—AET 1 when Lord Randolph frets over the inadequacies of the layette—and with running chapter heads in the best style of Dickensian excitement: "I Am Bankrupt" (AET 11) and "Under Fire at Twenty-one." The index, a handsome piece of work, is compiled by "G. Norman Knight, M.A., Chairman of the Society of Indexers." All of which is as it should be. Churchill's genius was the summation of and epilogue to a period of history as ceremonious, self-assured, and leisurely as this book. The war he won—this is a statement probably meaningless in respect to any future conflicts—brought on a world he never understood and had little liking for. Churchill fought at Omdurman in a style that Homer would in large part have recognized; he lived to preside over the development of England's H-bomb. But he did not move with the times in their fantastic change. When he released the energies of the future, it was in the name of values essentially of the past. That is the paradox of his sovereign being, of his rhetoric, of the histrionic zest with which he played what he called, at an early age, "the game of life." This leviathan biography—cast deliberately in the mold of Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," of Morley's "Life of Gladstone," of all those "Lives and Letters" that fill the Victorian bookshelf with their autumnal but confident air—may well be the last of its genre. It is a majestic anachronism. But so, for our general salvation, was its subject. And that his nanny, photographed in a pose of statuesque benevolence, should be called Mrs. Everest is merely one of the many touches of dramatic rightness that attended Winston Churchill throughout his career.

In that career, two great forces were at work. One—and it may be the key—is Churchill's almost total outwardness to life. In the vast majority of human beings, even in the most gifted, the sum of vital impulse that is brought to bear on action, on the opportunities and obstacles of reality, on other men, is never complete. A significant portion of our total resources remains inside, in the form of introspection, random feelings, nostalgia, wasted or undirected emotion. Much of our attention is dissipated in the wash of self-consciousness. We incline to find the world less interesting, less immediately present than ourselves. More than any other historical figure of whom we have detailed record (Caesar may have been rather like him), Churchill could exteriorize the whole of his formidable self. He could turn on the world the full front of his being—an attitude memorably caught in Karsh's famous photograph. At any moment, even during the concentrated economy of his sleep, Churchill could bring to the job in hand the entire inventory of his talents. He took the world to be completely real. This is something not many of us are able to do. It marks him as a spirit rooted in the Augustan age, before that inward turn of human sensibility which we call romanticism. Every demand the world made of him seemed to enlist the full play of his prodigious nervous, intellectual, and physical equipment. He was all surface. Not in the sense of being superficial, but in that every vital pulse sprang outward, penetrating, absorbing the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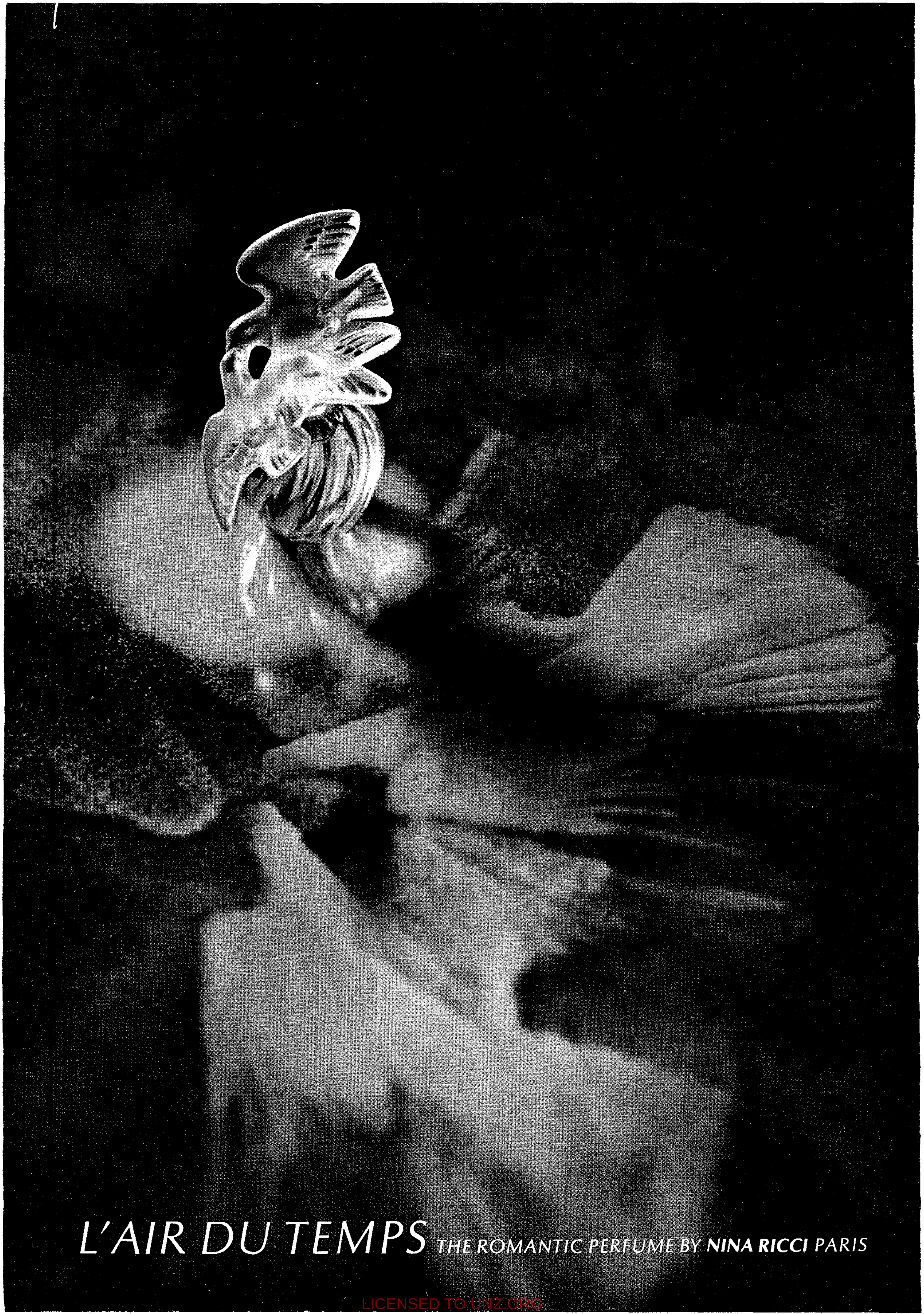
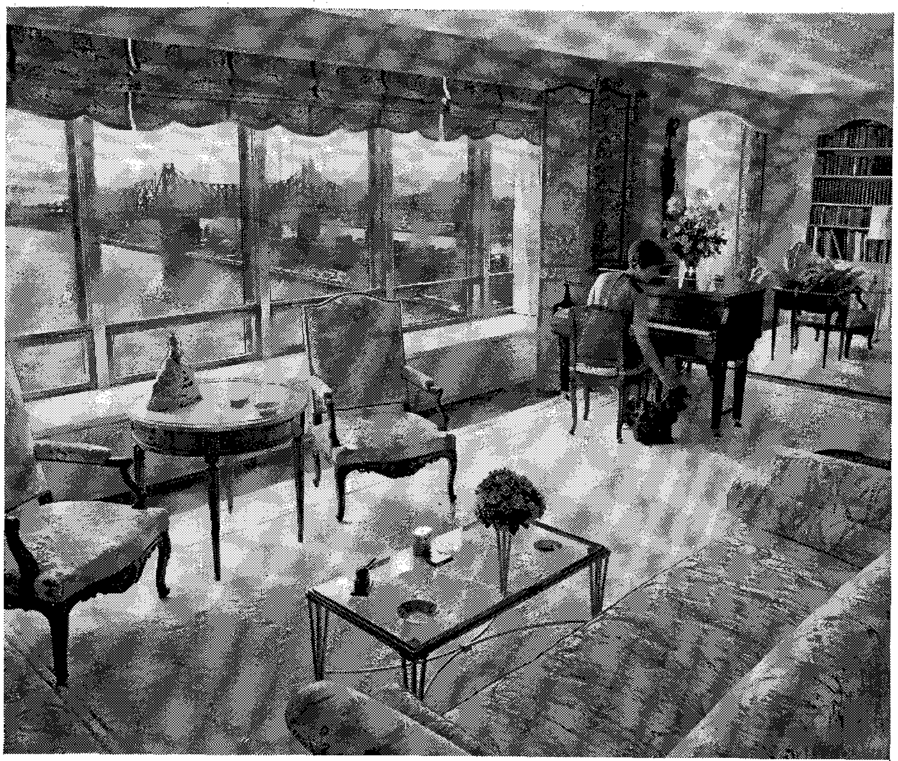

L'AIR DU TEMPS THE ROMANTIC PERFUME BY NINA RICCI PARIS

urrounding world. Bricklaying or olo, political oratory or the classification of butterflies, painting or grand trategy, literature or brandy—Churchill lavished on the reality of the moment the entire reach of his ego. Whenever he was engaged in the zest f being, he left little of himself in the rannies and waste places of doubt or self-absorption. And because he met life so fully on its own terms, it rewarded him immensely. Life, that is, n the sense of the mundane, of the ere and now. Smuts, whom a number of those who served under both ank as Churchill's peer, remarked that no man had less religious awareness, less sense of meditation or philosophic uncertitude. He compared Churchill o a powerful truck charging through the obscurity of life, of man's coming and going hence, headlights blazing. This total lack of religiosity in a man who, as he himself riposted to Smuts, had created more bishops than any other Prime Minister in Christendom is a crucial part of Churchill's genius. He wrote to his mother in August of 1898, a few days before the battle of Omdurman, "I do not accept the Christian or any other form of religious belief."

No other world could possibly rival the fascination, the opportunities of this one. "You can't push too much in all things." Especially when the world is watching. To Lady Randolph from Camp Inayat Kila, on the Indian frontier: "I rode on my grey pony all along the skirmish line where everyone else was lying down in cover. Foolish perhaps but I play for high stakes and given an audience there is no act too daring or too noble. Without the gallery things are different." The gallery was full, right from the start. In large measure this was due to Churchill's prodigious activity as journalist, soldier, and free-lance pundit, and to his veritable genius for self-advertisement (his first thought on being captured by the Boers was that this mishap, if properly presented in the world press, could be a boost to his Parliamentary ambitions). But it was due also to the primary fact that he was a Churchill, a child born at Blenheim, a descendant of the Marlboroughs and a cousin to dukes—that he was the son of an erratic but glittering presence in the high noon of English politics and society. This sense of election through status, of a place in men's affairs assured by name and social rank, is the second main trait in Churchill's personality and world view. Randolph Churchill develops the point admirably



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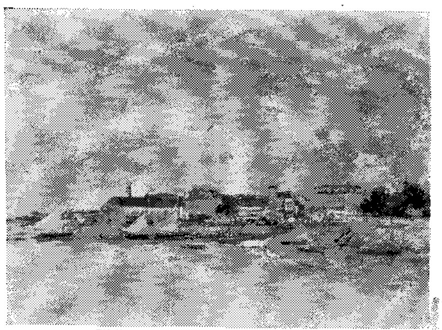
in this first volume; the detailed genealogical tables are of themselves a piece of Churchillian pageantry.

From boyhood, Churchill regarded it as his natural prerogative "to deal at the top." Seeking leave to attend the Spanish-Cuban War, the twenty-year-old subaltern turned directly to the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley. Wherever he travelled, the young second lieutenant regarded viceroys of India or Her Imperial Majesty's ambassadors as his natural hosts. On the night of his first arrival in New York, in November of 1895, Churchill was entertained by Bourke Cockran at "a big dinner party of leading members of the judiciary." It was to the Prince of Wales, shortly to become Edward VII, that the budding historian looked for private comment on his first published book, "The Story of the Malakand Field Force." No less than the Colonial Secretary, one of the most opinionated men of the age, took note of a twenty-four-year-old correspondent's views on Sudanese and South African problems. This unworried prepotence earned Churchill numerous enemies. A reputation for pushiness and flamboyant egotism dogged him to the day of his glory. But this assumption of privilege by right of history had tremendous advantages. It carried the boy through long periods of parental indifference; Lady Randolph's neglect of her son makes ugly reading, and Randolph Churchill conceals none of it. It sustained his confidence during moments of financial stress. It allowed him to grasp at vital chances—Kitchener's campaign against the Sudanese, the Boer War, the opportunity to get to know America, a Parliamentary constituency—for which men less brilliantly connected would have had to wait their turn. And it was not in some prairie hotel but at Government House, in Ottawa, at Christmastime, that the young lecturer awaited the coming of his century.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the paradoxical force of lineage in Churchill's entire achievement. So far as any single man could, he was to secure the survivance of democratic and indeed socialist institutions in English and European civilization. But he did so from an almost unexamined base of natural Toryism. His instincts about inherited rank, about war and politics as the art of the chosen few, his view of law (he was to the end of his life in favor of capital punishment in public), are of the *ancien régime*. But, reading this account of Churchill's first twenty-five years, one comes to understand the special efficiencies of a hierarchical,



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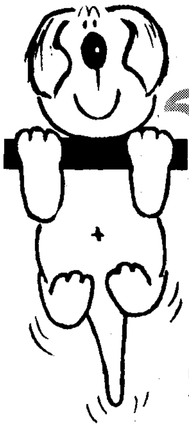

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In dealing with the period 1874-1900, Randolph Churchill faces a constant overlap. These are the years chronicled in two of Winston Churchill's best books—"My Early Life" and "The River War." The latter is one of his great feats as journalist-historian. Vivid, panoramic, and outspoken, it is also less ornate and pompous than the later histories. Randolph Churchill has chosen the wisest course. The motto of the work is "He shall be his own biographer." By far the largest portion of this volume consists of extracts from Churchill's letters and memoirs. The detail and the mass of surviving material are remarkable. Partly it is the Victorian habit of stability—life dwelled in as though it were a solid, roomy house—that accounts for the preservation of every scrap of correspondence and the assiduous keeping of journals and family memorabilia. In part, there is Churchill's unflagging resolve to put his own life on record, and the instinct, obviously strong from the start, that what he did and thought would come to interest the world. Hence the directness and urbanity of his boyhood and youthful dicta.

We learn of his political awakening and petty debts. Impatience is the constant note: "It is useless to preach the gospel of patience to me. . . . Others as young are making the running now and what chance have I of ever catching up? . . . You can't realise how furiously intolerable this life is to me when so much is going on a month away from here." We follow, often week by week, the indignations and scholarly setbacks of the Harrovian and the escapades of the Sandhurst cadet—continually out of pocket, fretting for polo ponies, and calling on Miss Mabel Love of the Lyric Theatre. Were it not for the growls of urgent ambition, and for the recognition, rare in the English upper class at the time, of such future themes as the greatness of America, these letters would be an almost typical record of life near the top in the golden fall of the Victorian age. There is no brooding in them, no intimate shadow. Lord Randolph's letters are more revealing of the inner man. Darkened by illness and brusque political decline, his judgment of his son was at times harsh and self-betraying. "I am certain," he wrote in August of 1893, "that if you cannot prevent yourself from leading the idle useless unprofitable life you have had during your schooldays & later months, you will become a mere social wastrel one of the

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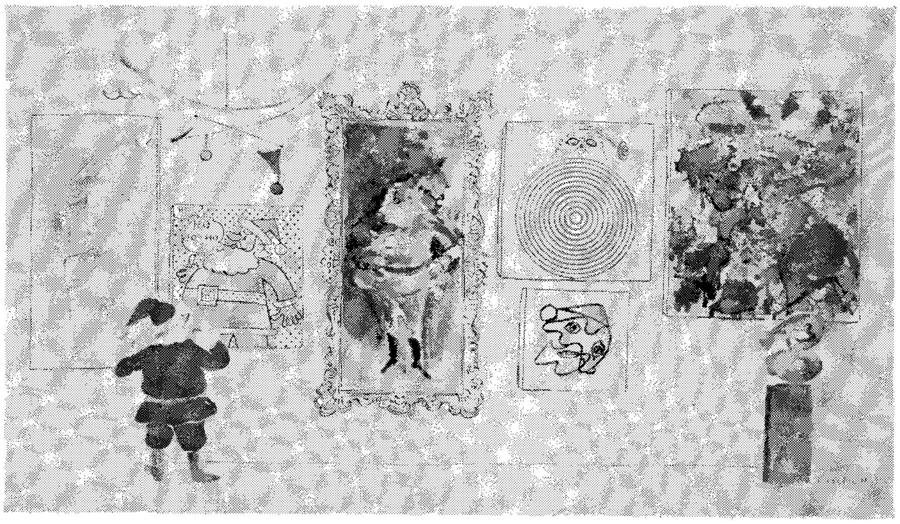

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The material in this book originated in *The New Yorker.*

hundreds of the public school failures, and you will degenerate into a shabby unhappy & futile existence." The prophecy was utterly false, but it points toward undeniable strains of raffishness and financial nonchalance in Churchill's later career. Lord Randolph's early death—and the point could be made plainer in this book—contributed powerfully to the rapid growth of Churchill's maturity; it allowed him to come into his own. At the same time, it made him resolute to prove his father wrong—to succeed where he had predicted failure and to make good where Lord Randolph had himself fallen short. Both Churchill's celebrated biography of his father and many aspects of his handling of the Tory Party bear witness to the creative malaise and lasting impact of their psychological relation.

It was in India, between polo matches and forays to the frontier, that Churchill devised for himself what Scott Fitzgerald would have called "a university of one." He began to read voraciously—"Fifty pages of Macaulay and twenty-five of Gibbon every day. There are only 100 of the latter's 4,000 odd left now." He studied Plato's "Republic" and Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations." He read and annotated that mine of parliamentary and political lore, the *Annual Register*. Very quickly, he found the characteristic cadence and tonality of his prose—the tidal pomp of the Gibbonian period, and the sudden short jabs, in irony or summation. Writing his novel, "Savrola," and his accounts of tribal warfare, Churchill grew confident that he could earn a living by the pen, that word and act would be his inseparable media. It was this that led him to the highly unconventional step of resigning his commission. By the age of twenty-five, he had written three books and a mass of first-class journalism. In January of 1901, the "social wastrel" could write to his spendthrift mother, "I am vy proud of the fact that there is not one person in a million who at my age could have earned £10,000 without any capital in less than two years." In decades to come it was the journalist, lecturer, and historian who kept solvent and before men's eyes the thwarted politician.

A tantalizing absence in this rich book is that of the author. There are points of analogy between Randolph Churchill's career until now and that of his father; there is a comparable pugnacity and physical courage (Randolph Churchill's military dash exceeds even that of Sir Winston), a

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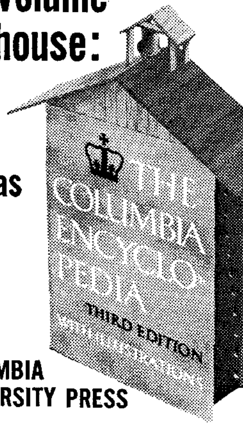

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similar alternance of journalism and direct political ambition, the same capacity to make enemies. Mr. Churchill is engaged on this "filial and objective" biography at an age close to that of his father when, in the early nineteen-thirties, Winston Churchill seemed most defeated, most removed from political fortune. Are there, perhaps, moments in which the author thinks of his own life in the light of his subject's, in which the notion of forces as yet unrealized has personal bearing? So far, the tone is formal, as is the Blenheim guided tour. The reader is allowed few glimpses of the inner apartments. Here all is "veneration" and judiciousness, at times to excess. Peccadilloes of sporting and Sandhurst life are sorted out with implacable solemnity; the account of our hero's capture, minute as it is, is prefaced by Gibbonian reflections on the "cold and sceptical scrutiny" that is proper to the historian. It is only when he tells us about pacifist "silly billies" who "traduce the conduct of their fellow-countrymen who are helping to fight their country's battles" that Randolph Churchill's own choleric manner breaks forth. The prevailing key is sonorous, Latinate, ponderous in reproof. Both the author and his father are referred to in the third person. At moments one almost suspects parody by Randolph Churchill of his father's clarion voice. But the suspicion is probably nonsense. The author has sacrificed his own pungent vein to the marbled solemnity of the task.

Future biographers of Churchill—and there will doubtless be as many as there are of Napoleon—are certain to use this work and reject it. It cannot serve the ends of either psychological inquiry or critical reassessment. But it will retain its singular place, for no man else will ever know how shaping a condition it is to be Lord Randolph Churchill's grandson, the son of Sir Winston Churchill, and the father of that gifted young journalist (recently received at General Westmoreland's headquarters in Vietnam) Mr. Winston S. Churchill. —George Steiner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Girl with a Zebra, by Perdita Buchan (Scribners). A lightly handled first novel, set at Harvard, that follows a tentative love affair between a handsome, self-consciously shoddy undergraduate named Blaise and a fey but honest biology student named Emily. Emily is in love with Blaise, although she sees

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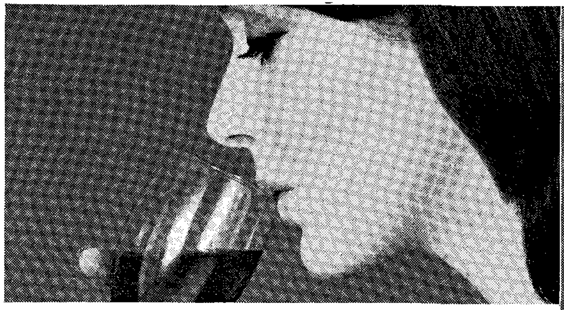

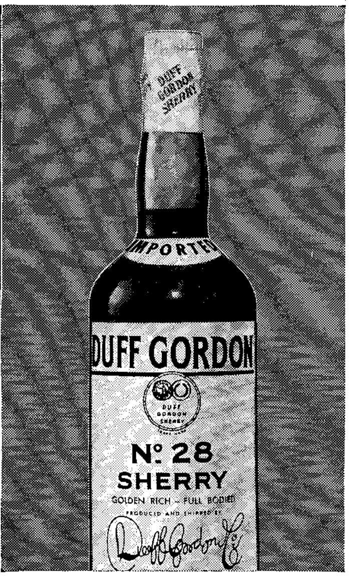

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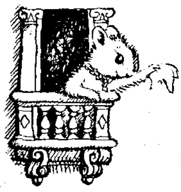

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quite clearly that there is not much in him to love, and Blaise is exceedingly drawn to Emily, although he knows perfectly well that when he marries it will be in very cold blood to a rich girl whose name shines untarnished in all the Social Registers. Emily, of course, is poor and comes from someplace in Indiana. Miss Buchan is a good writer, and clever, and so the little milestones of this sad courtship mark a road that is new, or seems new, and that is in any case unpredictable, and the story shines irrepressibly with Blaise's youth and with Emily's beauty and her stubborn goodness. The title refers to a friendly zebra that has been imported by the biology department for scientific observation.

THE LOVE LETTERS, by Madeleine L'Engle (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). This long and leisurely examination of one or two aspects of the nature of love is a little bit old-fashioned, a bit sentimental, a touch glamorous, quite foreign in atmosphere, very familiar in feeling, and entirely readable. Charlotte Napier, a sadly spoiled young wife and mother who is given to unladylike sessions with herself and her self-pity, runs away from New York and her handsome society husband and her little son to Beja, in Portugal, where she hopes to learn balance in the astringent presence of her mother-in-law, a harpsichordist of almost legendary fame who is given to hell-cat sessions with herself and her self-dramatizations. This account of Charlotte's gradual acceptance of her not too gloomy lot is mingled gently with a L'Engle version (a very free version) of the sad romance of that celebrated seventeenth-century Portuguese nun, whose letters are adamantly quoted. Reading Miss L'Engle is rather like spending a weekend with some well-known, fortunate, and very clannish people who make you most welcome while you are in their house although it is unlikely you will ever see any of them again.

CAPABLE OF HONOR, by Allen Drury (Doubleday). The characters in Mr. Drury's novel are figures in the American government, from the President on down, along with assorted sidekicks, commentators, and diplomats. They are all in a dispute over foreign relations. The nonfiction issue, as Mr. Drury states it, lies between his heroes, who favor "the responsible use of strength" by

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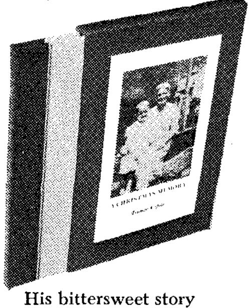

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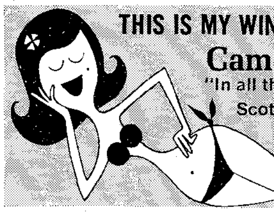

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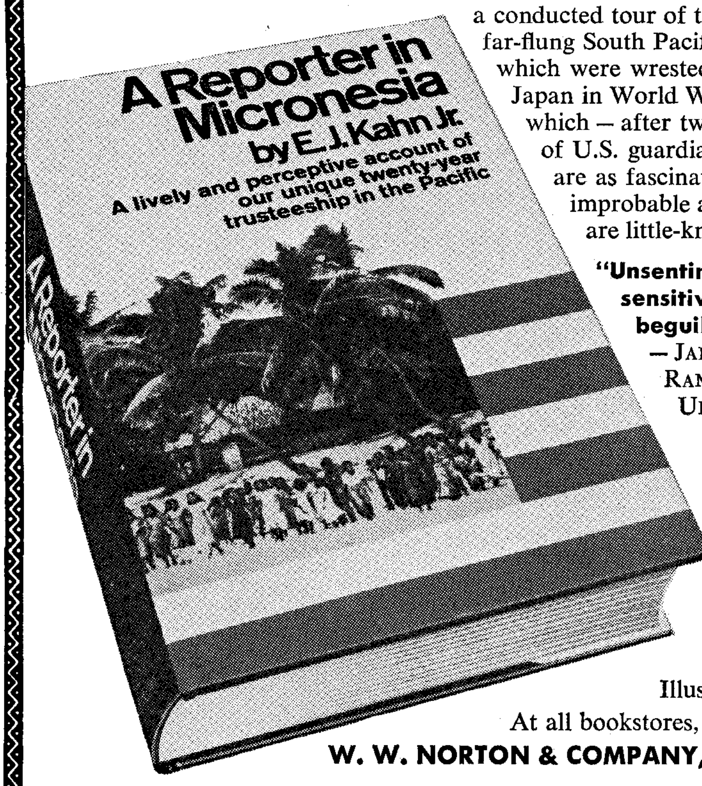
the United States, and his villains, who prefer "diplomatic negotiation." Since every country that can uses both—now one, now the other—Mr. Drury's conflict is intellectually artificial. His fictional technique, alas, completely lacks artifice—men of straw and prose of lead.

GENERAL

THE TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE, by Robert Ardrey (Atheneum). Mr. Ardrey belongs to the long and distinguished tradition of first-rate scientific amateurs. By profession, he is a playwright—and his fascinating and delightful book often shows the dramatist's hand—but he is also an amateur in the original sense of one who loves. The love of science, especially biological science, animates every page. As the readers of Mr. Ardrey's earlier book, "African Genesis," will know, his principal concern is the study of the nature of man as it is illuminated by fitting him into the animal kingdom. In this book, he develops the proposition that man has a complex and instinctive territorial behavior that appears to bear a striking resemblance to the territorial behavior of many species of animals. As he shows by innumerable, and often remarkable, examples, such animals as deer, birds, and beavers divide into territories any area in which they live collectively. In these territories, subgroups of the animals (families) live separated from the other subgroups. These territories have invisible (at least to human beings) boundaries that are respected rigorously by the animals in different groupings. In many species, the territories are divided into an interior region that is secure for breeding and a boundary region along which different families of animals engage in what can only be called war games—mock threats, symbolic counter-defiance, and other rituals as complex and as well defined as animal courtship. All this is described with wonderful lucidity and vitality by Mr. Ardrey, but its significance in connection with human territorial behavior—sometimes spelled out and sometimes implied—is less successfully conveyed. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

REMEMBERING MR. MAUGHAM, by Garson Kanin (Atheneum). Mr. Kanin, from the outset of his twenty-odd-year friendship with Somerset Maugham, kept a notebook in which he wrote down, as soon after the event as possible, everything that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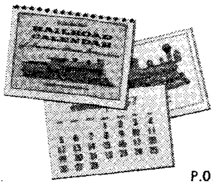

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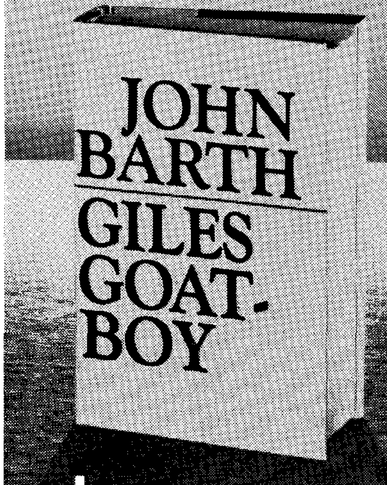

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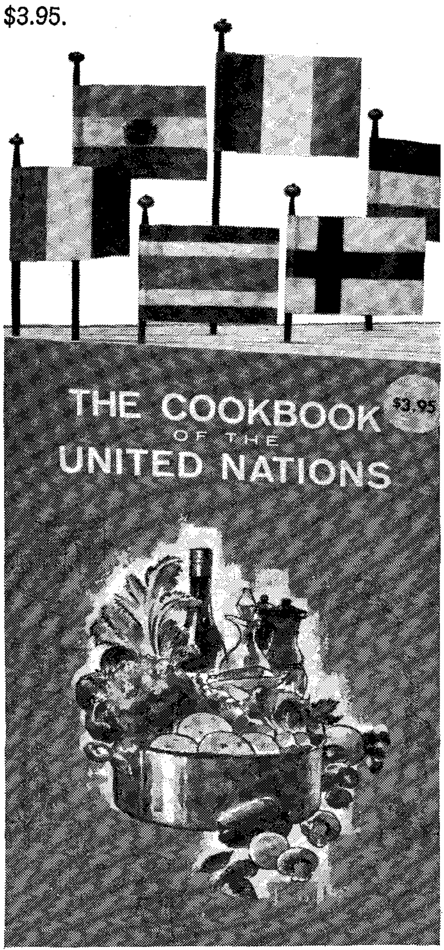
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happened at their meetings. What we have here is the Maugham of the later years—from about sixty-five to ninety-one—when he was becoming increasingly rich, difficult, and vengeful. The book is like a snapshot album of candid glimpses of the old man in repose and at play, and it is a sort of sampler of his table talk and wit; it never, however, penetrates his carefully composed mask of self-concealment. Unfortunately, Mr. Kanin did not arrange his journal in chronological order (or in any other); the result is a vertiginous jumbling of time and space, so that on a single page Maugham can both be dying in the South of France and having dinner with the author in London ten years earlier.

THE DOCTORS, by Martin L. Gross (Random House). An exhaustive indictment of the American medical profession. Mr. Gross's tone is sometimes sensational, but his facts seem to be reliable, and his lengthy chronicle of medical, surgical, and hospital mayhem will chill the reader's blood. For doctors, the author recommends more learning, carefulness, altruism, and humility; for patients, he recommends wariness and, when occasion warrants, a good malpractice lawyer.

NOTE: "A Reporter in Micronesia," an account by E. J. Kahn, Jr., of a visit to the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, has been published by Norton. Much of the book appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

•

Seattle business men were invited to the Chamber of Commerce at 5:30 P.M. Thursday to "shake hands with the new administration." Cost is $5.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

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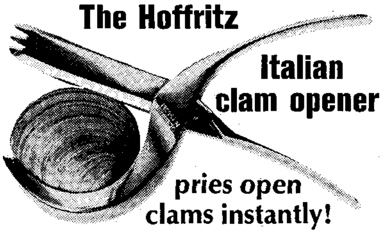

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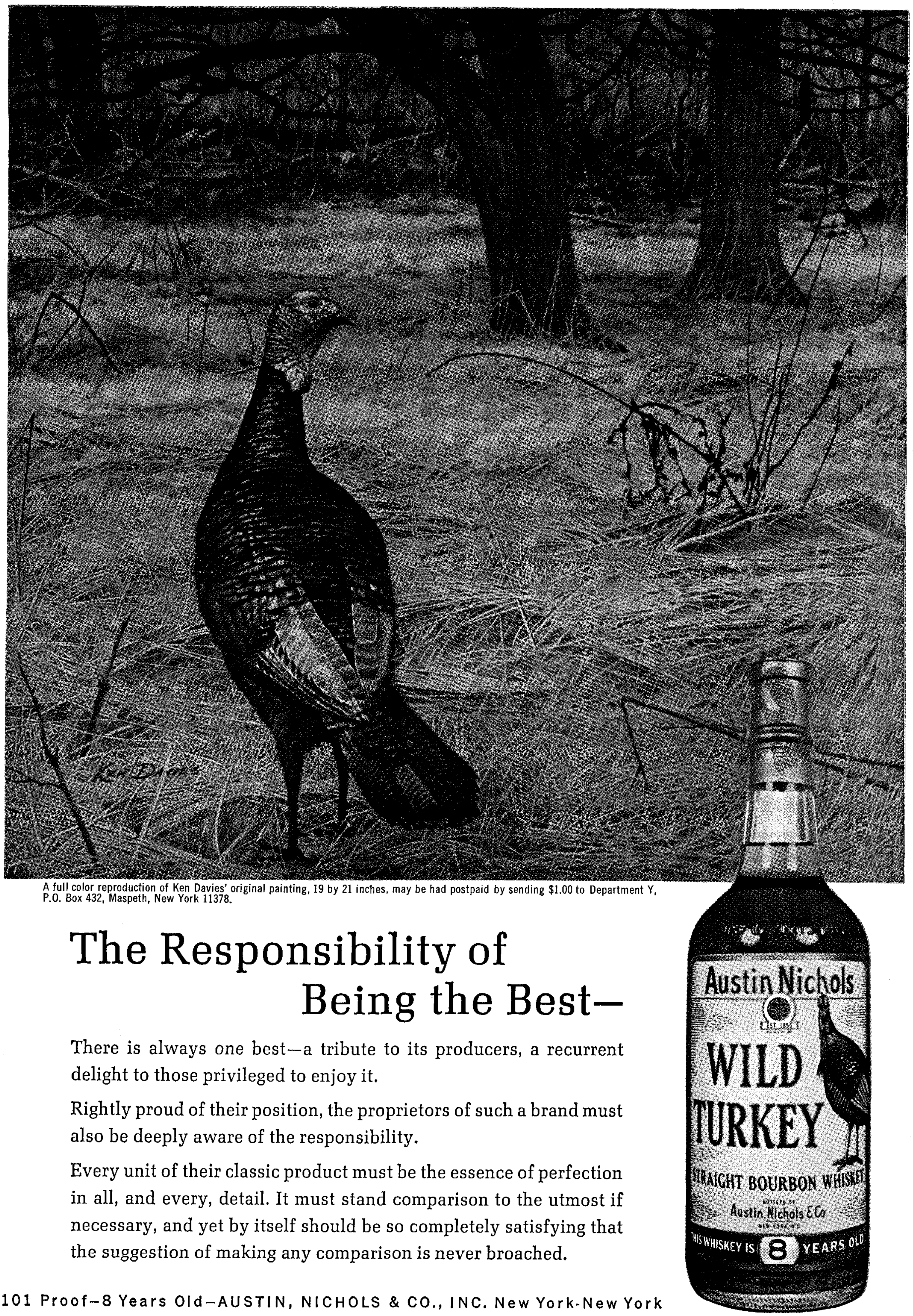
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